HENRIETTA'S BIG NIGHT A MAD AND HILARIOUS SHORT NOVEL BY **EDWIN BALMER**

Liberty

MAR. 20,
1937

5¢

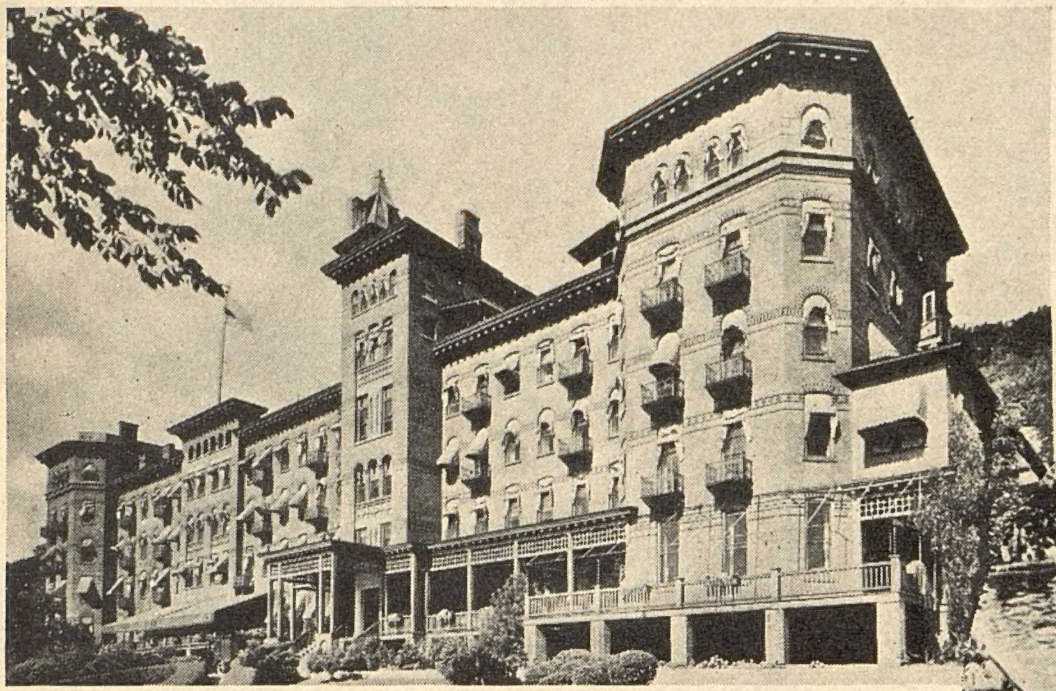
HOLLYWOOD'S INCOME-TAX JITTERS

WHY THE GRAND NATIONAL IS A BAD BET

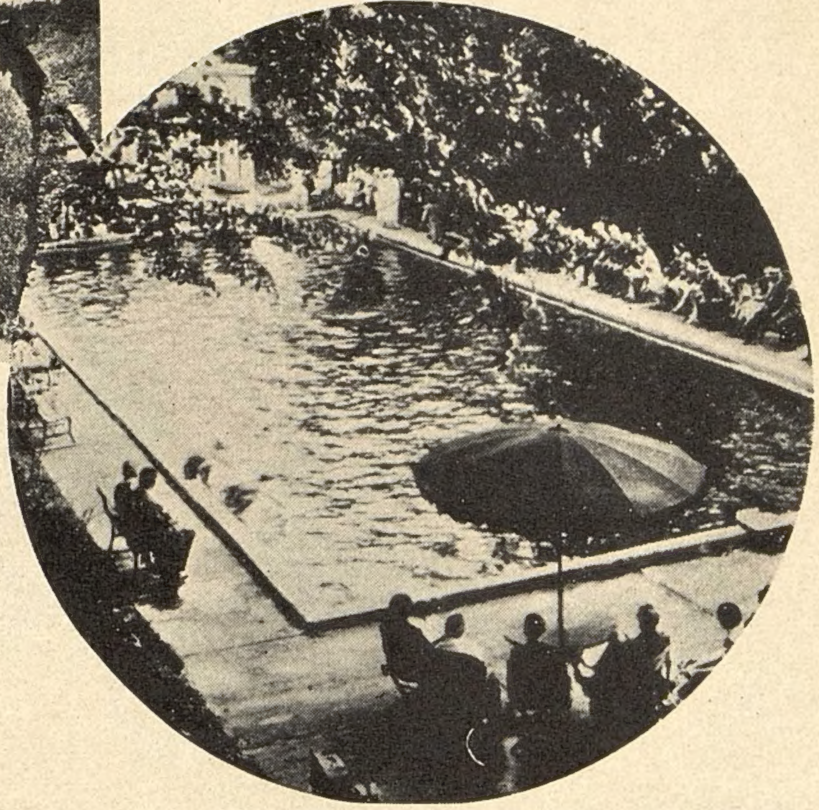
by Clem McCarthy

Stories and Articles by
ELMER DAVIS—CAPTAIN BLACKLEDGE—JOHN ERSKINE—BERT GREEN—PRINCESS RADZIWILL—REAR ADMIRAL STIRLING

PHYSICAL CULTURE RESORT



Where
Building Health
is a
Happy Game



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3. Individual contests close March 22, April 12, May 3, May 17, May 31. Contest for grand prizes closes June 1. Prizes awarded two weeks after close of individual contests. Grand prizes awarded June 22. Any number of scrap-books may be submitted by an individual. Scrap-books not receiving a prize in any one individual contest are automatically placed in next contest and also in contest for Grand Prize.

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W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO., FORT MADISON, IOWA

MARCH 20, 1937 **Liberty** VOL. 14, NO. 12

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

SHALL WE DESTROY THE CONSTITUTION?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

WHY should we want a Constitution? It may have been useful in past generations, but we have now reached an experimental stage. We are "feeling our oats." We are coming out of our shell.

Therefore, let's pack the Supreme Court. Why not?

The reverent respect accorded this body of men is perhaps out of place. We are not looking for sane, calm judgment at this time. We are inclined to test uncharted seas, although we have grown to be the richest nation in the world, guided by our Constitution.

Now that we have gained this great wealth, why bother about keeping it?

We have been accustomed to a democratic form of government. We like to believe that the people rule. And if the Supreme Court is given orders by Congress or by dictatorial authority, laws can be manufactured at will that cannot be questioned. The legislators could even go so far as to take possession of the money in the Treasury and divide it among themselves if they so desired, if there was no superior power like the Supreme Court to check them.

A dictator can tell Congress what to do and a packed Supreme Court will obey his orders. When approximately 500 legislators in Washington can decide the fate of 130,000,000 people without consulting a single voter, some may consider that an ideal situation. But our individual liberties, about which we have boasted for generations, would quickly disappear, and this great and powerful nation, with its colossal wealth, would soon sink to the level of the enslaved countries of Europe.

Under the influence of democratic freedom we have monopolized the genius of the world. Nearly every modern invention which has helped to revolutionize this progressive age was invented or promoted here.

In the development of this nation we have been untrammeled, almost as free as the birds of the air. And every great business executive, with occasional exceptions, rose from the laboring class.

They had to climb step by step, often from the very dregs of dire poverty. And today our workers still have the same opportunities. They are not chained down—as yet.

Perhaps we are growing tired of freedom. Some of us may prefer the security that comes with enslavement. Perhaps there are those who would rather be assured of regular meals than to run the risk of soaring wherever their fancy might lead them.

The United States Supreme Court is not unlike the referee in a football game.

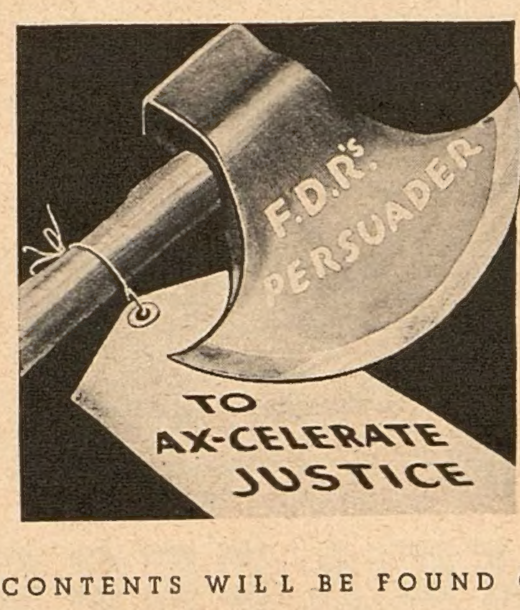
The referee is placed there to see that the rules of the game are followed. He did not make the rules. The judges of the Supreme Court did not make the laws which guide them in their decisions. They were made originally by the pioneers of these United States.

The judges of this court are simply interpreters, following the will of the people.

It is my belief that we created the Supreme Court to keep us on the main track, on the road that insures continuance of the extraordinary progress which has brought us national power and wealth beyond the wildest dreams of our ancestors. But if our citizens want to switch off to another road—try something different, try to test what appears to me to be questionable experiments—perhaps their plans are worth trying.

I may think they are damn-foolishness, but perhaps I am mistaken. None of us is infallible. Democracy, with the associated freedom to work out our own destiny according to our own views—that is my idea of a just governmental regime. But the decision of the majority represents the law of the land and I am ready to abide by it, regardless of its nature and wherever it leads.

But when the national government can make inflexible, unchangeable laws without consulting our citizens—which can be done when they control the Supreme Court—I would say we are embarking on a perilous adventure.



Bernarr Macfadden

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BEGINNING—

Henrietta's BIG NIGHT

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART ONE—"YOUR MOTHER . . . A MURDERER!"

A TELEPHONE bell was doing a wonderful job when I awoke. The way to stop it, of course, was to take up the receiver. Then, having the thing in hand, it seemed a shame not to hear what it might have to say.

"Seven o'clock, madam," was its remark. In blonde tones, decidedly.

"Great," I said. "Go on."

My voice seemed a surprise to the girl. "I'm very sorry, sir," she said. "I must have rung the wrong room."

"Nobody around me could have said that last night," I told her.

"Said what, sir?"

"'Rung the wrong room.' It's better than the police test. But go on from seven o'clock."

"Go on where, sir?"

"To the day, if you don't mind. Seven o'clock what morning?"

"Oh, Saturday morning, sir. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll ring the right room. . . . But—but this *is* the right room, sir."

"Whose?" I said.

"Mrs. Carter's; she's always to be called at seven. Said I should never fail."

"Well," I said, "you said it's seven and that this is the right room, so you've done your duty. You've nothing to reproach yourself with."

"But, sir, where are you? I mean . . ."

"What you mean is, where is Mrs. Carter?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't even know what hotel this is," I said.

"Why, sir, it's the Planters."

"St. Louis?"

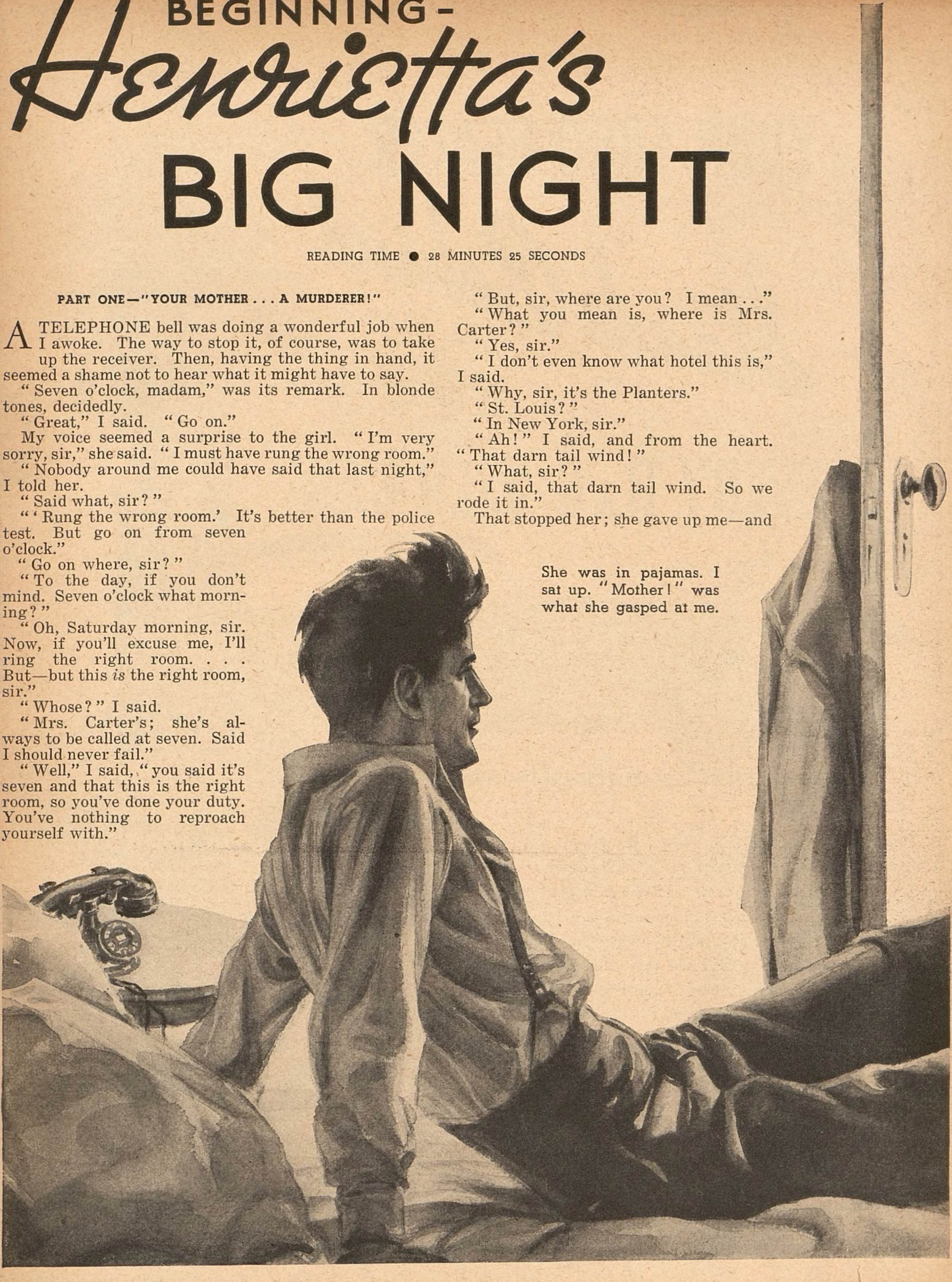
"In New York, sir."

"Ah!" I said, and from the heart. "That darn tail wind!"

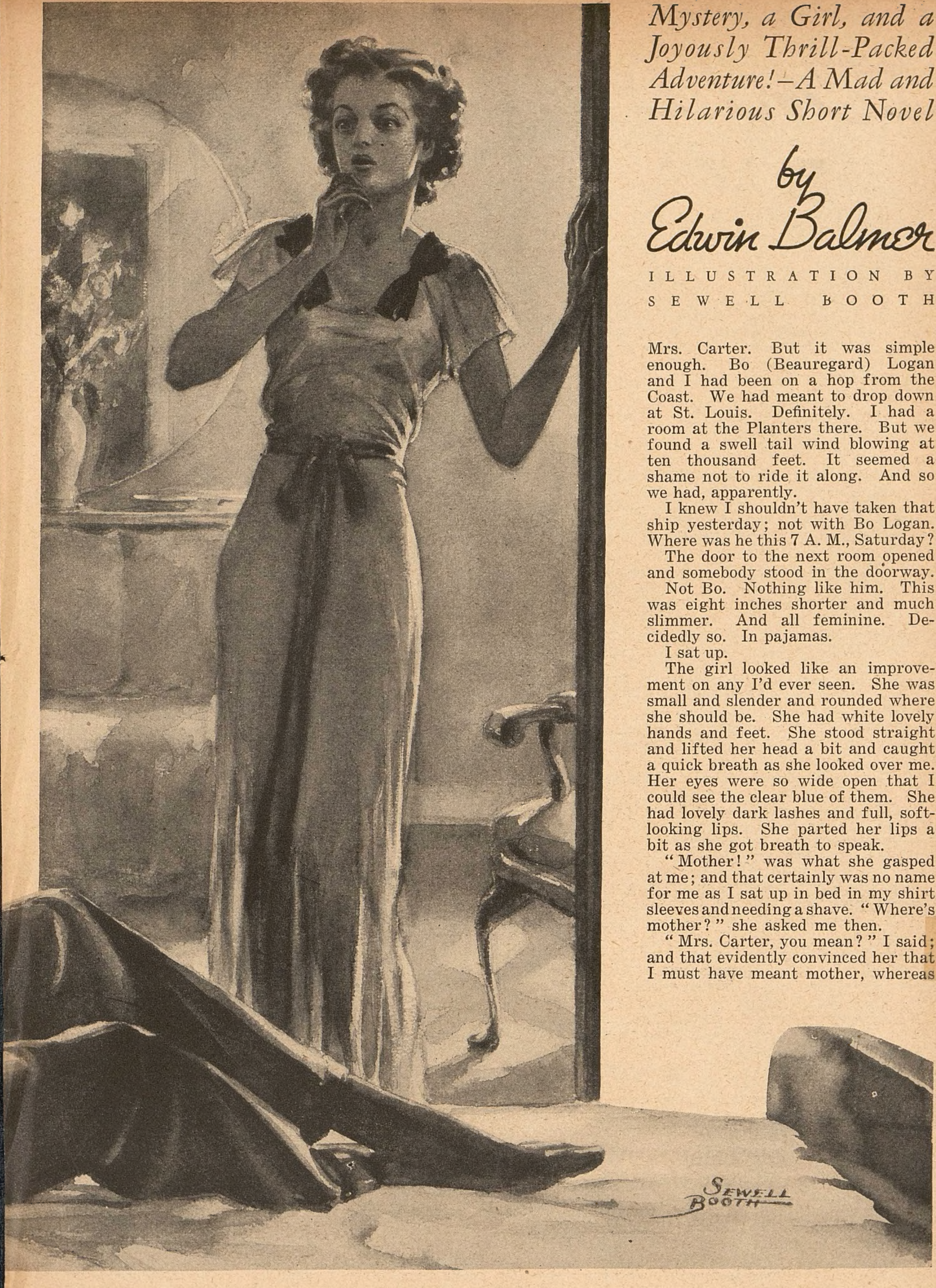
"What, sir?"

"I said, that darn tail wind. So we rode it in."

That stopped her; she gave up me—and



She was in pajamas. I sat up. "Mother!" was what she gasped at me.



Mystery, a Girl, and a Joyously Thrill-Packed Adventure!—A Mad and Hilarious Short Novel

by Edwin Balmer

ILLUSTRATION BY SEWELL BOOTH

Mrs. Carter. But it was simple enough. Bo (Beauregard) Logan and I had been on a hop from the Coast. We had meant to drop down at St. Louis. Definitely. I had a room at the Planters there. But we found a swell tail wind blowing at ten thousand feet. It seemed a shame not to ride it along. And so we had, apparently.

I knew I shouldn't have taken that ship yesterday; not with Bo Logan. Where was he this 7 A. M., Saturday?

The door to the next room opened and somebody stood in the doorway.

Not Bo. Nothing like him. This was eight inches shorter and much slimmer. And all feminine. Decidedly so. In pajamas.

I sat up.

The girl looked like an improvement on any I'd ever seen. She was small and slender and rounded where she should be. She had white lovely hands and feet. She stood straight and lifted her head a bit and caught a quick breath as she looked over me. Her eyes were so wide open that I could see the clear blue of them. She had lovely dark lashes and full, soft-looking lips. She parted her lips a bit as she got breath to speak.

"Mother!" was what she gasped at me; and that certainly was no name for me as I sat up in bed in my shirt sleeves and needing a shave. "Where's mother?" she asked me then.

"Mrs. Carter, you mean?" I said; and that evidently convinced her that I must have meant mother, whereas all I had done was recollect what the telephone girl had said.

"Where is she?"

"She was to be called at seven o'clock," I said; and that didn't improve matters at all.

"Mother!" said this bit of pink perfection again. I had several good looks at her now, and I still couldn't think up any improvement in her specifications. Her hair was not brushed; but it was brown and just wavy enough to look adorable as it was.

"Am I in mother's bed?" I asked.

Then another door opened and a man stepped in. He wasn't Bo, either.

He was mature and important, and prominent at the waistline. He had blood pressure and that sort of thing. Also, it was plain that somewhere people looked up to him. He was in pajamas but he had a dressing gown over them; and he had not only brushed his hair over his bald top but had wetted it down. He wasn't expecting strangers, but he was the kind to prepare himself before putting in an appearance even before his wife. Faintly—very faintly—his features resembled the girl's. Obviously this was father.

He seemed not to believe what he saw from the doorway, so he came much closer.

"Henrietta!" he said to me.

"Mrs. Carter," I corrected him.

"Where's my wife?" he said. "And how did you get here?"

"I know nothing about your wife," I said with dignity, "except that her name is Henrietta Carter and she was to be called at seven o'clock; she's always called at seven."

"How did you get here?"

"It was the tail wind," I told him with simple truthfulness, "over St. Louis."

And that stopped him as it had the telephone girl.

"Father," announced daughter, who had been opening doors to bathroom and closets, "mother is not here!"

"Where is my wife?" father said to me.

"Henrietta?" I said; the name was beginning to fascinate me.

"Heavens!" said husband. "You call her Henrietta and you're in her bed. And I never saw you before!"

I decided to pay no attention to him. I picked up the phone receiver, and when the blonde voice answered:

"Room Service," I said with dignity; and the operator gave it to me.

Father and daughter both were staring at me.

"ONE orange juice," I said; "two two-minute eggs; toast and coffee."

"What room?" said Room Service.

"What room?" I asked Henrietta's husband; but he wouldn't tell me.

"Mrs. Carter's room," I said.

"Mrs. Edward Carter's?" said Room Service.

"Is your name Edward?" I asked husband.

"Yes," he said.

"Yes," I said to Room Service.

"That's 1118," said Room Service. "But if it's Mrs. Carter's breakfast, she insists on eggs three minutes."

"It's not her breakfast; it's mine," I said.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Carter," said Room Service.

"I'm not Mr. Carter," I said. "My name is Folsom."

"In Mrs. Carter's room?"

"So they all tell me," I said, and put down the phone.

"Now you've told them," said Edward Carter. "What a scandal! It'll be all over the hotel, and—and—"

"And what?" I asked, as he couldn't seem to say it. His daughter Dorothy answered for him. It turned out that Dorothy wasn't her name; but I had to think of her as somebody.

"He'll never be mayor, he means," said Dorothy to me.

"Mayor of New York?" I asked.

"Of Panamont," said Dorothy. "Panamont, Ohio."

"I'll make him mayor for you," I said to Dorothy, and sat up straighter again. (I'd been slipping down in the bed.)

Something had clicked in me, following that talk with Room Service. It was the number of the room: 1118. I still had my trousers on, and a bit of exploring in the pockets brought up a handful of keys, hotel-room keys from the best hotels in the country. One from the Drake, Chicago; the Mark Hopkins, San Francisco; and 1118 for this room here.

"See, Edward?" I showed them to him. "I've got the answer now!"

"The answer to what?" Edward wanted to know.

"To how I'm here, Edward. These are hotel keys, you see. I always seem to keep them after I've had a room."

"And you don't mail them back," said Dorothy, trying to help me. She was much more pleasant than her parent.

"I don't," I said. "Though I mean to. So you see," I said, showing the key to father, "I had this room—1118—in this hotel two weeks ago. I took the key away with me. Last night—"

"Yes, last night—" said Edward, leaning over me.

"I must have found the key in my pocket; and sense of time must have slipped away from me. I was in the hotel; I had a key for a room; I did not realize I was on another visit and the room was no longer mine; so naturally I came up to it, let myself in with the key—"

"NATURALLY?" said Edward, still leaning. "You mean you've let yourself into a room before—not realizing it was no longer yours?"

"Only once, Edward."

"Once; where?"

"The other time it was in Salt Lake City."

"Was it a woman's room, too?"

I nodded.

"A married woman's?"

"She happened to be married."

"What happened then?"

"The people out there are broad-minded, Edward," I said. "Very broad-minded, especially on matters of matrimony."

"I'm not," said Edward.

"The point is," Dorothy put in, "where did you meet mother? And where is she now?"

"Dorothy," I said, "to the best of my knowledge and belief, and so help me, I never met your mother. And now, for the life of me, I can't see why your father can't go on and be mayor of Panamont, Ohio."

"With you in her bed, and I never saw you before!" Edward summed up. "And my wife walked out somewhere. And never—never before in her life has she left me!"

"Well, Edward," I said, "you'll admit that everybody has to make a start. But what is your daughter doing?"

For the girl had stepped into a closet and clothes were being flung out.

"Alice," said Edward, "what has got into you? Your mother can't possibly be in that closet."

"Neither can all her clothes!" rejoined Dorothy with a gasp. "But they are!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Edward.

"What did she wear when she went out?" said Dorothy. "Every dress she brought with her is here!"

"What?" said Edward.

"And her pajamas are here! All five pairs—the one she went to bed in last night, and four pairs in the drawer!" Dorothy was demonstrating that.

Edward's eyes came back to me. "Well," he said—"well, what have you to say now?"

"It is not like Salt Lake City," I said. "Not like Salt Lake City at all."

Edward stood silent; he seemed to expect me to continue.

"The Westerners," I explained, to make it easier for him, "whatever their notions of matrimony, are not nudists."

"Neither is mother," said Dorothy.

"Yet she's gone, you said, leaving all her clothes behind her!"

"She never went in the nude," said Edward. "Never—never! Not willingly."

"I believe you," I said. "So she didn't go willingly. That's something to have established so soon. Now we've made a real start, I would say. And it will save you a lot of trouble, too, not having to describe her clothes to the police. People dress so much alike, anyway. It's so much simpler if you merely have to describe her as you know her. Any scar or birthmark, you see, Edward," I said, " wherever it happened to be, now has significance and usefulness. Anything, anywhere on the surface."

I was robbed of Edward's answer by the ringing of the telephone bell; not in my—or Mrs. Carter's room, but in the room from which Edward had joined me.

" Maybe that's your mother! " said Edward hopefully to Dorothy, and they both rushed into his room.

Neither had urged me to follow, so I stayed where I was; but they left the door open between.

" It's a message, Alice," I heard father announce to Dorothy, " that has just been delivered at the desk! "

EDWIN BALMER
was a reporter in his home town, Chicago, before he turned to writing stories for all the leading magazines. Had one play on Broadway, adapted from a short story, and about thirty photoplays adapted from short stories or novels. Lives in Irvington-on-Hudson, New York.

" From mother? " said Dorothy.

" They're sending it up immediately. What is that young man doing? "

" He's sitting perfectly quiet," reported Dorothy, looking in on me.

" In your mother's bed," said Edward. He couldn't get that off his mind.

I hoped the message would help him.

It didn't.

No one overhearing what went on in the next room after father had received the message could honestly have designated any of his ejaculations as expressions of reassurance or relief.

They both came back to me.

" What *have* you done with my wife? " Edward went at me.

" Haven't you just heard from her, Edward? " I asked.

" Heard from her! But what does it mean? " And he flung the message at me.

Somebody had written in pencil on plain paper:

" First, your wife is all right. But she says, as you love her, don't identify her. She says nobody has any idea who she is. Take no sudden step. And whatever you do, don't talk to the newspapers. *And don't call in the police.*"

That was all there was to it; no signature.

" Can you make out what it means? " said Edward. " Where is she? Who has her? Kidnapers? "

" Not kidnapers, Edward," I said. " Whoever else has her, I feel sure they're not kidnapers."

" Why not? "

" That doesn't read to me like a kidnapers' note. For one thing, Edward," I tried to explain, " kidnapers—whatever else they may not know—certainly know who they've kidnaped. The identity of the person they pick is the very point of their operations. So, whatever else may have happened to your wife, she surely hasn't been kidnaped. The only words in the note in common with a kidnapers' note is that you're not to talk to the newspapers or the police."

" Do you know the handwriting? "

" No. How did it come to the hotel, Edward? "

" A messenger delivered it and disappeared. And I believe you know more of this! " Edward accused me.

" CAN you remember," Dorothy appealed to me, " was anybody in mother's room when you came in? "

" I can't remember even coming to the room, Dorothy," I told her.

Edward grabbed back the message. " ' As you love her, don't identify her,' " he read over again. " How does that sound to you? "

" To me," I admitted, " it doesn't sound so frightfully good."

" Good! " said Edward. " It sounds as if she expected to be found dead."

" Merely unidentified—not necessarily dead, Edward," I said, doing what I could to cheer him. " It is clear that something quite out of the ordinary has happened—"

" I should say so! "

" —and there is no point in anticipating the worst. We may find, in fact, something quite cheerful when we get to the bottom of this."

I picked up the phone again.

" Give me Room Service," I said into the receiver.

" Yes, sir," said Room Service.

" This is Mr. Folsom again," I said.

" Oh, yes, sir," said Room Service. " Mr. Folsom in Mrs. Carter's room."

" I gave an order awhile ago," I said.

" Oh, yes, sir," said Room Service. " We're coming right up with your eggs and orange juice."

" Add the papers," I said. " The Times and all the other morning newspapers."

" The tabloids also, sir? " asked Room Service.

" The tabloids," I replied, " especially."

Dorothy opened the door when Room Service knocked. He was a neat little man with a tidy little table on wheels; and he'd brought the newspapers, all of them, with the tabloids on top.

Dorothy got the first look at them.

" Mother! " she shrieked as she grabbed the top tabloid. " Mother! "

" She's killed? " yelled Edward, leaping toward the paper.

" SHE'S in jail! " Dorothy gasped. And Room Service quietly and considerately closed the door to the hall.

" You needn't wait, Room Service," I said.

" I don't mind waiting, sir," said Room Service.

" Then hand me the tabloid they aren't using," I said.

The woman who gazed at me from the front page of the paper certainly resembled Dorothy. I didn't question that she was " mother " at all. Neither Dorothy nor Edward had the least doubt of it.

" Henrietta! Henrietta! " Edward was saying. " In the hands of the police; and behind bars! "

" She's in the hands of the police but not behind bars in this picture, Edward," I said.

" Let me see it! " he yelled, and I showed it to him.

" But probably this is an earlier snapshot," I said, not to falsely encourage him.

" Arrested! Your mother! " said Edward to Dorothy, as though it were her fault. " And with a gun on her! "

I felt that I ought to say something to help Dorothy.

" But with clothes on her, too, Edward! " I pointed out as encouragingly as I could. " And that's more than we might have hoped a minute or so ago."

" Sullivan law! " said Edward, cheered up not at all. " Sullivan law! What's that she's broken? "

" I think I know but I'm not sure, Edward," I said. " What is the Sullivan law, Room Service? "

" It's the New York law, sir, against carrying weapons, especially pistols," said Room Service. " The penalty is three years in penitentiary, sir."

" But not immediately, Edward," I said, still striving to lift the clouds from him. " They have to be tried and convicted before they go to the penitentiary. So those bars in your picture must be only the cell of a police station."

" But," said Edward, " what was your mother doing with a gun, Alice? Where did she get the gun? "

I was watching Dorothy, and I saw, before she spoke, that she had something in front of that in her mind.

" Where did mother get the clothes? " she shot at her father.

" What clothes? " Edward said.

" The ones she has on in the picture," Dorothy said. " They're certainly not hers! I know everything she has, and I never saw either that dress or that wrap before."

" That's right," said Edward, staring at the picture. " Where did she get the clothes? Who gave them to her? "

And, as he asked that, he swung around again to me.

" I don't remember doing it," I said.

" Then where did she get them? "

" The news that goes with the picture," I said, picking up the paper again and showing it to him, " is on page three."

" I've read it," said Edward, " and it tells nothing! "

I turned the paper to page three and began reading.

“I’d say it tells a good deal,” I suggested. “At least it tells where your wife was when she was arrested—”

“In the Calf of Gold!” said Edward.

“And also it tells why,” I continued.

“There was a disturbance,” Edward said, “and a lady’s handbag fell from a table to the floor. A shot rang out. There was a pistol in the handbag, and it was discharged by striking the floor. It was your mother’s handbag, Alice!” said Edward. He was accusing her now.

Dorothy was making a fresh canvass of the room.

“Mother’s handbag *is* missing, father!” she announced. “I hadn’t thought of it before. But her white silk beaded handbag, which she uses in the evenings, *is* missing. It’s the only thing that is missing.”

“Missing,” I said, “but now located, Dorothy—if this is a picture of it in my paper. You’ll have to allow for a few changes, of course, after a pistol goes off inside a handbag; but can you tell whether this was your mother’s?”

“That was it—that was mother’s!” Dorothy said, staring at the photograph.

“Why in the world did she take it with her?” Edward said.

“What you mean is,” I corrected, “why didn’t she also take some of her own clothes along when she left the room? I see your point, Edward. When you think of her walking out in the nude and carrying a handbag, her situation does seem—well, you may say, emphasized.”

Edward stared down at the newspaper.

“‘The prisoner,’” he read aloud—and he said: “They mean your mother, Alice! ‘The prisoner,’” he said again, “‘stubbornly refused to reveal her identity or to give any satisfactory account of herself under questioning. Her escort, however,’” Edward continued, “‘gave the name of Sylvester Snodgrass—’”

“Sylvester?” I said.

“Sylvester Snodgrass of Pocatello, Idaho.”

“Oh-oh!” I said. “And did he say he was a potato grower?”

“He did,” said Edward. “In fact, he claimed he was the largest and most illegal potato grower in all Idaho.”

“Check,” I said.

“Plainly,” said Edward, “that means something to you.”

“Something?” I said. “Edward, it means everything! Is his picture in your paper?”

“Not one by himself,” said Edward. “Just a view of the group going to the jail.”

“Let me see it,” I said. But I really didn’t need the picture. Sylvester was the tip-off, and Pocatello was the clincher. Both names always fascinated Bo Logan, as did also the profession of potato growing—especially after it was made for a short time a penitentiary offense to grow or possess too many bushels of them.

I BEGAN to breathe, if not more easily, at least a little more deeply. A load was off my chest. Bo Logan was in the picture with “mother.” What that meant must soon become clearer. And already he’d thrown me one signal.

“Lay off!” That was what “Sylvester” meant when Bo gave it as his name when he was in a jam. “Simeon” was distinctly his distress signal. If he’d given that, it would have meant, “Get out of bed, brother, and borrow the money for bail.”

As it was, I sank back a bit. The charge against Bo, as I gathered it from the paper, seemed to be simply “resisting arrest” and “assault upon an officer.” They showed in the paper the plain-clothes man whom he’d busted in the nose.

“That man arrested with my wife,” said Edward, “doesn’t look in the least like an Idaho potato grower.”

“Edward,” I assured him, “he’s the prince of his profession. Feel better. *I* do.”

“Why?”

“Up to the moment of her arrest—or at least until the pistol went off in her handbag—your wife was in wonderful hands.”

“Whose wonderful hands?”

Dorothy asked that; and I could deceive the girl no longer.

“The hands, Dorothy,” I said, “of the best darn airplane pilot ever turned out in Tennessee. And, I may say, a friend of mine.”

“Are you an airplane pilot too?”

“On leave, Dorothy,” I said. “On leave of absence—distinctly.”

I heard a cough behind me. Not a willing cough; one of those things that just have to be coughed. Room Service. I’d completely forgotten the fellow.

He hadn’t meant to call attention to himself; but, having done so, he went about his business.

“I beg pardon, sir; but shall I break your eggs now?”

“Room Service,” I said, “just crack the shells, and I’ll summon up the strength to tip them into the cup a little later. I’ll need you no longer.”

“But, heavens,” said Edward, “that man can’t leave this room knowing what he knows! He’ll have my and my wife’s reputation in the hollow of his hand.”

“Then put something else in the hollow, Edward,” I suggested.

EDWARD took to the idea, and led Room Service off into the next room, leaving Dorothy alone with me. She now had a blue silk peignoir over her pajamas, and during one of her expeditions back into her own room she had arranged her hair.

She had had no need to. Nothing could make her more adorable than she was before; she was only a little differently adorable now. I looked at her all the time. She had the loveliest lips. I liked to watch her when she was replying to me; I liked to watch her when she was just worrying. I didn’t want her to worry. Yes, I did; for I wanted to help her and be the one to stop her worrying. Besides, if she worried over her mother she’d worry over the man she married. I wanted her to worry over me.

“Do you remember more now, Mr. Folsom?” she asked me.

“David is my name, Dorothy,” I said, watching her lips again and thinking how pleasant and soft they’d feel.

“Dorothy is not my name, David,” she said, “except to you. Now, about remembering—”

“I remember some of the start of the evening, Dorothy,” I said, “with Bo Logan.”

“‘Sylvester’ to the police?”

“Precisely. Later I seem to have abandoned Bo; and your mother seems to have joined up with him.”

“But where? And how?” The poor girl was trying to hold back, but it poured out of her: “Why did she ever leave her room? And where did she put on those clothes that neither father nor I ever saw before? And where did she get the pistol that went off in her handbag? And—”

“Dorothy,” I said, “I’m going to devote my life—or at least most of the day—to getting an answer to those questions—and to a few others that have occurred to me and probably will occur to you also when you get around to them.”

“But what a scandal!” said Dorothy. “What a terrific awful scandal for mother, whatever the answer is! You see, she’s a reputation as well as father. Even more of a reputation to keep up than he has. Mother is far more important than father.”

I gave a nod of agreement. “Yet I should say that was hardly a reflection on your father,” I said. “Few people are more prominent this morning than your mother—at least, in New York.”

“I meant before this happened,” Dorothy said. “You see, mother is president of the Women’s Club, the Reform League, and chairwoman of the Committee for Social Improvement, secretary of the Temperance Society, treasurer of—” She could not finish the list. “If this ever gets home!”

“Why should it, Dorothy,” I said, with what cheer I could—“if we act with speed and discretion? Your mother, as you have noticed, gave neither her name nor her address; and the arrest of a lady for carrying a pistol—even if, inadvertently, it went off in her handbag—is, after all, a local event. There is no probability that the item would be telegraphed to Panamont, and not one in a million that her picture will be sent there. Fortunately, Dorothy, there's a murder here in New York that seems to be rocking the nation. The killing of the well known lecturer, Austin Squadray."

"I know," said Dorothy. "I've read about it, of course. He's lectured in Panamont."

"The pages of the tabloids—except the ones temporarily given to your mother—are full of it," I said.

"Yes," said Dorothy. "They've been full of it ever since the day after we came to New York. We arrived on Tuesday. Mr. Squadray was shot next day."

"By a lady, fortunately," I said.

"Why fortunately?" asked Dorothy.

"Because that makes it much more sensational and they'll go back quicker to giving it all their space in the papers. The police, you see, know that a lady shot Mr. Squadray; but they don't know which lady. The only clue to her identity is the bullets which she fired into him."

Edward re-entered at this moment, and without Room Service. "Nothing will be said by that man, Alice," he announced. "And now, sir"—he turned to me—"what are you going to do?"

"I'll shave while you and Dorothy dress, Edward," I said. "That is, if you'll lend me a razor."

He rushed into his room.

Dorothy delayed with me. "I'm not staying to watch you, David," she said. "I'm sure I can trust you. I'm sure we can work on this awful thing together."

"You and me as a pair, perfectly," I said. "But if we try it as a trio, maybe not so good," I confessed.

Edward returned with razor and brush and soap and a package of fresh blades.

"Now, sir," he said to me, "I hope that satisfies you. And you, Alice—you can go to your room."

Dorothy went; and nothing really memorable passed between Edward and me during the minutes he remained.

HE watched me drink the orange juice and coffee and do something by the eggs. Then he departed. I was feeling better—much better. Not quite up to singing as I lathered up to shave, but not too far from it.

The immediate prospect seemed to promise me an unusual sort of day with Dorothy, and I simply could not summon up any dread of it—not any at all.

A loud rasping sound was coming from the direction of Edward's room. Apparently he had a radio in there and he had tuned it to one of those news announcements that do so much to brighten the mornings.

I was getting down to my chin with Edward's razor when my hand jerked. Thank God, Edward had brought me a safety razor.

The man screamed—no less!

I ran, as I was, into his room.

Dorothy—as she was—reached the same spot at the same time from the other direction.

We met over her father, who had dropped into a chair and was fumbling at his throat as though choking.

"My God!" He looked up at us. "Did you hear that? Did you hear that, Alice?"

"Hear what, father?" Dorothy begged him.

"About your mother? . . . My wife! Henrietta!"

"What, father?"

"I can't believe it! I won't believe it! . . . But, Alice, they said . . . they said . . ."

But he couldn't tell us. He gave up again.

The radio was running on. Something about Hitler and Mussolini, at the moment; but I gathered it had just gone to that. Evidently it had started out with local news. And I realized that, having said a thing once, that station would not get around to it again for an hour or two. But there was a chance that another station timed its bad news, for the start of the day, a little differently.

I left Edward to his daughter and spun the dial.

"Good morning, everybody!" somebody else was just getting around to his cheery greeting.

"Well, it seems that we can start the day with promising you a solution of one of the most puzzling and apparently insoluble murders that have perplexed the metropolitan police in many months. I refer, of course, to the killing of Austin Squadray. Nationally known—I might even say internationally famous—as an explorer, anthropologist, writer, and lecturer, he was suddenly and mysteriously slain in his apartment on Park Avenue on Wednesday night. Beyond the fact that his assailant was a woman, no evidence whatever was gained by the authorities—except, of course, the bullet in his body.

"Each pistol, as most of you know," he hurried on in his chatty way, "makes a distinctive mark on a bullet when it is fired; and ballistic experts can therefore positively identify bullets fired from the same revolver.

"This was, however, a very thin clue; for how were the police to put their hands on the pistol?

"You may have read in the papers this morning of the chance arrest of a woman at the Calf of Gold night club last night. Her handbag, which contained a pistol, dropped to the floor; the pistol was discharged. She was promptly arrested, and refused to give either a name or address.

"A reason for her strange stubbornness now appears. For the police have fired the revolver found in her possession and compared the bullets with the bullet found in the body of Austin Squadray.

"They are of the same caliber and show the identical markings. The pistol is the one which, late on the night of Wednesday last, fired the bullet which killed Austin Squadray. For further details, we refer you to your favorite newspaper . . ."

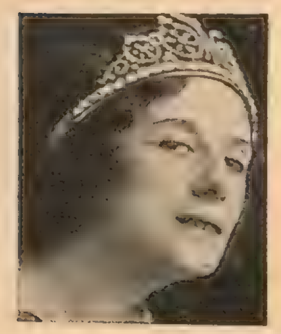
"Edward," I said, "you must relax."

He didn't relax.

"Henrietta accused of murder!" he said, staring at me. "Your mother named as a murderer!" he said to Dorothy. "And in the company of felons!"

. . Well, that puts Panamont's most prominent woman in one swell mess! Will husband Edward, Dorothy, and the befogged David ignore the warning and come to her rescue now? How will Henrietta account for her actions with Bo Logan? Your guess is as good as any, but there are more complications in next week's installment.

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—She thrilled the world with her classic grace but, like the swan she emulated, she died—in 1931. This prima ballerina of the Mariinski Theatre entered the Imperial Ballet School when a ten-year-old. Her last name was sufficient billing. Whose likeness appears herewith?

2—The people of Flanders were called what?

3—If an ostrich egg weighs three pounds, what weight does an ostrich attain?

4—Are our feet longer when standing up?

5—What are the last names of Stephen Grover ——; Samuel Langhorne ——; Percy Bysshe ——?

6—Is it harmful to leave food in opened tin cans?

7—Who was the first policeman to employ the third degree?

8—C. I. O. stands for what?

9—What does the butcher call the pancreas of a sheep?

10—Who in the Bible died the first natural death? What was his alleged age?

11—Flint and steel were widely used before the invention of what?

12—Who is Charles B. Darrow?

13—Hart, Marsh, Triumph, and Walters are varieties of which fruit?

14—Who won the heavyweight boxing championship from Jim Jeffries?

15—How many national banks failed in the United States during the twelve months ending October 31, 1936?

16—What color are a zebra's stripes?

17—Where in the U. S. is a free port?

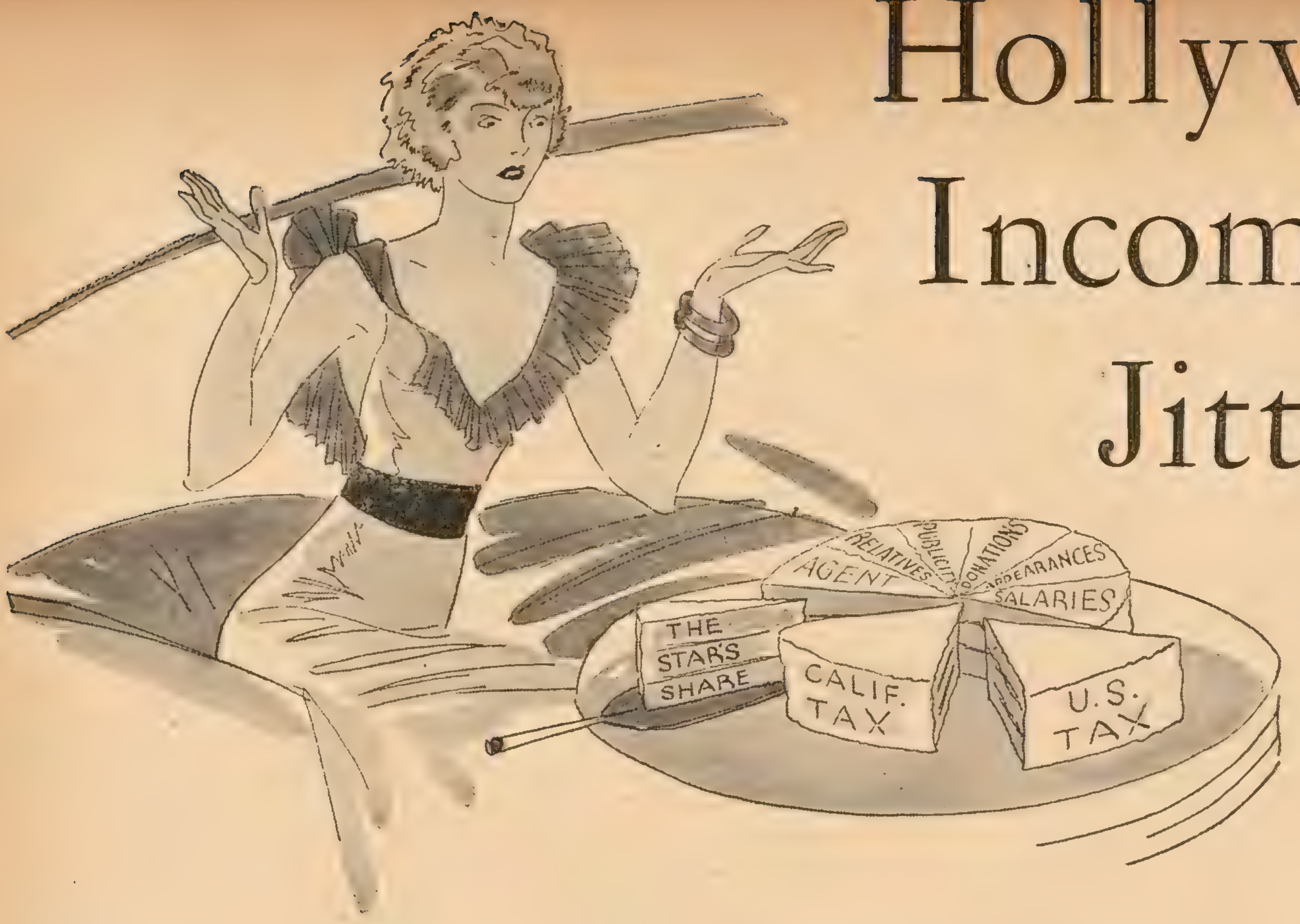
18—What are bingles?

19—Socialism has probably been most successful in which monarchy?

20—Who starred in Stowaway?

(Answers will be found on page 50)

Hollywood's Income-Tax Jitters



READING TIME
9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WAS that a groan? Was that *you*, yelping about the hundred bucks *you* have to shell out for income tax? Well, listen to the sad tale of the movie stars. More than one of them—Dick Powell, for example—works in pictures for approximately nothing and banks for himself only the money he earns in radio!

Income taxes, as now administered, actually discriminate against film stars in a manner unparalleled in any other group of wage earners. The stars actually get nicked more, per thousand of earnings, than anybody else.

Most people think that anybody who becomes a picture star will, upon retirement, have a million dollars. The truth is that only the luckiest, the brightest, and the biggest stars of today can even *hope* to retire with a million . . . and of these topnotchers, not one in twenty actually does.

The amounts which film stars actually earn are far less than is generally believed. The Hollywood grapevine whispers that during 1937 William Powell will be tops with $200,000 a picture, and will make three or four pictures. And it is true that the biggest box-office draws will be paid higher this year than in the recent past.

However, we talked with two executives of Myron Selznick, Inc. (biggest, swankiest Hollywood agents). They told us that a half million is the height of hope today for anybody's actual annual take.

Figures for 1935, just released by the United States Treasury, support their contention. According to these figures, not one Hollywood star really hit the half-million mark. Closest was Mae West, with slightly in excess of $480,000. William Powell was reported at only $66,666 for that year; Shirley Temple at $66,000; Fred Astaire at $127,875. Most of today's biggest shots cluster around and under $200,000 a year. Which would nevertheless be very nice—if the stars got it. But they don't.

As a starter, the star's agents nick off 10 per cent. Another 5 per cent goes for administrative expenses. That leaves $170,000. Federal and California income taxes carve it down to somewhat less than $90,000.

But *anybody* earning that same income would pay those same taxes? Wrong! Just listen to Dick Powell:

"Did you notice the chap in the reception hall as you came in?"

"Sure."

"Insurance man. Sells exclusively inside the studios. He makes a hundred thousand a year—and do you know how much of that he keeps? About ninety thousand."

And when Dick had explained how come, we had the key to all the shooting.

When an ordinary human being reports his income, he reports the gross, then deducts everything he can get away with, and figures his tax from the net. Neither the federal nor the California government recognizes as deductible most of the special expenses and financial hardships which a film star must incur in order to remain a film star.

For example, Miss Lily Goldilocks's agent may visit Lily's studio every day, arriving in a Rolls-Royce driven by a chauffeur, remaining for lunch, and acting as host to Lily's half dozen bosses. Before he starts computing his own income tax he may deduct the driver's salary, the cost of operating and repairing his Rolls, depreciation of the value of the car itself, and all the luncheon checks. A salesman selling insurance to the star under similar circumstances also could make similar deductions in his report. But the star herself—the gal who actually earned the money—cannot deduct one cent, not even though she also must arrive at the studio before she can work, and must eat in the same lunchroom.

Consider the costly item of wardrobe. Female players provide some of their own clothes. Male players usually furnish everything they themselves wear, except period costumes. Formerly the tax collectors were fairly lenient in allowing deductions from income for wardrobe expenditures. This year, to secure any allowance, a player must fill out a four-page questionnaire, listing each and every separate piece of apparel. Not only that, but he must state when and where he bought each article, the cost, the title of the production in which it was used, together with dates—and then he must make separate lists, first for clothing used before motion-picture cameras, second for still pictures, and third for personal appearances or other publicity purposes—and compute for each article the percentage of its value which he or she was able to salvage for personal use.

Naturally so elaborate a system of accounting has resulted in some rather odd rulings. Miss Goldilocks may claim a $1.98 allowance for a pair of silk stockings used in a picture, and the government will allow her claim, because one and all can see that Miss Goldilocks wore the stockings. But the garter belt which held the stockings up—no! A thousand times no! The public did not see the garter belt; it was Miss Goldilocks's private business. And the same goes for panties, if any.

Theoretically, the government's questionnaire rules out no legitimate wardrobe allowance. Practically, it is so complicated and requires such elaborate records that most players simply give up.

The same thing—and another, two-page questionnaire—must be faced by any player who wants to claim an allowance for operation of an automobile. He must itemize all trips made in connection with his occupation, state mileage for each, show that such trips were necessary by stating their specific purposes—and not include trips between his residence and customary place of employment. Complete records for the entire year's operation of the automobile also must be supplied, in order to compute the average cost per mile. Just try to keep such records for *your* automobile.

But the largest expenses of any star come under a classification called, in China, "keeping face."

When Charles Laughton first came to Hollywood he noted with delight the shiny small cars on the boulevards, and straightway bought one, and happily acted as his own chauffeur till the Front Office called him in.

"I am very embarrassed," the Front Office said. "You know what Hollywood is saying? Hollywood is saying, 'My goodness, what cheap skates this Charles Laughton works for!' Kindly go buy a Lincoln at once."

And if you think he didn't have to, you're nuts.

Then the bigger the star, the more expensive the presents all her friends and coworkers expect. And the star had better deliver—or else! And no present is deductible from her income tax.

PERSONAL dependents also come under the "face" heading. Mr. Hector Goldilocks has been working five days a week, laying brick, for the past thirty years and thinking nothing of it. But as soon as daughter Lily hits it rich in Hollywood, Hector suddenly has trouble with his back. Mama needs a maid. Brother Jim quits the plastering racket and makes Lily's agent take him on as assistant agent. Probably Lily doesn't kick. But she couldn't if she wanted to.

A picture celebrity must never offend any one, unless absolutely necessary, because she never knows what offense might start a whispering campaign—or a printed newspaper blast—which would ruin her.

Incidentally, a celebrity's dependents cannot merely be supported, but must be supported in *style*.

And divorce! Zowie! Suppose a star is earning four thousand a week, and his wife sues. Under California laws, any income of a married person belongs to both husband and wife. This theory holds, of course, till divorce is actually granted. A judge conceivably could award the wife one thousand a week from her husband's income, as alimony, then grant the divorce. Thereafter the husband must pay income tax on the full four thousand. (His ex-wife will also pay income tax on her thousand on which he already has paid.) He would be very lucky to emerge with eight or nine hundred for himself. Maintaining a $4,000 "face" will be impossible, and when his career is over he cannot escape bankruptcy, and perhaps he will wind up a suicide. For failure to maintain "face" within his means John Bowers wound up a suicide on the Santa Monica beach.

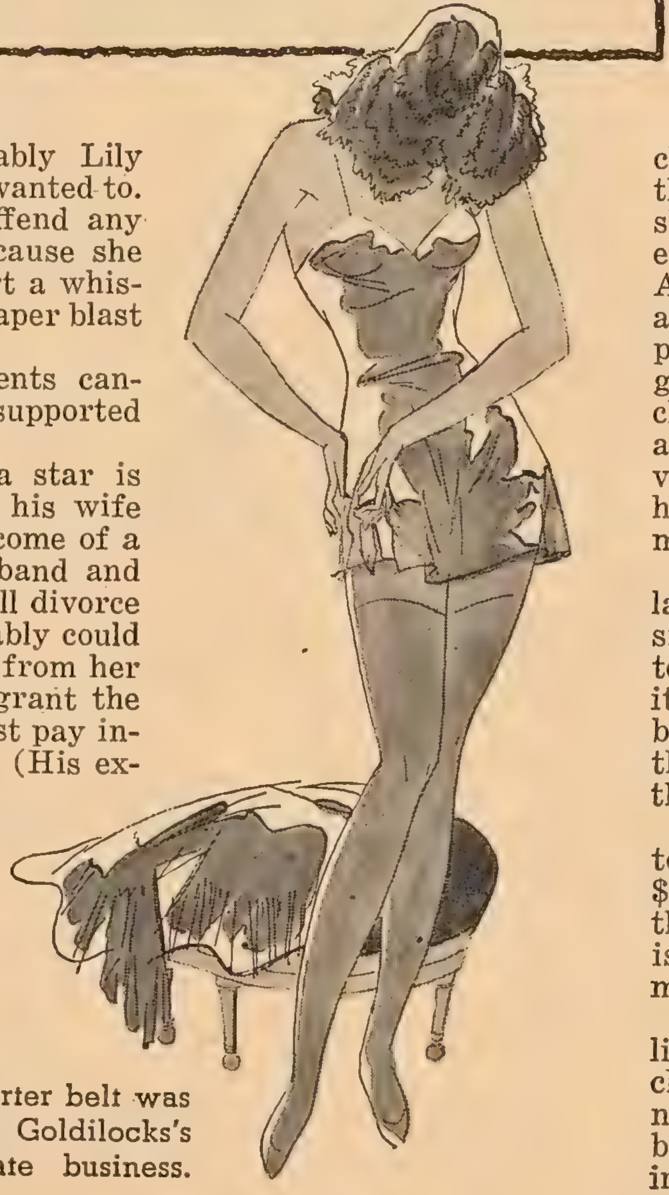
Do You Envy the Stars of the Screen?—Here Are Some Facts and Figures that May Surprise You

by

ROBERT NEAL LEATH

and

ROSALIND LEATH



A garter belt was Miss Goldilocks's private business.

When Community Chest time comes round, the Hollywood celebrities are not *asked* how much they will give. They are *told.* Only one, as far as we know, ever successfully refused to toe the line. That was the late Lon Chaney, probably one of the greatest-hearted men who ever lived, but one who insisted upon knowing where his money went.

During the Chest campaign just past, a mistaken rumor said that Jean Muir had refused, and overnight Hollywood gossip had Jean definitely thrown out of pictures, before the rumor was shown to be false!

Contributions to the Community Chest are deductible for income-tax purposes. But the star is beset at every turn by other demands for charity which he cannot refuse—and these are not deductible.

Many an artist would thank the government if he could exchange his status as a human being for the income-tax privileges of a factory or a piece of machinery. Machinery wears out and plants deteriorate. Factory accountants can take the obsolescence of the plant into consideration on the books—and can cut into profits (before they are taxed) for replacement and repair. Now, a film celebrity actually resembles a piece of machinery far more than she does a human being, from a financial point of view. Even in the studios she is referred to not as a human being but as a "personality." She represents an investment—usually a huge investment—of money laid on the line for publicity. Her glamour has been supplied and attached by experts. Her bosses think of her as impersonally as they might think of a machine.

In 1935, according to the annual Hollywood box-office checkup, Shirley Temple topped them all as a money-maker. In 1936 she repeated—again the most powerful box-office magnet in existence. And now Hollywood says her income approximates $10,000 a week. This probably is exaggerated. But, regardless, the industry knows that child stars "wear out" faster than any others, for they grow up. It is very unlikely that Shirley can hold her position more than two or three more years; no child star ever did.

Unfortunately, film stars don't last as long as real machines. In the silent days, adult stars might expect to stay at the top five years. Now it has been increased to seven. Only by the most phenomenal luck can they last longer, and when they are through, they are through.

Any business man smart enough to get his salary shoved up to the $100,000 mark probably can keep it there, or thereabouts, as long as he is willing to work. The business man is a human being.

Not so a film star. *He* is operated like a machine, discarded like a machine—but taxed like *nobody's* business. If he can get to the savings bank with one eighth of his gross income he does very well indeed.

THE END

BALLAD OF CONTRADICTIONS

by

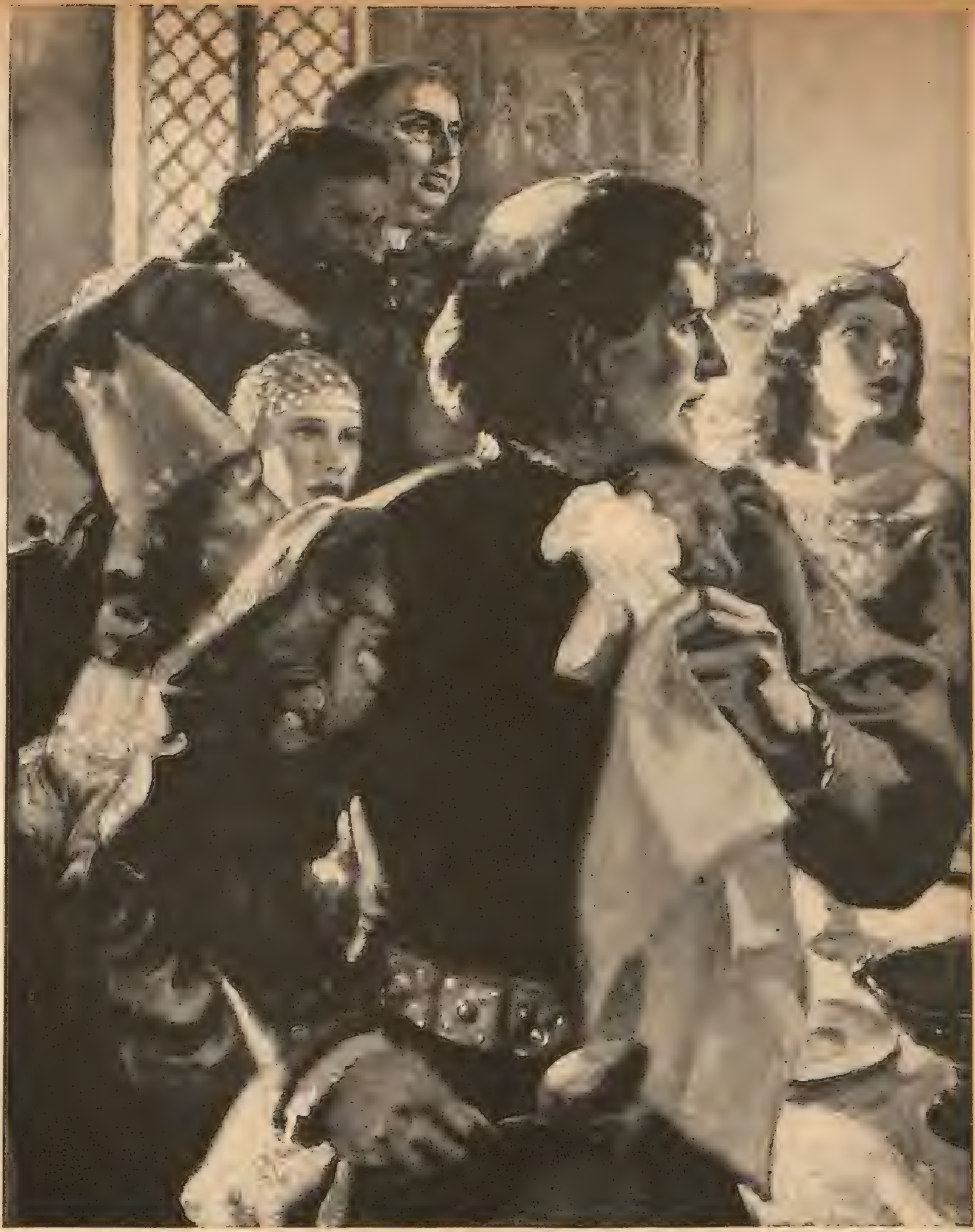
François Villon

Water at hand, and yet I die of thirst!
With fire consumed, I shiver, tooth on tooth;
I am a stranger where I saw life first,
And age has come upon me in my youth.
Clad in these silks, yet naked as a worm,
In tears I laugh, and push on through despair,
From one wrecked hope a vainer hope I form,
And look for pleasure, though no joy is there.
Powerful, feeble, turn and turn about,
Welcomed a while, but later on thrown out.

I count on nothing but the unforeseen,
I puzzle only over what is clear,
I never doubt unless the proof is clean,
My chicken logic picks truth here and here.
Give me what wealth you will, I'll lose it all,
I'll say good evening when it's hardly noon,
Lay me upon my back, and still I'll fall,
Fill me with food, and I'll be starving soon.
Leave me your manners, and I'll die a lout,
Welcomed a while, but later on thrown out.

Lazy from birth, I've risked a leg or arm
Mending my roof; look at it, how it leaks!
Who speaks most kindly of me, does most harm.
Who speaks what's true as gospel, slander speaks.
A friend is he who lets me understand
That a white swan is nothing but black crow;
My enemy holds me out a helping hand—
Evil and good being one, or mingled so,
And I myself being mixed both ways, no doubt—
Welcomed a while, but later on thrown out.

Prince, may it please your kindness, I who know
Too much of life, have never learned to live.
A purse, my lord, if you have such to give,
Would help—a thin one, or much more, a stout—
Welcome, I swear, until the gold runs out!



DEATH FOR A Lady's Arms

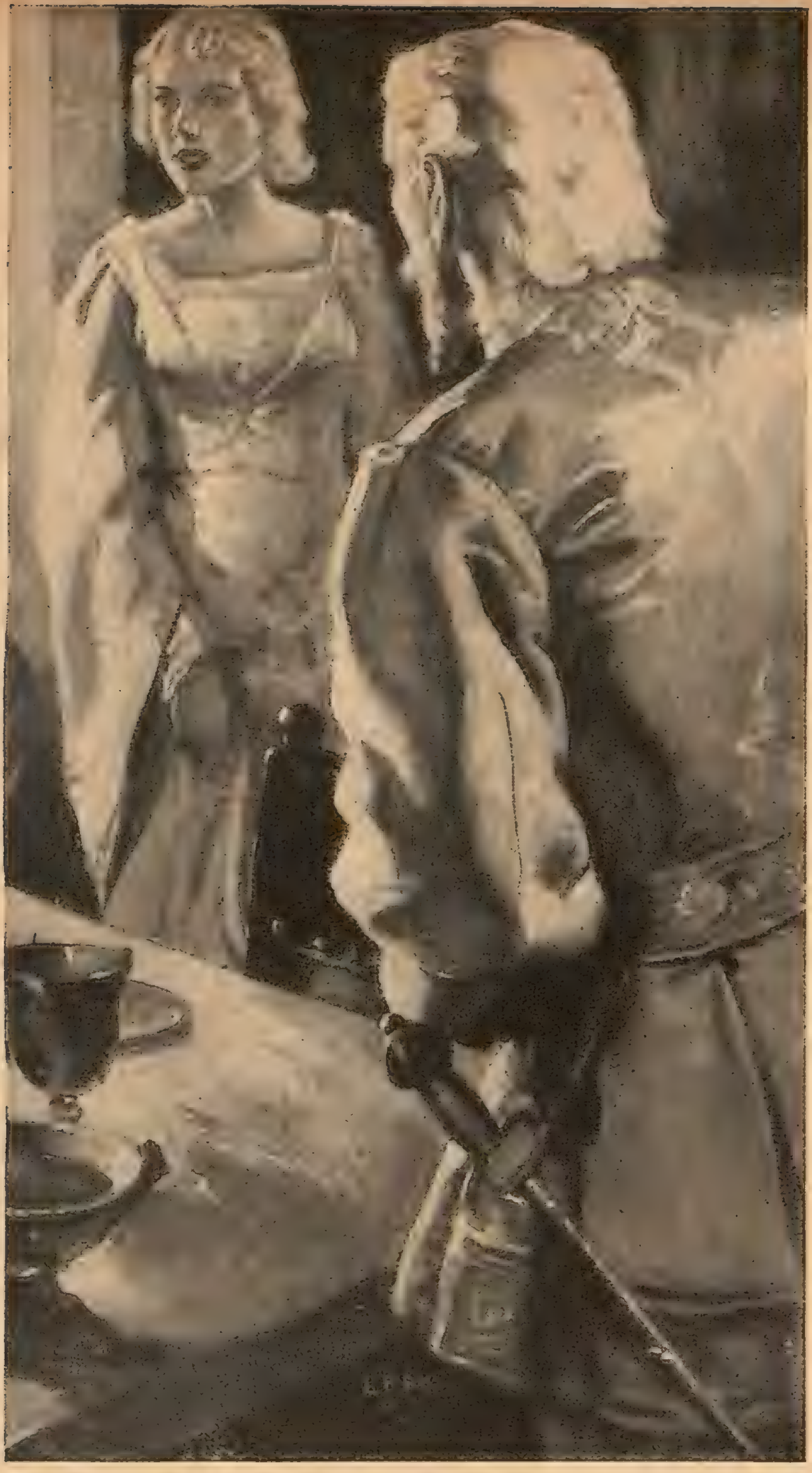
Master Villon Goes Where He's Wanted—
A Story of Singing Lips
and a Heavy Heart

by

JOHN ERSKINE

ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 33 SECONDS



Master Villon saw Louise, sweet-faced but pale. "Here we are!" said the Duke. "Now my house is honored indeed!"

FRANCOIS VILLON, poet, erstwhile rogue and thief, returns to Liberty in a new and gusty adventure. In the last tale, you recall, he came from a tavern to find a cast-off sweetheart occupying his attic bed.

Villon, with a bag of gold, bribed her to leave, and, urging her to make haste, descended to join his godfather, the chaplain, and the gentle-born Louise, his real love. Somewhat later, Louise, having expressed a desire to see Villon's attic room, was led upstairs by the chaplain. There, still in bed, Catherine, the hussy, was discovered.

" You break my heart! " cried Louise to the consternation-stricken poet, and Villon, heartsick and discouraged, had to leave his godfather's home and bitterly took to the open road. Now follow him to a new adventure.

MASTER VILLON, in flight as usual, didn't much care which way he fled. Since Montigny chose the road to Orléans, he'd take the road to Blois. The main thing was to separate. Montigny and he had been partners in crime long enough. He had lost his taste for Montigny and crime. The road to Blois would do.

Very well indeed, as he trudged on alone and began to think. The Duke might be at Blois. Of course he'd be there, idling in his great castle. Duke Charles! What hadn't that man done for him already—picking him out of tight places, with a lift here and a saving pull there! If it hadn't been for the Duke, Marguerite, that lovely but dangerous lady— Master Villon had an idea! The road to Blois was the path of fate! Duke Charles and none other could help him to Louise, lovely and true, good, and therefore inaccessible.

Around the castle gate at Blois he found commotion. A score of grooms waited, a cluster of men-at-arms, a shining captain with a feather in his helmet. Master Villon joined the citizens, to learn what was in the wind.

Two swordsmen were warning the curious now and again to leave a space clear. Master Villon addressed the public in general: " Who's coming? "

A fellow at his elbow showed surprise. " Why, the Duke rides home from the hunt."

" Ah—to be sure! " Master Villon pushed through where the Duke must notice him.

A horn echoed from a near-by street, the sight-seers rustled forward, the guards spread them out again. All but one.

" Stand back, will you! "

" I've an appointment with him," said Master Villon, " and he likes to find me with the middle of his eye."

The guard sank his sword hilt in Master Villon's stomach, and there would have been an argument if the cavalcade hadn't appeared across the square. When the guard saluted, Master Villon went back to where he was before he lost his balance.

First came the stag, drooping over a saddle. Then the Duke, unscathed by his sixty years. The onlookers applauded. As he slowed his horse to wave greetings, his eye fell on the dusty figure.

" If you ask me," he called, " you won't stop here! "

It wasn't the word Master Villon was waiting for. " My lord, if I might speak to you in private—"

" You choose the wrong time! "

" But I have no choice! "

The Duke frowned at the swordsman. " Bring him in."

Then he touched his spur and the procession followed, two by two, more fine women than you'd hope for in one place, each with a gentleman to match.

The second couple from the last were brilliant above the others, the woman particularly. Her companion was telling a story and she was laughing.

" Now then," said the guard, " move your feet! "

The woman looked down and stopped laughing. Master Villon knew who she was. He had no wish to enter the same house with her.

" The Duke is occupied; I'll talk with him another day," said he, reflecting on this mystery of the past: that the good in it departs in a straight line, but the evil moves in a circle and meets you again.

The guard shoved him inside the gate. " When he says bring you, you get brought! "

Duke Charles was in his room, on the chest at the end of his bed, with a lackey pulling at each boot.

" Saint Michel and all the lesser angels! "

" My lord," said Master Villon, " I'm sorry I'm not welcome."

The Duke put hands under one knee, to pull his leg loose. " Bring me slippers, and leave us."

Master Villon, squeezing his cap in his fingers, stood dutifully on his weary feet.

"Now then," said the Duke when they were alone, "you're out of jail for the moment?"

"My present faults," said Master Villon, "are poverty and hunger."

He spoke bitterly, and the Duke studied him. No other in France would have recognized beneath that soiled appearance the poet of his time. Duke Charles, who himself made verses, envied the vagabond before him. If you are poor, you can sing freely. Unless you are born a duke, you can wander in the streets, hobnob with humanity, get the smack of life, and speak out. But it isn't for the polite to notice or mention the raw nerve of truth.

"God put poetry in your hands! Why the devil don't you behave?"

"My lord," said Master Villon, "I stopped for help, but it might be better if I moved on."

"It might indeed!" said the Duke with a half-smile. "I marvel at your folly."

"So help me," said Master Villon, "I didn't know she was here!"

"Who's here?"

"Lady Marguerite."

"Oh—that!" said the Duke, remembering. "She's the least of your troubles!"

"My lord, I presume to disagree! In a woman the instinct of revenge—"

"François, you try my patience! What have you done now?"

"Now, my lord?"

"In Paris. What did you steal?"

"Before God, my lord, nothing! Absolutely nothing! Not recently."

"Ah!" said the Duke. "I knew we'd get to the bottom."

"You won't believe it," said Master Villon, "but I'm now leading a good life."

The Duke sharpened his glance. "What did you steal?"

Master Villon scratched the back of his head. "The last time was—two friends and I—but it was long ago, my lord."

The Duke stood up, angry. "What did you steal?"

Master Villon stiffened his own back. "I'll never tell you, my lord. You might misunderstand."

The Duke's eyebrows drew down. "I've known you do everything but rob a church. Was it that?"

Master Villon said nothing.

"At any moment," said the Duke, "I expect a visitor from Paris."

Master Villon faced him steadily. The Duke sat down again on the clothes chest, and looked up at his poet.

"A very distinguished man—with a warrant for your arrest."

Master Villon didn't twitch an eye.

"You know who it is?"

"The provost, my lord?"

The Duke waited for the right answer.

"My lord—could it be the Seigneur de Grigny?"

"As I feared," said the Duke. "You're guilty!"

MASTER VILLON dropped his guard. "He entertained me in his home!"

"That makes him share the blame, I suppose," said the Duke. "What did you do to him?"

"I fell in love with Louise."

The Duke lifted a hopeless hand. "With Mlle. de Grigny?"

"I shall call her Louise, my lord. She returns my affection. I hope to marry her."

The Duke started to laugh, then checked himself. "Move on, François, while there's time!"

"With your permission, my lord, I'll stay."

"You insist on suicide?"

"My lord—is she coming with him?"

The Duke looked at him, grimly at first, then with a smile creeping to the side of his mouth. "Is there a new poem in your pocket?"

"Not one," said Master Villon. "I haven't had time for it."

"Understand this," said the Duke: "When he arrives, I shan't interfere. I shan't try to save you."

There was a respectful knock on the door, and the head steward made an obsequious but impressive entrance. A stoutish fellow, with an air of destiny.

"What is it, Gaston?"

"The table tonight, my lord?"

"François Villon will sit on my left."

Gaston raised his eyebrows.

"Put Master Villon in the room near me—the third down the hall. He's to recite a new poem after dinner. He'll need a suit of clothes, and you might send up the barber."

"My lord! I told you, I have no new poem!"

"You will have. Go now—let Gaston take care of you."

Master Villon took no pleasure at all from the bath, the shave, and the clean linen on his skin. In Gaston he suspected an understream of contempt, and the barber seemed amused with what he had to work on. Moreover, the suit Gaston furnished was much too gay. Louise would know it wasn't his. And in the midst of this turmoil he was to produce a poem! He tried to think of a subject while Gaston helped him into his breeches.

That garment was only half laced when a lackey stuck his head through the doorway, without knocking. "The Lady Marguerite desires conversation with you—first door on the left, at the end of the corridor. At once. She'll leave the door open."

"Will she!" said Master Villon, but the lackey was gone. Master Villon helped Gaston finish with the breeches.

SO Marguerite was at work again—she who had loved him, and then tried to kill, and now was angry because, thanks to the Duke, he still lived!

"Is there paper and pen?"

Gaston pointed to the writing table.

"Ah—of course," said Master Villon, leaning over and scratching hastily. "If you'll be so good as to carry this note to her, I can"— he read it, to make sure, and corrected a word—"I can get into the jacket myself."

Gaston paused for thanks in advance, but Master Villon had turned to the mirror, to wrestle with the ruffles of his shirt. The steward went out with a wrinkle in his brow.

The writing of the note had warmed Master Villon up. The jacket once on, he sat down and squared off at his poem. Something sharp and smart. The quill began to move fast. . . .

That night they dined in what Duke Charles called his office, a fair-sized apartment on the ground floor, with a small fire to cure the evening dampness, and brackets holding candles out from the tapestries.

"We'll be cozier here," said the Duke. "The banquet hall's no more cheerful than a barn. Poetry never sounds well in it."

"Oh, will you read us a poem?" said Lady Marguerite. "How charming!"

"François Villon," said the Duke, bringing forward what Gaston had put clothes on. "You know him, I believe?"

The beautiful woman with the waving black hair, the white teeth, the rose in her cheeks, smiled like a saint.

"The name of course, and a few of his works—dainty little things—if I heard them once more, I'd have them by heart."

When Master Villon met her eye, she smiled even more sweetly, and he smiled back in tribute to impudence, and the Duke smiled too, admiring them both.

"We'll be seated," said he, putting Lady Marguerite at his right. Master Villon took the chair facing her.

He spread his napkin deliberately, to show that such conveniences were a habit with him, and for still greater ease of manner he stared at the men and women who lined the board. The ladies, he observed, were more dashing than on horseback—an evening gown helps a woman out. The men had lost brilliance. They whispered and kissed a hand now and then, but Master Villon feared it was to fill a pause in their thoughts. They should have kept on riding. Only the Duke was at home indoors.

"The soup we shall now sample," said he, "is an old favorite of mine, savory but not fattening. I had the recipe from England, where they serve it to prisoners."

The woman at Master Villon's left exclaimed under her breath.

"The wine," continued the Duke, "comes from my best vineyard. In this nectar we drink only the health of lovers and poets."

The guests, pair by pair, started an exchange of compliments.

"Marguerite," said the Duke, leaving no stone unturned, "I thought I knew all your passions. Since when have you been interested in poetry?"

Master Villon, after his long fast, ought to have taken the soup before the wine. One long sip from his goblet and his mood became suddenly exalted.

"My lord, may I tell your guests who I am?"

There was a note in his voice which produced silence.

"Would you really tell?" asked Lady Marguerite, softly but distinctly.

He glared at her. "I am Poverty in person. Here I have food, but elsewhere I am Hunger. Rather than starve, I have stolen."

The stillness was awkward, no one being ready for truth.

"I've heard," said Lady Marguerite, "you're a mad enemy of women."

"The very clothes I wear," continued Master Villon, "are not mine. In myself I am naked as a worm. My lord dressed me. I am here against his will."

"François!" said the Duke.

"I know you all!" cried Master Villon. "All of you! If you are remembered hereafter, I shall be the cause!"

"François!" The Duke was roused to exasperation.

Master Villon's head cleared unexpectedly. "I have some new verses—"

"Not now, François!"

"My lord, they concern only me."

He drew from his pocket a strip of paper, which he held to the table candle.

"Water at hand, and yet I die of thirst!
With fire consumed, I shiver, tooth on tooth;
I am a stranger where I saw life first,
And age has come upon me in my youth.
Clad in these silks, yet naked as a worm—"

"I wondered where you found that phrase," said Lady Marguerite. "You quoted from yourself."

Master Villon kept his finger on the page.

"Clad in these silks, yet naked as a worm,
In tears I laugh, and push on through despair,
From one wrecked hope a vainer hope I form,
And look for pleasure, though no joy is there.
Powerful, feeble, turn and turn about,
Welcomed a while, but later on thrown out."

"My lord," said Lady Marguerite, "your guest becomes personal, don't you think?"

As Master Villon looked first at her, then at the Duke, there was a rattle of wheels in the court outside.

"See who that is, Gaston."

The company buzzed with talk after the strain of listening to poetry. The page fell from Master Villon's hand, and one corner of it sank slowly into his unfinished soup. He knew who it was. He was not surprised when Gaston flung open the door to let in the Seigneur de Grigny, with his trim white beard and his fierce eyes.

"Can a man walk into this house unannounced? You must think you live in a safe country, Charles!"

Master Villon stood up where the seigneur could see him.

"Ah!—"

Louise's father exploded in a loud exclamation, which trailed off into silence. The Duke was halfway to the door.

"I'm mortified beyond words, de Grigny! Gaston, another plate! I expected your charming daughter."

"One of the maids," said the seigneur, "is dusting her off upstairs."

"Two plates, Gaston!"

"Who's that, standing there?" demanded the Seigneur de Grigny.

"A poet"—said the Duke—"under my protection."

Master Villon bowed.

"Let me present my other guests also," said the Duke with just a shade of haste.

"This is the one I wished to see!"

"You can renew your acquaintance at leisure," said the Duke. "The Lady Marguerite here deserves a glance or two."

Around the table the men were standing, and the ladies lifted a hand for the seigneur's greeting, or rose to let Gaston get in his extra plates.

Master Villon turned at a footstep on the stairs, and saw Louise, sweet-faced, clear-eyed, but very pale. He felt a clutch at his heart.

"HERE we are!" said the Duke. "Now my house is honored indeed! These friends of mine—Lady Marguerite — François Villon—"

Master Villon saw the start she gave at his name, the effort not to show surprise. He bowed low. Lady Marguerite was watching like a cat.

"We were hardly well into the soup," said the Duke, seating Louise halfway down the table, where her father wouldn't be worried about her. "You've lost no ground you can't make up. The evening is before us."

For the next minute or so Master Villon's mind, as you might say, left his body. There was meat before him, but he didn't touch it.

"How did you lose the road?" the Duke was asking. "You might have been here three hours ago."

"Can't we talk of something cheerful?" said Louise, forcing a smile. "We're here at last, aren't we?"

"I never lost the road," said the seigneur, from his end of the board. "We paused over a little business of the provost's."

"Must I hear of it again?" said Louise.

"Rarely," said her father, "have I seen a rogue more neatly bagged."

Louise turned still whiter.

"You mean, you caught some one?" asked Lady Marguerite, full of polite curiosity.

"Madame," said the seigneur, "he robbed a church, he and his friends, and the crime would have hidden itself till doomsday if a good man hadn't disguised himself and gained their confidence while they were drunk."

"God created everything with a purpose," said Lady Marguerite. "That's the use of drunkenness—to catch criminals."

"They were all drunk, but we caught only one," said the seigneur. "That is, only one until today. We knew of at least two accomplices. We had men on the road to Orléans—none, unfortunately, on the road to Blois."

Master Villon held his breath.

"I'd like to hear the rest of it," said the Duke calmly.

"On the Orléans road," said the seigneur, watching Master Villon, "we stopped Montigny. The wretch's feet had collapsed. He said the gallows would be easier than another mile. He'll find out."

"Who's the third you're looking for?" asked Lady Marguerite.

"The net," said the seigneur, "is over him."

Lady Marguerite glanced along the table at Louise. "You're not saying a word!"

"Father tells his own stories," said the pale girl.

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After that the talk wandered mercifully, and Master Villon fed on his thoughts, till the guests separated for the night. When the chairs were pushed back he walked up to the seigneur.

“May I have a word with you?”

“We do not speak!”

“We must,” said Master Villon.

The seigneur turned his back, and all the company saw the rebuke.

Master Villon bowed, walked without haste to the door and up the painful stairs. He half expected an arresting hand on his shoulder. In the corridor above he passed a shadowed alcove, then slipped back and hid in the darkness till the Duke came by, leading the seigneur to his rest.

“No, Charles,” the seigneur was saying, “he's beyond your help! When I leave this house, he goes with me.”

Master Villon noted where the seigneur was sleeping. He tiptoed to his own room and sat on the bed to think.

In Paris Louise had found a girl in his bed; now he was wanted for an ancient and notorious theft. A lady might be broad-minded, but you couldn't ask too much. She would always be beyond his reach. Strangely, he wished her to be. Rather than drag her down, he would hang.

But he might as well go out with a flourish! There was no one now in the corridor. He stepped softly to the seigneur's door and knocked, then pushed in without waiting for an invitation. His enemy, all but unclad, glared at him.

“What's this?”

“Seigneur, I wish to arrange my fate.”

“It is arranged!”

Master Villon closed the door for greater privacy.

“Toward you and your family I would act with strict honor.”

“Will you kindly get out?” said the seigneur.

“You perhaps know,” said Master Villon, “I'm a suitor for your daughter's hand.”

“God give me patience!” said the seigneur, looking around for a weapon.

“Since I met your daughter, I've stuck to a straight path. That is, within reason.”

The seigneur picked up his sword by the hilt. “If you mention my daughter again—”

“Until you kill me, seigneur, I shall continue to think of her. One half-hour with her,” said Master Villon—“grant me that, and hang me whenever you like. Think it over, seigneur. A pleasant sleep to you!”

Midway down the corridor he met Lady Marguerite. Her smile was cordial.

“I liked your poem.”

He bowed.

“Are you really dying of thirst? Do you still love me?”

“Madame! Are we not meeting as strangers?”

“François—have you met some one else?” Without waiting for his reply, she laughed. “Why didn't you come to me before dinner?”

“Madame, did you think I could forgive?”

She raised her white shoulders. “Neither you nor I! Tomorrow morning I shall—”

Some one came up behind him.

“What's this now?” said the Duke. “May I escort you to your room, Lady Marguerite?”

She laughed. “I can find my way without a guard, if no more poets interrupt me. I was saying what delicious verse he writes!”

The Duke put his arm through Master Villon's and pulled him off toward bed.

“François,” said he, “have you not danger enough?”

“You should have heard my poem to the end. The last lines were addressed to you.”

At the threshold of his room he dropped the mask, and stood before his friend worn and haggard.

“My lord, if I speak too boldly, it's because I have so little courage left.”

Yet before he had unlaced his gay coverings, his wits were at work again. He tried the window and found it unbolted. His own dusty clothes hung in the closet. Master Villon dressed for the road.

The window gave upon a long balcony. He crawled along it away from that end of the house where he knew Lady Marguerite was lodged. Safe now, with only the last window to get by, he heard his name. Louise, with a dark cloak around her shoulders, was watching him from her room.

“I knew you would come!”

He rose, and his lips almost met hers. “Kiss me—before I die!”

She drew back. “You will outlive us all. You will slip off, and my father won't find you, and I'll see you no more, but some other girl—”

“Think poorly of me when I am gone,” said he, “but give me this moment!”

“You were not true,” he heard her say. “You will be false again. And I love you! You know why father came here. What will you do?”

He drew himself up on to the window sill, and had his arms around her.

“Louise—you have forgiven me!”

“I should think not!” she said. “I haven't forgiven. Can you escape? Can I help?”

Master Villon got a grip on his old self. “I wouldn't leave this house while you were in it. Your father and I have had one plain talk—”

“François! You dared to face him?”

“A moment ago, in his room. We'll discuss my affairs in more detail tomorrow. Louise—if I slip away, will you come too?”

She laughed again. “You and I limping down the road, with father's men jumping out from behind the bushes!”

For a moment he thought of Montigny, then he reached through the window for another kiss. She pushed him away.

“They will find you, François—you must go.”

In a gust of madness he began to climb through the window. “You are mine—let them find me here!”

“You haven't explained,” said she calmly, “what that girl in Paris—I forget her name—was doing—”

He lowered himself to the balcony again. “Louise, I swear—”

“Don't make me sorry I still love you.”

He seized her hand. “Will you be up early tomorrow—”

“At dawn.”

“Then, one kiss!”

He was sinking to the balcony, to crawl back.

“François—I have another rival. Lady Marguerite. She came to me after dinner. She has promised to tell all she knows about you.” . . .

Master Villon's bed was soft, but what with one thing and another, he didn't sleep.

THE END

A MATTER OF CUTTING CHEESE

by F. Gregory Hartswick

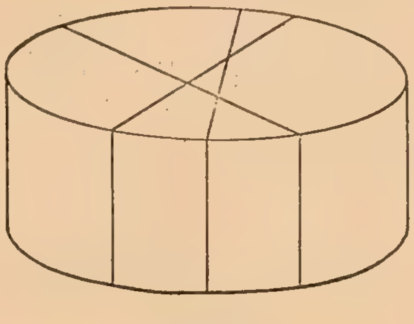


Fig. 1

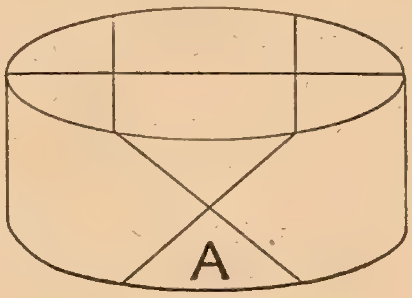


Fig. 2

Everybody knows how to cut a plane figure into the greatest number of pieces with a given number of straight cuts—all you have to do is to be sure that each cut crosses every other cut. It was the Sam Loyd of the '90s who first investigated the matter of cutting a solid figure. He used a cheese as a sample on which to work. If you look at the two pictures above, you will see that in Fig. 1 the cheese has been cut into seven pieces with three straight cuts. And yet if you make the three cuts as in Fig. 2 you can easily see that you have gained a piece; there are seven pieces that you can see, and another on the far side, corresponding to the piece marked A.

Now into how many pieces can you cut such a cheese with four straight cuts?

(The answer will be found on page 41)

To the Ladies

by
PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

DONNA OLIVIA ROSSETTI AGRESTI

MUSSOLINI reads American newspapers, tries hard to understand American slang. Our journalistic word *scoop* was a tough one for him to get. . . . He says, " Women are tenacious; they stick to their guns—that's why they deserve serious political attention." . . . Kept an Egyptian mummy in his office until some one told him that mummies are unlucky, after which he had his office mummy removed *toot sweet.* . . . His favorite pets were a couple of lion cubs; they grew up and he put them in a zoo. Now they are full-grown lions, yet he still visits them in their cages—scaring their keepers half to death.

This informal information comes to me from my old friend Donna Olivia Rossetti Agresti, now lecturing here. An Englishwoman married to an Italian, she has long served Mussolini as a confidential interpreter at international parleys. Knows a lot about him. Admires him and believes in his ideas.

He sent two of his boys to boarding school. At the end of the first term they came home with brilliant reports. Mussolini wrote to the school principal: " I know my boys. They're not as smart as that. Please show them no favoritism." Their reports for the next term were just average good. Mussolini was pleased.

He vacationed last summer in Venice with his eight-year-old son, Romano, a delicate child. Excused himself early from official luncheons, saying, " I'm sorry; I've got to see that my little boy takes his nap."

● In one of those *confessional* moods, a woman I know surprised me with the following:

" I've been married for thirty years," she said, " and I never have loved my husband since our honeymoon."

There isn't anything desperately wrong, she explained—just no spark between them, no vivacious impulse or deep affection. Yet they seem contented, have prospered moderately, have raised commendable children. I asked her how they had made a go of it.

" Each of us," she said, " had prospects of inheriting a little property. Separately we would have been poor. Together we have been comfortable. It has worked out rather well for all concerned."

You may not agree with her viewpoint, but can you ignore it?

● Saw a troupe of genuine Spanish dancers from Spain—the Juan Martinez Ballet—wonderful rhythm, and costumes that gave me some practical inspiration. . . . Black evening gown finished with a flounce of pale pink silk, pumps of pink suède luringly atwinkle beneath the flounce. . . . Worth copying. . . . Also a very short bolero, the back cut in a half-moon curve barely reaching your shoulder blades, the front ends of the jacket pointed sharply. . . . Much more *chic* than the lengthier bolero that hides your pretty ribs.

● Sad story of a real-life romance in which a nursery rhyme came true but ended tragically in the dark of the night. . . . A certain lady, friend of a friend of mine, has a peculiar clock, given to her long ago by the great Thomas Edison. Odd feature of her clock is a rod-shaped pendulum surmounted by an ivory mouse that serves, somehow, as the hour hand. Inscribed on the case is the old rhyme, " Hickory, dickory, dock! The mouse ran up the clock . . ."

Well, my dears, a live mouse actually fell in love with the ivory one, climbed the clock every night and tried to arouse its little white friend. The family never would have disturbed it; but a new servant set a trap, and the romance is finished. On the ivory mouse still can be seen the tiny teethmarks of her impassioned lover, now as cold and unresponsive as she. Too bad!

● Students at the College of New Rochelle put on a voting contest last month to decide which of their professors had been the prettiest baby. Baby pictures of all the faculty members were taken from old family albums and displayed in one of the college buildings, where students examined them (with great glee, you may be sure), then voted for their choice of the lot, at five cents per vote. The object was to raise money for a new library—and what a delightful way to do it! In donating their childhood portraits the men teachers were more reluctant than the women teachers. Who could blame them? I know a number of college professors who must have been *very* odd-looking baby boys.

● Ronald MacDonald Douglas has put together an interesting new volume of stories, facts, and poems from Ireland. It's called The Irish Book. (Published by Macmillan.)

● On market days in small French towns one of the favorite luncheon specialties among the well fed market folk is a fry of tender juicy meat nuggets cut from calves' feet, crisped golden brown in deep fat, and served with a stiff mayonnaise. Calves' feet are a neglected delicacy over here. Try them this way sometime:

Have the large bone removed. Cook the feet in plenty of salted water with a bay leaf and a few cloves. Let cool, then cut meat in pieces the size of a walnut, dip in beaten egg, roll in fine bread crumbs, fry in deep fat. Serve with firmly whipped mayonnaise in which you have mixed some chopped capers, chopped parsley, and a little minced onion. *Très bon!*

What Queen Elizabeth

THERE stands in Scotland a beautiful old castle with traditions that form almost a part of British and Scotch history. Here once Macbeth himself roamed about; here, according to tradition, King Duncan was slain; and to this day all kind of legends are told about the mystery which is embodied in the castle's dark rooms.

This Glamis Castle is one of the oldest houses in Great Britain, because some portions of it were undoubtedly standing in 1016. Inside, there is a vaulted crypt which tradition says was built before 1016, with a stone-flagged, stone-vaulted hall leading out of it which was the place where Macbeth murdered Duncan, the Thane of Glamis. In a room above it King Malcolm II of Scotland was murdered in 1034. The private chapel is a beautiful little place of worship, with eighty painted panels of Scriptural subjects by De Witt, the seventeenth-century Dutch artist, and admirable stained glass.

The castle boasts the only remaining fool's dress of motley in England. Prince Charlie's watch and clothes are still preserved there. There is a wonderful collection of old family dresses of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and, above all, there is the ancient silver-gilt cup called "the Lion of Glamis," which holds an entire bottle of wine and on great family occasions is still produced and used as a loving cup. In fact, there is no end to the objects of interest this wonderful old castle contains, and the Lyon family, in direct line from father to son, have owned and dwelt in it for six hundred years.

It is useless to mention here all the weird legends connected with Glamis Castle, if only because the owners have not cared to see them alluded to, and have always declared that they were mostly products of imagination. There was one, however, which was always told to visitors, perhaps because it sounded so improbable: the legend which said that a day would come when the blood of the owners of Glamis would once more rule in England and Scotland where their ancestors had reigned in bygone times. I heard it long before the marriage of the present King of England to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon—I think even before she was born.

The sons and daughters of Lord and Lady Strathmore are healthy men and women without the least shade of mysticism and superstition in their characters. They all love their ancient home with its traditions and legends, but beyond being proud of them, they have never been affected by them. It would be difficult to find more normal people than the present Queen of England, her brothers and sisters.

Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon's childhood and early youth were perfectly happy. She had a wonderful mother, who applied herself to developing in her courage, forbearance, kindness to everybody, and firm principles. She was always encouraged in anything she wanted to do which might mean happiness for others. With her sisters, she used to visit all the cottagers and tenants on her father's estates, and talk with them familiarly, inquiring as to their needs and paying them little attentions, such as bringing them books, newspapers, and the illustrated magazines the old ladies loved to read.

There was an amusing story going about in the Strathmore family concerning Lady Elizabeth and an ancient dame whose parents had served in the castle for years and years, and who herself had once been employed in it. Lady Elizabeth had brought her some magazines, which she must have read with great attention, because the next thing the present Queen of England heard was: "I hope, dearie, you don't read these papers you bring me. They are not nice, and our good lady, the Countess, ought not to allow you to handle them!" The magazines in question were copies of that popular Victorian publication The Ladies' Journal, which only printed stories about boys and girls getting married after the shortest of acquaintances!

Lady Elizabeth had known York for quite a long time, having met him through his sister, Princess Mary, to whom ties of real friendship and affection had bound her ever since their babyhoods. He had always been attracted by her, but had never dared even to think she might become his wife. But during Princess Mary's engagement to the present Earl of Harewood, they somehow got nearer to each other, and Lady Elizabeth began taking more interest in the Duke than she had done before.

He was shy, not only by nature but because he suffered from an impediment in his speech, which at times made him quite melancholy. Elizabeth tried to persuade him that he could overcome it if he would only persevere in following a certain treatment which had been prescribed for him. One day he discovered he had fallen head over ears in love with his sister's friend, and became miserably unhappy with the fear that she would never reciprocate his love.

The fact was that Lady Elizabeth had also lost her heart to the shy young man who seemed to have no eyes for any one but herself. But she was before everything else a reasonable person, and she did not believe for one moment that the King and Queen would allow their son to marry her. So she took counsel with her mother, and they decided they would not spend the approaching season in London, but would return to Glamis Castle after the wedding of Princess Mary, one of whose bridesmaids Lady Elizabeth was to be.

When they were gone, the Duke of York became more and more unhappy, and at last asked his mother to advise him in this crisis of his life. The Queen, who all along had loved Lady Elizabeth, spoke to the King, and it was decided between them to allow the Duke to take his chance with the girl he had become so fond of.

THE Queen wrote to the Countess of Strathmore, with the result that the Earl invited the Duke to pay a visit to Glamis during the grouse season—an invitation which at first the Duke feared to accept. It seems that Queen Mary had literally to compel him to go to Scotland, and after he arrived at Glamis his diffidence only increased, and he seemed almost to avoid remaining alone with Lady Elizabeth. For her part, knowing nothing about the Duke having obtained the King's permission to address her, she did the best she could not to permit him to say anything to her, and it was only on the eve of his departure from Glamis that chance, probably helped by the Countess of Strathmore, arranged matters so that the two young people found themselves alone together, riding through the woods surrounding Glamis Castle.

Almost in desperation the Duke of York made up his mind that it was to be now or never. Trembling at the thought of saying anything to Lady Elizabeth which his difficulty in expressing himself might interfere with, he tore a sheet of paper out of his pocketbook, wrote on it the question he had all along dreaded to ask, and handed it to her. The rest became easy, and two days later the King and Queen informed their subjects of their second son's engagement to the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore and Kinghorne.

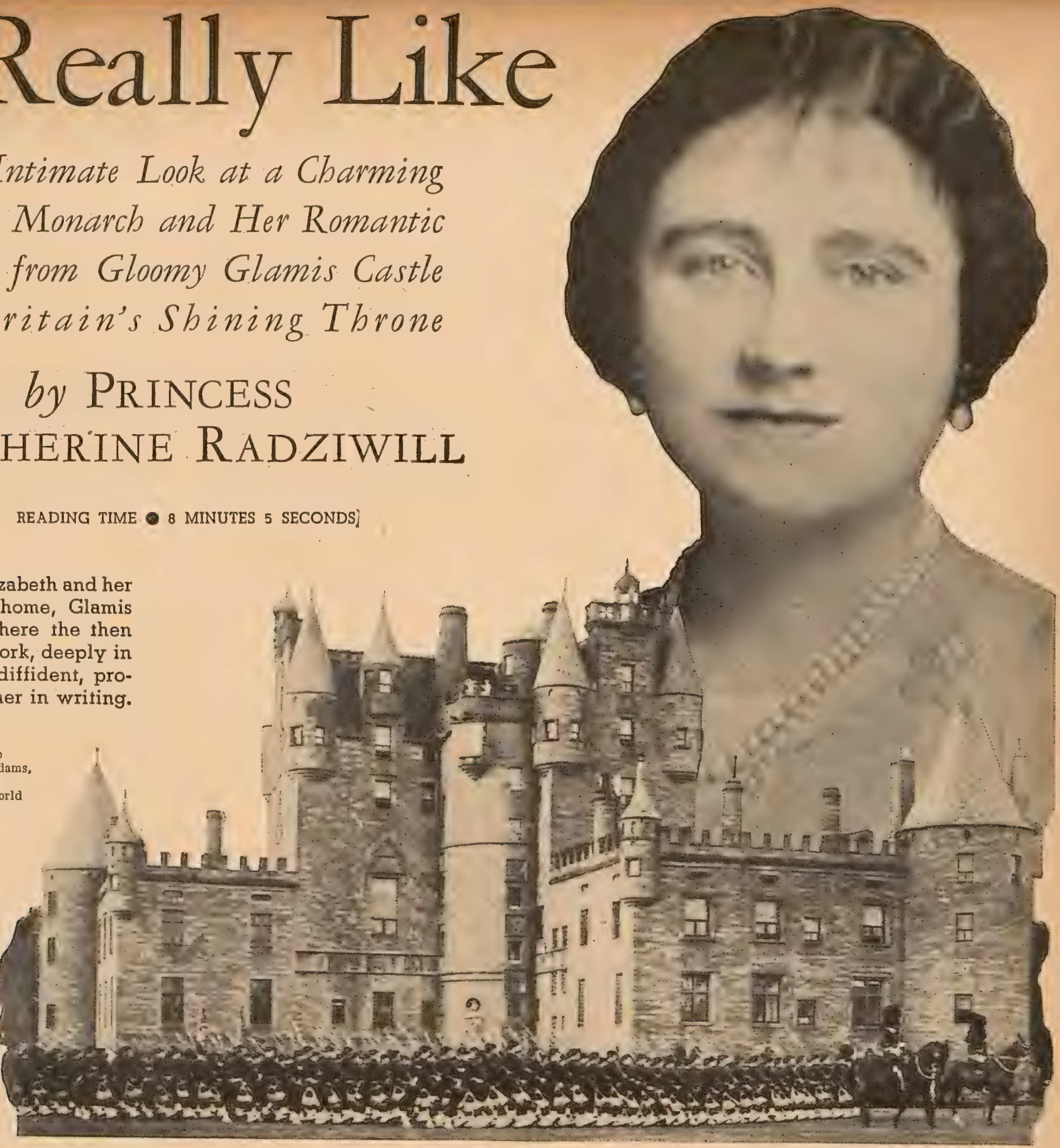
The marriage was solemnized with great pomp at Westminster Abbey on April 26, 1923. The new Duchess of York took almost by storm the hearts of the English people, and endeared herself to her husband's family quite as much as she had to her father's retainers and tenants. Of the latter there was an amusing anecdote which the Strathmores loved to tell. When the news of Lady Elizabeth's betrothal reached Scotland, one of the gardeners at Glamis exclaimed, "How proud our King must be to get a Lyon for his daughter-in-law!"

is Really Like

An Intimate Look at a Charming New Monarch and Her Romantic Rise from Gloomy Glamis Castle to Britain's Shining Throne

by PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS]



Queen Elizabeth and her ancestral home, Glamis Castle, where the then Duke of York, deeply in love but diffident, proposed to her in writing.

Photo
Marcus Adams,
from
Wide World

In the years that followed, the Duchess of York proved to be an ideal princess, a perfect wife, and an admirable mother to her two little girls. She sought Queen Mary's advice in the rearing of the little princesses. Together they worked to make them "really good children," as the Duchess of York once said; children unselfish, with dignity but without affectation or vanity. The Princess Elizabeth was never told how near she stood to the throne, but she was brought up in a way that would assure her, as well as her subjects, of happiness in case fate had decreed that she was to become the Queen of England.

The family life of the Duke and Duchess has been ideal; which, however, does not mean that the Duchess has not had many difficulties to contend with, difficulties which the unvarying affection of Queen Mary has always helped her to surmount. They increased as it became evident that the days of King George V were numbered. The Duchess was deeply attached to him, and he to her. He liked to have her at his side whenever possible, with her little girls. But it was not to be expected that these proofs of his appreciation of his daughter-in-law's qualities should pass without giving rise to much jealousy, even among the other members of the royal family. The Duchess of York, however, with great dignity, ignored many incidents a woman not so wise would have made a fuss over.

She has always interested herself in all social movements for amelioration of the existence of the workingman. All charitable questions have found in her a careful student and warm sympathizer, and her efforts have always been directed toward the education of the masses, which in her opinion is the best means to avoid revolutions and political troubles. "A contented people does not revolt," she is fond of saying. She knows that it is no joke to be a queen. Serious by nature and character, she will take seriously to her task, and will prove a true and worthy helpmate to her husband.

When King George was dying, she was asked by one of her personal friends what she would say if the then Prince of Wales should refuse to accept the throne. She simply replied:

"I don't know what I would say; I only hope it would be something which would prove to the English people how much I love them!"

The English people will remember these words today. The Dominions also will think about them, and find in them a security in regard to the future.

THE END

WILL GERMAN SEA POWER CHALLENGE GREAT BRITAIN?

An Eminent Naval Authority Envisions a Startling Future—Do the Reich's New Plans Forecast Another World War?

by

REAR ADMIRAL YATES STIRLING

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

GERMANY declares that the future of European peace depends upon satisfying her demands for the return of her overseas possessions.

Can a threat of war be read in this blunt declaration of a prominent cabinet minister of the Reich?

There is no secret in regard to Germany's urgent needs of both food supplies and raw materials. However, the return of her old colonies cannot relieve her economic situation. Her colonies always failed to supply her industrial requirements. In 1913 her trade with her colonies was only 6 per cent of her foreign trade. It is evident that she must look elsewhere for her full industrial needs. This recent demand by the Reich is not to satisfy an economic issue but a moral one. The stigma of Versailles must be wiped out.

Germany's four-year plan for self-sufficiency has diplomatic value because of the psychological effect it will have upon all of the German people. Inferior foods and poor quality of supplies will be felt in every household. Therefore the urge to control sources of raw material within Germany's monetary system will receive the support of the entire nation.

Germany has reason to believe that her coveted place in the sun cannot be gained through diplomacy alone. The return of her colonies can be only the first step. Her diplomats know that their plan of self-sufficiency, if long continued, will produce untold hardships. It is evident that an efficient and virile nation of sixty million will not suffer in silence while weaker nations control sources of supplies of the abundance so urgently needed by it.

The situation is alarming the diplomats of Europe, and it seems certain that unless the German want is soon satisfied in one way or another Germany's threat of war will not be an empty gesture.

Great Britain, with one quarter of the globe under her sovereignty, is said to be better prepared for war than any other nation in Europe. This is consequent upon her command of the seas. The fulfillment of the German desire for expansion must be contingent upon British sanction, otherwise the formidable British navy will stand in the way.

In whatever direction Germany may strike, the royal navy will lie across her lines of communication by sea, shutting off the supply of materials needed to support her war machine and feed her people at home.

German diplomacy is only too conscious of its inability to act as forcefully abroad as on the continent of Europe. The German navy is not strong enough to contend with British sea power. Will Germany rest content with this irksome condition of affairs, or will she build up her navy to a size adequate to give her diplomacy the needed stiffness to accomplish untold advantages for the nation?

Before the World War German diplomacy had eyes on Morocco and the Near East. A favorite project was the Berlin-to-Bagdad railroad. This dream of profitable empire for all manner of economic spoils vanished after Germany's defeat in 1918.

Germany has only herself to blame for being in the plight where she now finds herself. Her statesmen like Bismarck did not appear to see the advantages of colonies for the control of adequate supplies of raw materials within her monetary system, and, when the need was borne in upon the rather slow German diplomatic mentality, most of the valuable portions of the earth were already in other hands, while Germany did not possess a powerful enough navy to cause the more lucky to give over some of their booty to her.

Thoroughly awake to her deficiency, Germany began back in the '90s to build up her navy. Kasier Wilhelm's favorite motto was: " The destiny of Germany lies on the seas." Then there was the talk and toasting of "*Der Tag.*" Rather too early to begin twisting the lion's tail! Great Britain took alarm and outbuilt Germany two to one. The German navy was defeated on the seas and in consequence the war was lost.

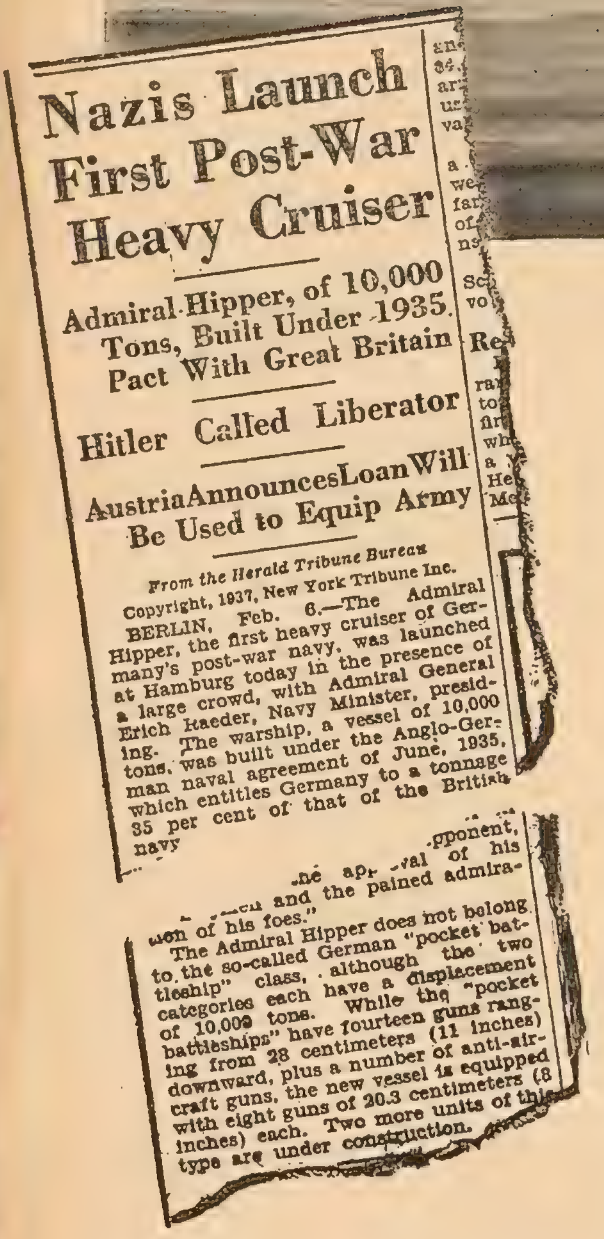
Germany today knows that her growing need for raw materials under her control—in other words, for colonies rich in resources within the Reich monetary system—can be met only through the acquisition of a war fleet and an air force superior to those of Great Britain and her allies.

Great Britain sees the ghost of a German menace on the seas rising from its watery grave.

Germany is not willfully antagonizing her rival. She has negotiated a treaty with Great Britain agreeing to accept 35 per cent in naval strength. She also may be dragging a red herring across the trail in her pronounced antipathy to Communism. The Ukraine and the Urals are made to appear more desirable as objectives than a second venture to eclipse Great Britain on the seas.

Yet it seems plain that Germany never has given up the hope of acquiring rich colonies, and her progressive naval building plan should assure the world that her aim today is the same as was the Kaiser's when he reiterated that Germany's destiny lay on the seas.

Germany may gesture toward Communism and Russia, but her new understanding with Japan will be unsavory to that conquest-obsessed empire should Germany fail to keep up her end in naval construction. Already she has a formidable nucleus of a fleet, and all the ships have the advantage of being the most modern. The 10,000-ton pocket battleships armed with eleven-inch guns may be



Nazis Launch First Post-War Heavy Cruiser

Admiral Hipper, of 10,000 Tons, Built Under 1935 Pact With Great Britain

Hitler Called Liberator

Austria Announces Loan Will Be Used to Equip Army

From the Herald Tribune Bureau
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BERLIN, Feb. 6.—The Admiral Hipper, the first heavy cruiser of Germany's post-war navy, was launched at Hamburg today in the presence of a large crowd, with Admiral General Erich Raeder, Navy Minister, presiding. The warship, a vessel of 10,000 tons, was built under the Anglo-German naval agreement of June, 1935, which entitles Germany to a tonnage 35 per cent of that of the British navy

pponent, ne ap val of his and the pained admira- of his foes."

The Admiral Hipper does not belong to the so-called German "pocket battleship" class, although the two categories each have a displacement of 10,000 tons. While the "pocket battleships" have fourteen guns ranging from 28 centimeters (11 inches) downward, plus a number of anti-aircraft guns, the new vessel is equipped with eight guns of 20.3 centimeters (8 inches) each. Two more units of this type are under construction.

"Britain sees a German menace rising from its watery grave." Left: "Built Under Pact"—yet is this ship nevertheless a dark portent?

found to be a match for Great Britain's pre-Jutland dreadnoughts. The new 26,000-ton battleships building are equal (or superior) in fighting power to those built by Great Britain and the United States just after the war.

Now Germany is laying down 35,000-ton ships, and, having started at scratch, with all her obsolete tonnage destroyed at Scapa, it seems evident that her new fleet when ready for its mission will be more homogeneous and modern than that of Great Britain.

Germany is said to be having economic difficulties; but National Socialism, like Communism, need not count the cost in money as must the capitalistic nations. Labor constitutes about 70 per cent of the cost of shipbuilding, and the needed money to pay labor is no great problem for a dictatorial government. The difficulty lies with the materials purchased outside the Reich, for those must be paid for in gold or else in production.

The German student of history and the German military and naval strategist fairly devoured Admiral Mahan's great books upon the influence of sea power on history, and the Kaiser's navy was based upon the principles laid down by that astute naval historian. The World War made those principles all the more clear. Will Germany fail again? That depends upon Great Britain, for the British navy is the only one in Europe that can hold German sea power within her own seas.

Can a compromise be effected within the scope of diplomacy that will give Germany her needed economic security and will cause her to agree to give up the coming race in naval armaments and be satisfied to play no more than a second fiddle to Great Britain's naval leadership? It seems hardly likely. Should Germany succeed in vanquishing the great Power now most formidable on the seas, both Italy and Japan would then have their opportunity to expand their material empires at the expense of the vanquished.

Look across the Atlantic to the Americas. Here the United States and its sister republics and Canada are "sitting on" the most valuable sources of raw materials in the world. With Great Britain's sea power destroyed, the integrity and security of the Americas would depend upon the sea power of the United States.

The British government will have a continuous question to decide as the German navy gradually grows in size in all types of ships, even the dangerous and much-feared submarine, and as the German air force grows.

Can the world trustfully believe that Germany will stop at the 35-per-cent ratio to the British fleet in all types? Treaties have been known to be considered as scraps of paper. Will Great Britain attack Germany on the seas before the naval challenge has become too serious?

Or will Britain drift along and put her trust in diplomacy, or in allies, to give her superiority if attacked?

Or, again, will she decide to lay down two keels to every one laid down by Germany, and thus be prepared to repeat the results of the last war?

There is, furthermore, the whole question of air power, a factor that may upset all calculations.

WHEN the relative strength of the new German fleet had reached the point where there could be open defiance of British sea power, and Germany threw down the gauntlet in a demand not for the colonies that were hers and that she is now claiming, but for other territory, rich in material, under other national sovereignty, could the United States preserve a neutral attitude?

Much would depend upon whether the ties of kinship, a similarity of political doctrines, and American confidence in Great Britain's just control of the seas, built up over many years, would overbalance the nation's strong repugnance to war. The United States might find itself divided in sentiment; yet if all remember the uneasiness that was felt in this country due to the Kaiser's high-handed methods in questions affecting the collection of German debts in South America against this nation's protests, the United States might decide that it would rather have the seas under the democratic hand of Great Britain than the mailed fist of an autocratic government.

It would appear, however, that the United States, while keeping its powder dry in maintaining adequate sea power of its own, should spare no effort to encourage the acceptance of a better way to adjust the unequal distribution of raw materials than by the senseless and destructive method of war.

THE END

The opinions or assertions contained herein are the private ones of the writer, and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the naval service at large.

DISCRETION

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

HUNTING a job, pretty Sally Phimister of Brushburg goes to Washington, D. C., where Phil Strang, her hometown sweetheart, is on the capital's staff of the New York Record. He is not too pleased at her unheralded appearance, but he takes her to lunch in the Senate restaurant. On the question of getting a job he gives her no encouragement.

Later Sally attends a tea given by her cousin, Mrs. James Grandison, for Avis Charlton, the young and charming widow of a man killed in an uprising in Olorosa, a Caribbean republic, three years ago. Efforts are now being made to have the United States government pay her a compensation of $50,000, inasmuch as Jack Charlton was an " unofficial observer " at the time of the tragedy. Backing this move is Gertrude Wills, celebrated for her " causes "; and supporting her is Milton Soden, a powerful scheming politician from Sally's and Phil's own bailiwick.

At the tea Sally meets " Duke " Williams, a chap in his thirties, that she has bumped into that morning in the Capitol. He is a retired aviator who lost an eye and wears a monocle. Sally is attracted to him, but Duke has fallen headlong in love wth Avis Charlton and makes a luncheon date with her.

Lobbyist Soden greets the monocled ex-aviator and learns that the latter since he last saw him has lost two jobs—one as a bank executive in Olorosa, the other as an assistant to the Relief Administrator in New Capri, Florida. Soden seems to be keenly interested in Duke as well as in Avis Charlton's affairs. Duke wonders why.

He isn't aware of the fact that his coming luncheon date with the beautiful widow is going to have an effect in Wall Street, in New Capri, and in revolutionary Olorosa.

PART TWO — SODEN PICKS HIS MAN

DUKE WILLIAMS, in Mrs. Grandison's reception room, wondered why he had made that date for lunch with Avis Charlton. A habitual failure had no right to play around with women. He forced himself to look away from Avis Charlton, and met the expectant eyes of Sally Phimister.

"Well?" she said. "Isn't she lovely? And doesn't she remind you of music? Motifs from Tristan."

" Tristan? " he said, startled. " Well, no—hardly that."

" No? She looks tragic to me. And the most tragic thing about her—you feel somehow she attracts tragedy like a magnet."

" Nonsense! " he said. " It wasn't her fault Jack Charlton was killed. But tell me about you," he commanded, smiling. " What are you besides Mrs. Grandison's cousin? "

" Just a poor girl looking for a job," she confessed.

A woman carrying a cup of tea bumped into Sally; there were exclamations, apologies; and while her attention was diverted, Milton Soden came up and laid a hand on Williams's shoulder.

" Going downtown? I'll give you a lift. . . . I couldn't help overhearing," he went on as Williams hesitated, " that you'd just given up a job. If you haven't made a new connection yet, I might possibly be able—"

" I'll be right with you," said Williams. Then, to Sally, as Soden turned away, " Will you excuse me? An engagement— But where are you staying? . . . Thanks. I hope you'll let me take you to lunch some day."

And off he went behind Soden, while she stared blankly after them. . . . Damn that woman who had bumped into her. When she might have met Milton Soden, and when Duke Williams in another two minutes would have asked her to dinner. Of all the rotten luck! . . .

" Well," said Soden as the car rolled away down the snowy street, " so you're just back from New Capri. Fascinating town. What were you doing down there? "

" Well, you know the whole town went broke; the Relief Administration had to take it over and govern it like—like Guam, or Samoa, or any other island dependency. I was one of the officials of the administration."

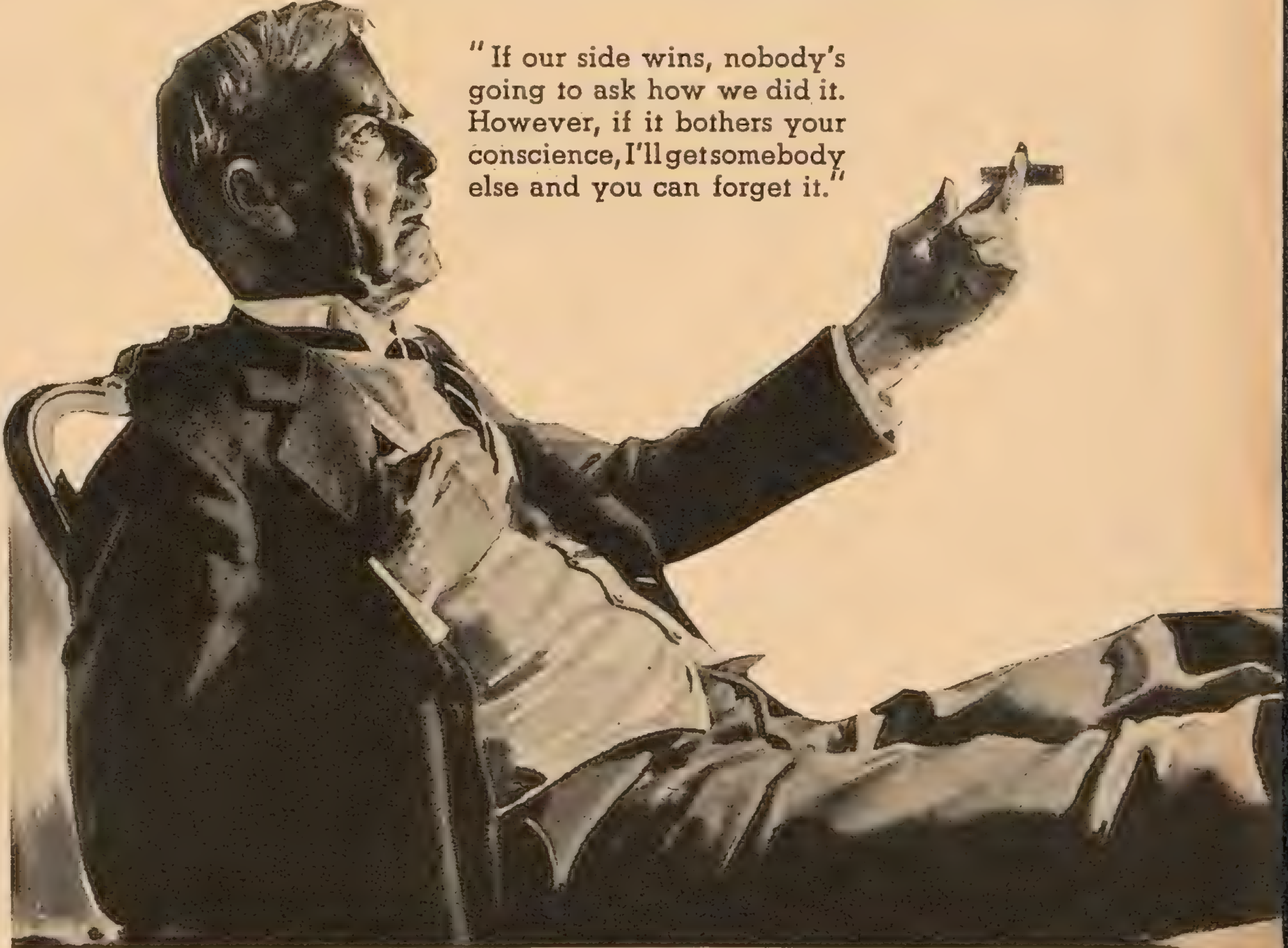
" But how did you ever happen to be working at a job like that? "

" It was a relief job," said Williams bitterly. " Forty-five a week."

" Don't you get retirement pay for disability since you left the army? "

" The Economy Act of '32 knocked that out, if you happened to have a good job on the side—as I had at the

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON



" If our side wins, nobody's going to ask how we did it. However, if it bothers your conscience, I'll get somebody else and you can forget it."

Be Damned

by ELMER DAVIS

A Revealing Novel of Today—of a Glamorous Woman—a Dangerous Love, and the Web of a Strange Intrigue

time, with the bank in Olorosa. I—I've been ashamed to apply for it since."

"Foolish," said Soden dryly. "But why did you leave the bank?"

"They let me out. I'm no banker; you need a—a nose for profit that I haven't got. I'm a service man. I'd actually begun missing meals before I got this job with the Relief Administration."

"Well! That's an interesting experiment in New Capri. How's it working out?"

"Ask somebody else; I'm not an unbiased witness. I was fired. It seems to be a habit of mine," Williams admitted jerkily.

"What were you fired for?" asked Soden, impassive.

"I had a disagreement with Sam Orr—my chief. He wanted to turn the town into a tourist resort pure and simple; I thought we could restore some of its old-time trade with Caribbean ports. So we got to arguing. You lose all perspective in a place like New Capri, in a climate where everything is hotter and quicker and more violent, and teapot tempests look like tornadoes. When Orr and I got to arguing, I hated his guts," Williams admitted, "and he hated mine. But now that I'm twelve hundred miles away, I can see he may have been right."

"I see." Soden was silent a while; then he said in an offhand manner, "So you haven't formed a new connection yet?"

“Not yet. I'm looking around—for almost anything.”

“Hell, all you need is to get over this conviction that you're licked. . . . I've got something in mind that might suit you exactly. I'm not quite sure yet that it's coming off, but tomorrow afternoon— I'm going up to New York tonight. Back tomorrow—late perhaps. But come to my apartment at the Mayflower about six, will you? Don't bother announcing yourself at the desk; come right on up—Suite 2111. If this thing comes off, I may be able to offer you something right in your line.”

. . . . .

All through that interminable reception Avis had felt like bursting into screams. But you can't burst into screams when you're the guest of honor; it wouldn't be in character for a brave little woman. . . . And that's all I am, thought Avis with conscientious candor; all I've had a chance to be for three years. But surely some day—

Now, relaxing in a negligee in Gertrude's apartment, she had time to realize how desperately tired she was. She was beginning to be overfed with kindness that never accomplished anything. But now that Gertrude had persuaded the committee to give her bill a hearing, of course she must be there; must go over once more that old agonizing story that she might begin to forget if her kindly friends would ever let her.

Gertrude came in then—squared-jawed and resolute. “I must call up the people who are going to speak at the hearing tomorrow, and warn them not to criticize the administration. Mr. Soden says we must be careful not to stir up any unnecessary opposition. But so long as we don't criticize the State Department, we can say as much as we like about President Gutierrez of Olorosa. . . . I've convinced Milton Soden of the justice of our cause, and he's a very influential man.”

Milton Soden. Avis remembered him: icy eyes that looked at her as—as a bridge player might look at a card, wondering if it was the one he ought to play.

“I do wish,” Gertrude was going on, “you had a better instinct for the people worth cultivating. Mr. Soden had never met you before—and you kept him waiting while you wasted time talking to Duke Williams.”

“Was that wasting time?” Avis asked—quietly but aware of the sudden fluttering of her heart. “Who is Duke Williams?”

“Nobody in particular. Old army family—all dead now. He was in the army air service; but he crashed, lost an eye, and lost his nerve too.”

“Lost his nerve? . . . Gertrude!”

“Everybody knows it,” said Gertrude with a shrug. “He had a nervous breakdown after he left the service, and hasn't made a go of anything since. He was in Olorosa when you were; I thought perhaps you knew him there.”

“I knew very few people in Olorosa.”

“Well, Duke's all right in his way, but he simply doesn't count—and I heard you making a luncheon date with him for tomorrow. You can't afford to waste time like that. I think I can make an appointment for us to lunch with Senator Newton.”

“I've got a date for lunch,” said Avis, ominously calm.

“Call up Duke and break it. He lives at the Army and Navy Club.”

“I CAN'T very well do that, Gertrude—especially if he's had a series of failures. I met him; I liked him, knowing nothing about him; I said I'd lunch with him. Now, if I break the date, he may think—”

“Can't you realize your position?” Gertrude demanded. “You've behaved with admirable correctness so far. But tomorrow you're going to appear before the committee—the widow of John Charlton who died for his country—and ask them to compensate you for your loss. If you're seen an hour later at the Willard, lunching with another man—especially with Duke Williams, who used to be known as a woman chaser—”

So long as the Charlton Claim Bill was before Congress, she could be nothing but the widow of John Charlton. She was enlisted—or rather had been drafted—for a Cause, a cause in which Gertrude and her friends had volunteered; and till that cause had triumphed she mustn't be a person—only a good soldier. And tomorrow she was going away; she wouldn't see Duke Williams again. . . . She rose, suddenly resolute.

“Army and Navy Club, did you say?”

Gertrude nodded.

Avis went to the telephone.

“Mr. Williams? This is Avis Charlton. I've been told that it's inadvisable for us to be seen at the Willard. So if you happen to know some good out-of-the-way restaurant where we're not likely to meet any one we know— . . . Where? . . . All right; I'll meet you there after my hearing.”

She hung up, turned back to Gertrude—cool, implacable.

“But, Avis! Why—”

“Why should I lie to him? I've been a good soldier, and I'll go on being it; but just for a couple of hours tomorrow I'm going to be myself.”

AROUND a horseshoe table sat the members of the Claims Committee of the House of Representatives, with two or three reporters at a smaller table in front. Phil Strang came in and slipped into his seat, and turned to glance at the rows of chairs in the rear of the room. They were all filled—Mrs. Charlton's friends had turned out in force—and right in the middle of the front row sat Sally Phimister.

She smiled at him as cheerfully as if they hadn't quarreled yesterday, and he tried to smile back.

The chairman had asked a question. Phil turned back, gave his attention to the man who was speaking for the bill—a retired rear admiral.

The case for the bill was well stage-managed—speaker after speaker building up the argument to the climax when the chairman called on Mrs. Charlton to take the stand. The slim young widow in black, white-haired, wistful, in clothes that had once been smart but now looked a little shabby—Phil began to understand why the agitation for the Charlton bill kept on despite disappointments.

She'd make a good reporter, thought Phil, as she told her story simply, directly: The young husband coming home to the apartment with a commission from a magazine and another from the government to look into the situation in Olorosa; the young wife determined to go with him.

Charlton had taken an apartment on the edge of town, had tried to make her stay there while there was fighting in the streets. Shooting, disorder—then the military revolt, the flight of the dictator, the formation of the new government.

“We thought all the trouble was over then,” she said. “Two nights later we both went downtown to a party. But there was shooting in the streets as we went home; it kept on all the next day. That night Jack and I dined at home—and the firing grew louder. ‘I've got to see what all that's about,’ he said. ‘This new government suits Washington; if it's in trouble already—’” She looked up, her stony brown eyes fixed on the chairman. “I begged him not to go,” she said dully. “We—” She looked down at her clenched hands. “Our nerves were on edge; we quarreled—quite bitterly. He went out without telling me good-by; he slammed the door. . . . Two hours later they brought his body home.”

“But you have no evidence, Mrs. Charlton, that your husband was investigating for our government—except what he told you?”

“No, sir. Only his word.”

The chairman's gavel thumped.

“If there is no one else who wishes to appear before the committee, the hearing is adjourned.”

The crowd was dispersing. Phil found Sally beside him.

“Don't you think she was effective, Phil? Don't you think she has a pretty good chance at last?”

“She was effective; but so long as she can't prove her point— . . . What about lunch, Sally?”

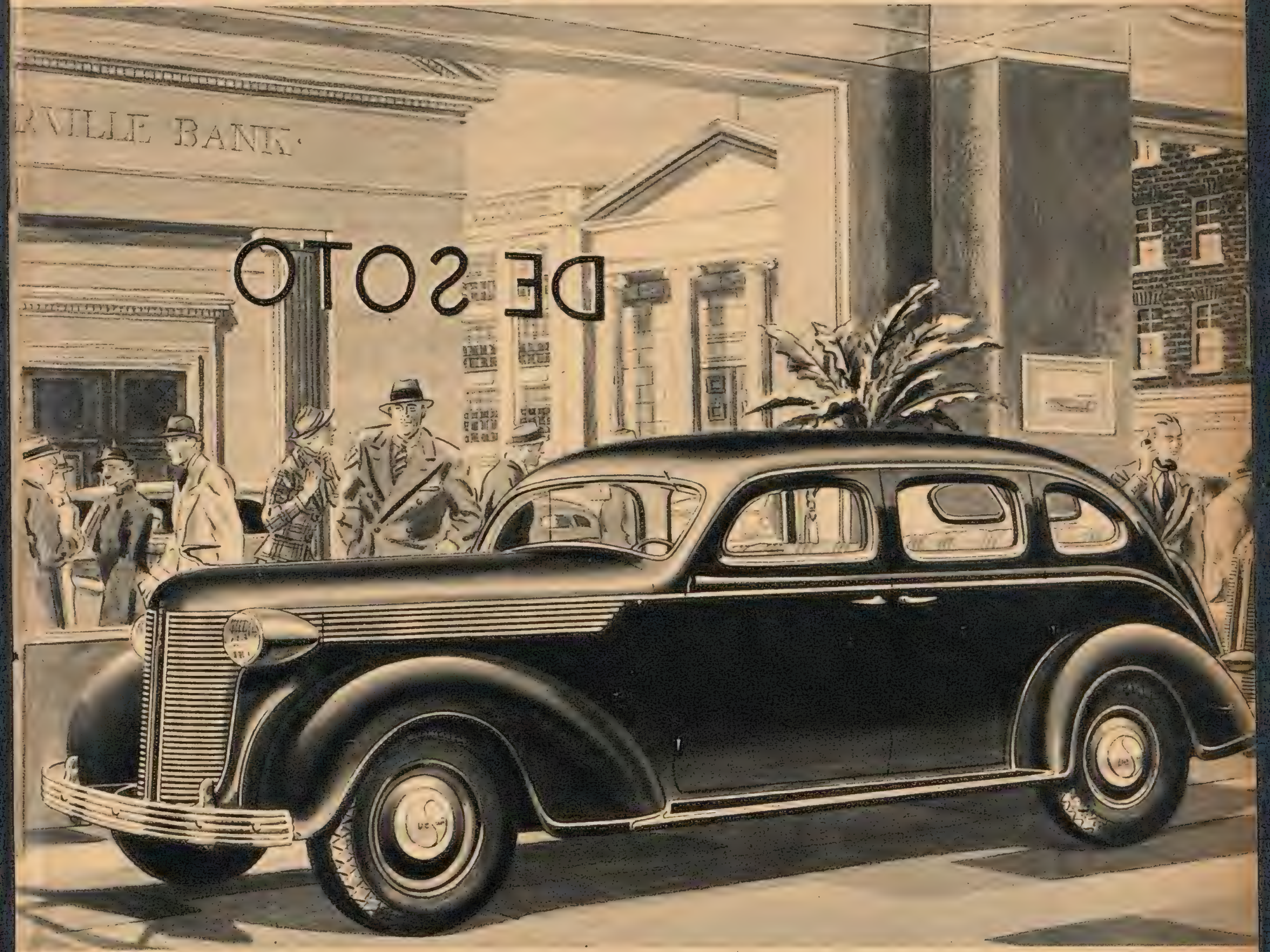
“I'm lunching with cousin Adelaide—Mrs. Grandison.”

“Dinner, then?” he persisted. “And dancing afterward?”

“You might call me up

(Continued on page 28)

IT'S AMERICA'S SMARTEST LOW-PRICED CAR



Join the Smart Set of Motoring who are Buying this Big, New, Lower-priced De Soto!

THERE'S JUST ONE THING that stands between you and a new De Soto. That's the plate-glass window of your De Soto dealer!

It's admitted...De Soto *does* look extravagant. And we don't deny that it's being driven by plenty of people "in the money."

But step in and *see* the price! It's just a few dollars above the very lowest-priced cars!

Next: what do these dollars bring you?

Well...it's the difference between "just style" and De Soto's smart Park Avenue air. The difference between cramped seating and De Soto's spacious room for six. The difference between simply "getting there" and De Soto... that carries you softly, silently, smoothly, safely—over *any* kind of road.

Above and beyond all that...your money buys a *finer-built* car. The best of Chrysler Corporation engineering. Genuine hydraulic brakes. Safety-steel body, with one-piece steel top. Four big double-acting hydraulic shock-absorbers. All-silent transmission. Sound-proofed Safety Interior. Hypoid rear axle...87 fine-car features.

• • •

TO SUM UP: it's the biggest, most beautiful De Soto ever built. Yet owners testify to amazing savings in gas and oil...with De Soto's new "Economy Engine."

Afford a De Soto? That's easy...with the new low prices. This big style leader is priced just above the lowest! So—don't stay outside looking in. Go in and price a De Soto...get its thrill first-hand.

Ask your dealer about the Official Commercial Credit Company Finance Plan. DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

AMERICA'S SMARTEST LOW-PRICED CAR

DE SOTO

Now Priced just above the Lowest

(Continued from page 26)

around six, and see if I'm free."

Now why on earth had she said that? Only yesterday she had been congratulating herself for having got Phil off her mind; she didn't like his ideas, or the way his mind worked; he no longer had the glamour of last fall. And she'd been thinking that perhaps Duke Williams would call up.

"I want to speak to Mrs. Charlton," she said, a little flustered. "Come along with me; you'd like to meet her, wouldn't you?"

But Mrs. Charlton was going out, weaving through the crowd, evading people who tried to detain her—politely but with a single-minded concentration.

She vanished into the corridor; and in the committee room half a dozen people turned in perplexity to Gertrude.

"But I thought she—" "Senator Newton—" "An engagement, did she say?" In that moment Gertrude proved her quality, rose superior to all frustration.

"An engagement with her dentist," she proclaimed in a voice that carried even to the ears of the committee. "She woke up with an aching tooth this morning; she was in agony every moment she was on the stand!"

A number of people then remarked that Avis was a brave little woman.

FROM the sky intermittent flutters of snowflakes drifted down on the snowy street where Duke Williams paced up and down the tree-lined sidewalk. Down the quiet street came a taxi. Avis got out, her white hair framed in a black fur collar, her brown eyes gravely smiling. For an instant her bare hands rested in his.

"Look here," he said abruptly. "I shouldn't have asked you—I ought to have realized that in your position—"

"Do you want me to recall the taxi, and lunch somewhere else—alone?"

"No! . . . But did it make any trouble for you?"

She shrugged.

They mounted steep steps, went into a bare little dining room.

"I guarantee the cooking here," he told her. "They can't sell anything to drink, but I've brought a flask of Florida rum, if you'd—"

They drank then—golden rum that she appreciated. They gave their orders, lit cigarettes, sat looking at each other—grave, almost somber.

"Well?" she said quietly at last.

"I don't know, exactly . . . I wanted to see you."

"Yes." Her eyes were remote. "But I believe you promised to tell me about New Capri. What do people do there?"

"Lie around on the beach. And drink rum. And—" "fall in love," he was about to say, but shifted to: "And argue about the administration. I suppose you're going to the Coral Keys—the big hotel on the edge of town?"

"I can't afford it. I wrote to the Residence Bureau, and they found an inexpensive apartment for me—near the beach, I understand. . . . And whom should I meet down there especially?"

He laughed. "You'll meet everybody, inevitably. You've never been there?"

She shook her head. "I've been in Olorosa," she reminded him. "A hundred miles away."

"Olorosa is different—hotter, more deadening. But Florida actually changes you chemically. Air and water and ultraviolet rays—they're not deadening."

She knew what he meant, and why he was warning her.

"I presume you speak from experience?" she suggested, her eyes opaque.

"No," he said grimly. "But I've seen plenty of other people—"

"Am I to understand that your tastes are monastic?" she queried.

"They have been for the last few years. . . . Believe that or not, Avis; it's true." The name had come naturally; as naturally, she accepted it. "Besides," he said, "in New Capri I had a job that kept me busy."

"Tell me about the job, if it was so absorbing."

They had come to coffee and cigarettes before he finished his reminiscence with a belated apology:

"I've bored you, I'm afraid." Her hands stirred in denial. "But I liked that job," he said. "All of us working together to put a whole town back on its feet. Doing something that made sense, and not worrying about how much money you were going to get out of it—it reminded me of old days in the service." He looked at her, slowly flushing. "I used to be in the army," he said. "Did Gertrude tell you about me?"

She nodded. "Something, yes. But whatever made you think—"

"I know Gertrude; everything's black or white with her; people get by or they don't. She's right, of course; there's no criterion but results."

"Results can't be guaranteed," said the woman, her eyes impenetrable. "You do the best you can—and then what happens depends on your luck."

"But results are what they pay off on," he insisted. "I couldn't take it; my crack-up threw me out of step, and I've never got back in. . . . I will!" he insisted sharply—too sharply, almost hysterically. "But till I do— I had no right to ask you to see me today!"

"But why not, Duke?" she asked blankly.

"A man who isn't pulling his own weight isn't a man. Until he can make something of himself, he has no right to—to talk to a woman."

"So that's why your tastes have been monastic lately?"

He nodded.

"I suppose I ought to be flattered," she said, "at being the exception—the one who cracked your shell."

"Exception be damned! You're not women!"

"I'm a woman. Will you please remember that?"

"That," he said, "is precisely why I had no right to see you!"

"But that's selfish as well as childish!" she said hotly.

"I shouldn't have asked you to come here," he insisted.

She shrugged. "Oh, well—if you must have your conscientious scruples, allow me mine, too. I shouldn't have come, if it embarrasses Gertrude." She rose. "I must telephone to her, and you'd better get your check."

That, he realized, was flight—to give herself, and him, a chance to regain their balance. It was damned lucky she was leaving town tonight. . . .

She came back, composed and smiling; but something in her eyes reminded him of music—Bohème, and the Drigo Serenade.

"I'm to meet Gertrude at the Capitol," she said. "I suppose I can get a taxi outside. Are you going up that way?"

"I'm going downtown—and I think I'll walk," he added as they went out. For if he had to sit beside her now, his knee and shoulder touching hers— From the curb they signaled to a cab down the street.

"And now," she said with a wistful smile, "I must crawl back into my shell. For the first time in three years I feel like a human being, but I mustn't be that till the Cause has triumphed. . . . You'll write to me in New Capri?" she asked as the taxi came up. "Three forty-one Eulalia Street."

"Yes." She got in—and this time she didn't dare give him her hands. "Good-by, Avis. Take—take care of yourself."

"I will," she promised with a breathless smile. "And we can't blame this on the climate," she called in farewell.

IT still lacked twenty minutes of six when Duke Williams strode nervously into the Mayflower lobby. He bought an evening paper and sat down to glance over it. In an obscure corner of an inside page: "Committee O. K.'s Charlton Claim."

A committee report was only the first chapter of the story; but he could guess, as he went up to Suite 2111, who was responsible for the committee's change of heart.

"This is like old days," said Soden over their highballs. "I needed this; I had a hard day in New York, and just got back by plane a little while ago."

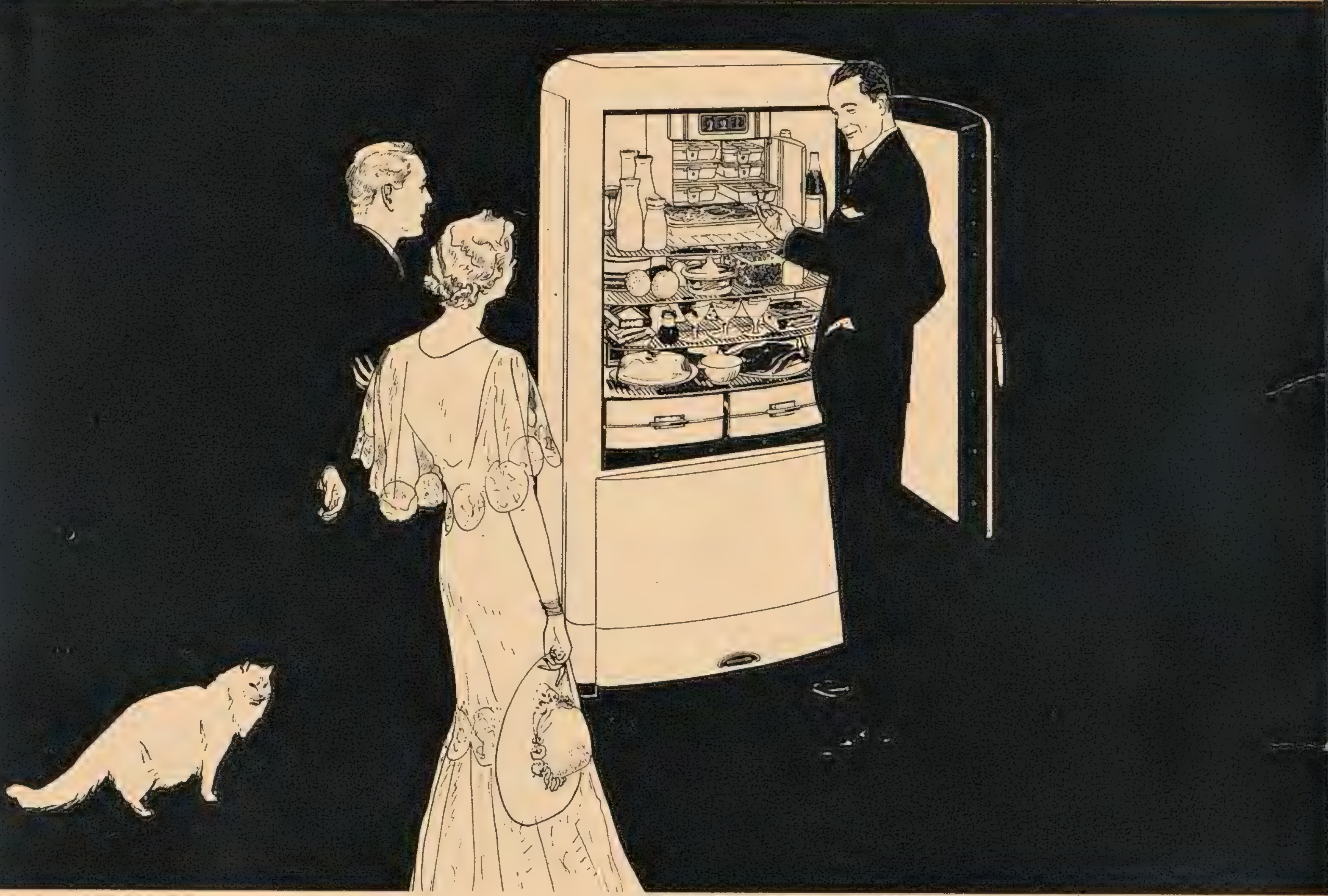
"Then perhaps you haven't heard the news," said Williams. Soden looked a question. "Mrs. Charlton's bill got a favorable report in committee."

"No, I can't exactly say I'd heard that," observed Soden with a grin. "But

(Continued on page 30)

REFRIGERATION GLORIFIED

—Yet Easier to Have than Ever



HERE is luxury such as you've never seen in a refrigerator before. For the new plus-powered Kelvinator far surpasses previous refrigerators in appearance and convenience.

Yet Kelvinator *does* so much more, *saves* so much more, is so economical to buy and to use, that most families can more easily afford to own the new Kelvinator than to do without! Thousands who already own automatic refrigerators are now replacing them with the new Kelvinators, largely because of these two facts:

FACT 1—The new 1937 Kelvinator is plus-powered. It has as much as double the cooling capacity of other well-known refrigerators of equal size.

FACT 2—The new Kelvinator runs only half as many minutes per day—during the rest of the time it maintains low temperatures using no current at all.

The new Kelvinator costs more to build, but it costs *no more to buy* than a less powerful, less economical refrigerator. It can be bought on your dealer's special time payment plan—or for as little as 90¢ a week on the Kelvinator ReDisCo Plan.

KELVIN HOME

WHERE A NEW WAY OF LIVING BEGINS... **equipped with Kelvinator electric refrigeration, complete air conditioning with year 'round automatic control of heat and humidity, electric or gas range, washing machine, ironer and automatic water heater—can be constructed by your own architect and builder for less than $7,500. The Kelvin Home Book, with exterior views, floor plans and description of equipment, is now available without cost wherever Kelvinator products are sold.**

Kelvinator Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Michigan. Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England.

PLUS-POWERED Kelvinator CUTS THE COST OF BETTER LIVING

Boys and Girls know the value of money

I'VE heard of men and women throwing away dollars—but I haven't heard much about boys and girls throwing away *pennies!*

I guess that's because boys and girls don't fool themselves by wanting to show off like grown folks do. They're not trying to look big when they spend those pennies of theirs. They only want to get the worth of their money—and they sure know how to do that.

That's why I'm glad that buyers of Fleer's Dubble Bubble Gum are boys and girls. A fellow might grow kind of lazy if the people who bought from him were careless—but I'll never have to worry about *that!* When I promise you more and better gum for your money every time you put down a penny for Fleer's Dubble Bubble Gum, I've got to keep that promise—or *you'll keep your pennies!*

Sincerely,

G. B. Muster

President, Frank H. Fleer Corp.
Makers of fine chewing gum since 1885
Philadelphia, Pa.

FLEER'S
DUBBLE BUBBLE
1¢
1¢

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET FOR

It is PURE • Its FLAVOR LASTS LONGER • It is NON-STICKY • A COMPLETE COLORED FUNNY in every wrapper • An INTERESTING FACT in every wrapper • YOUR FORTUNE in every wrapper • A quarter million stores carry it for you

FLEER'S
Dubble Bubble
CHEWING GUM

(Continued from page 28)

I had foreknowledge of it, as the theologians would say."

"Is the bill going to pass?"

"Now, Williams, you know nobody can tell. . . . However," said Soden in a tone that made Williams instinctively snap to attention, "we're here to talk about you, not the Charlton bill. You talked last night as if you're getting a failure complex. Now let's look at the record. You liked the army, didn't you? And you also liked flying. Why didn't you try commercial aviation after your accident put you out of the service?"

"They won't let you fly with one eye."

"I meant a ground job."

Williams flushed. "My nerves were shot to hell for months; even the sound of a motor warming up— I'm all right now," he added hastily. "At least as a passenger. But at that time— So then I had the offer of this job with the bank in Olorosa, at a salary that looked tremendous to an army officer. How could I tell that I wasn't going to be fast enough to keep up with bankers?"

"Fast, hell!" said Soden scornfully. "If you'd kept as many bankers out of jail as I have you wouldn't think much of their brain power. You simply happened to be in the wrong job, that's all. I've been thinking about that row you had with your chief at New Capri; and I believe, Williams, you were absolutely right. That town had quite a trade once with the Gulf and Caribbean ports, and there's no reason why it shouldn't have again. I talked to some friends of mine in New York today, and they're willing to finance the idea—at least for a few months, till we see how it works out."

WILLIAMS, rolling a cigarette, desperately tried to keep his fingers steady.

"We'd thought," said Soden, "of incorporating, say, the Tropic Breezes Trading Corporation. Delaware charter, broad enough to let it do practically anything. And as counsel for the company—" He grinned. "There isn't any company yet, but I'm its general counsel all the same. And I'm empowered to offer you the job of resident manager in New Capri."

In New Capri—where he could see Avis—

"I thought you'd like that," Soden chuckled. "What a reply to this fellow Orr who fired you out of your forty-five-dollar job! He wouldn't listen to your ideas; but now you come back to try them yourself, backed by plenty of capital, at a salary of a thousand a month—"

"A thousand a month? That's fantastic in New Capri!"

"You'll earn it, I hope," said Soden, his eyes suddenly icy. "Williams, you're a gentleman; I'm going to speak to you in confidence. If you don't like this, say so, and drop out; but for obvious reasons, I'm depending on you to keep it to yourself. O. K.?" Williams hesitated, then nodded. "Very well. You don't like President Gutierrez of Olorosa. Neither do some of my clients. Neither, for that matter, do the people of Olorosa; they wish the good old days were back again, when money was easy and business booming—"

"But the dictator died in exile," Williams put in, "a year ago."

"True; but his soul goes marching on. You know Dr. Matanza, who was his Minister of Fomento?" Williams nodded. "A high-grade man," said Soden. "And he's ready to put himself at the head of the popular uprising against Gutierrez."

"POPULAR uprisings aren't worth a damn in Olorosa. Gutierrez keeps the army concentrated in the capital—an army able to lick even a well armed mob. And I don't see how you could get arms into the country—"

"Don't worry about the army. Gutierrez had to keep a good many of the dictator's officers; and as for the rank and file— We can buy half of that army; it's as good as arranged already. Williams, this is going to be timed like a shift play in football. An insurrection breaks out in the Western Province—so serious that Gutierrez has to send half the army to put it down, keeping the other half in the capital in case of trouble there. Our friends in the War Ministry will see to it that the half he sends away is the loyal half. Then our half seizes the city, puts Matanza in the palace and Gutierrez in jail—and his loyal troops will be pinned between our men and the insurrectos."

"Very neat," said Williams. "But the White House doesn't like the dictator's crowd. If an American cruiser drops in and lands marines—"

"No danger. The Charlton case will take care of all that."

"The Charlton case?" (So this was Soden's interest!) "But how?"

"All a matter of timing, Williams. That bill will slip through the House without much fuss—some Tuesday, on the consent calendar; or in an omnibus claims bill. But the Senate will want to talk about it; the Senate talks about everything. We'll see that the bill comes up just when things are ready to pop in Olorosa; and two or three Senators will turn on the oratory about the tyrant Gutierrez refusing justice to a martyr's widow!"

"I take it you're the strategist who planned this? My compliments. But there's one weak point, Mr. Soden. A rising big enough to draw half the army away from the capital must be well organized and well armed."

"We've got the men who'll organize it, and we can buy the arms—"

"How do you get them into Olorosa—with the customs people watching every cargo, to make sure nothing is shipped to Italy or Ethiopia—"

"That," said Soden, "will be the function of the Tropic Breezes Trading Corporation."

"Oh," said Duke Williams. "So I'm the fall guy. I see."

"Not the fall guy; the kingpin.

Look—we can't ship arms by steamer from New York to Olorosa, but nobody watches internal commerce. We can ship all our stuff by rail to Miami, then truck it down to New Capri—"

"And then what? Olorosa is still a hundred miles overseas."

"That's why we pay you a thousand a month—to figure out then what. . . . Of course," Soden conceded, "it's a violation of the neutrality laws. But there's no more moral turpitude in that than in carrying a hip flask under prohibition—and if our side wins, nobody's going to ask how we did it. . . . However, if it bothers your conscience, I'll get somebody else and you can forget it."

"I guess," said Williams uneasily, "a man who was a banker in Olorosa in the dictator's day can't pretend to a very sensitive conscience. But if we put it over, and you close up the trading company's offices as soon as the job is pulled off, everybody will realize—"

"We don't close them. The trading company conducts a legitimate business, and we'll give you six months to see if you can show a legitimate profit. If you can't, and we have to close down next summer, who'd connect that with what happened in Olorosa back in February? You're smart enough, I hope, not to let anybody know what you personally are doing on the side. . . . But I think we'll make money," said Soden. "The Matanza government will certainly give you all the breaks in trade with Olorosa. I always," he said with a touch of complacency, "like to make anything I do finance itself. . . . And if we should have to close up, my clients will take care of you anyway."

FOR fear I'd squeal? Williams wondered. He must know I wouldn't. "Your clients?" he said. "Yes, but in case anybody starts giving me orders, who's the big boss, the master mind of the whole transaction?"

"Reasonable enough; I am the big boss. Don't take orders from anybody but me—and I'll give you damn few. . . . Well? Think you can do it?"

"I see how it could be done," Williams admitted. "In a town full of Olorosan rumrunners—ex-rumrunners, hard up since repeal—easy to get together a fleet of speedboats that would take the stuff over some dark night. But to get it into the boats, without involving—"

"Your backers?" Soden supplied as he paused.

"I was thinking of myself; I feel confident you'll cover up my backers. . . . Yes, I think I see how that could be done too."

"All right, then. Will you do it?"

To be with Avis, to earn a thousand a month—can Duke resist such a double temptation? Tying himself up with the master plotter, Soden, will land him where? And how will it affect Avis's cause? You must read next week's Liberty for a most surprising countercheck.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
"CHURCHWARDEN" PIPES
DAD - SEE THE FINE 'CHURCHWARDEN' PIPE TED'S UNCLE GAVE HIM - HE SMOKES IT WHILE STUDYING
MAYBE YOU WOULD TELL ME WHY IT'S CALLED A 'CHURCHWARDEN', JUDGE?
WELL IT'S THIS WAY
THE 'CHURCHWARDEN' WAS THE PIPE PARTICULARLY AFFECTED BY THE CLERGY IN THE REIGN OF KING JAMES I, WHO GRANTED A CHARTER OF INCORPORATION TO THE 'WORSHIPFUL PIPEMAKERS' COMPANY IN 1619. THE PIPES WERE OF CLAY, OF COURSE
THIS ORGANIZATION CONSISTED OF FOUR WARDENS AND 24 ASSISTANTS. IT HAD ON ITS COAT OF ARMS THREE FLOWERING TOBACCO PLANTS AND EXISTED UPWARDS OF 250 YEARS
THE 'CHURCHWARDEN' HAD LONG SINCE BECOME A POPULAR PIPE FOR LEISURELY INDOOR SMOKING - THE LONG STEM MADE FOR A COOL SMOKE -
THANKS, JUDGE! YOU REALLY INTRODUCED ME TO COOL SMOKING LONG AGO WHEN YOU TOLD ME ABOUT PRINCE ALBERT
YES, I REMEMBER HOW INTERESTED YOU WERE IN ITS 'CRIMP CUT'
AND THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF WHAT INTERESTS ME NOW IN P.A. RIGHT DOWN THE LIST-COOLNESS, MILDNESS, TASTINESS, AND 'BITE-LESSNESS'-P.A. SCORES HIGH!
AND, SPEAKING FOR THE LADIES, IT HAS A GRAND AROMA

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
DON'T MISS THAT FAIR AND SQUARE OFFER

TRY ME ON THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.
(SIGNED) R.J.REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.

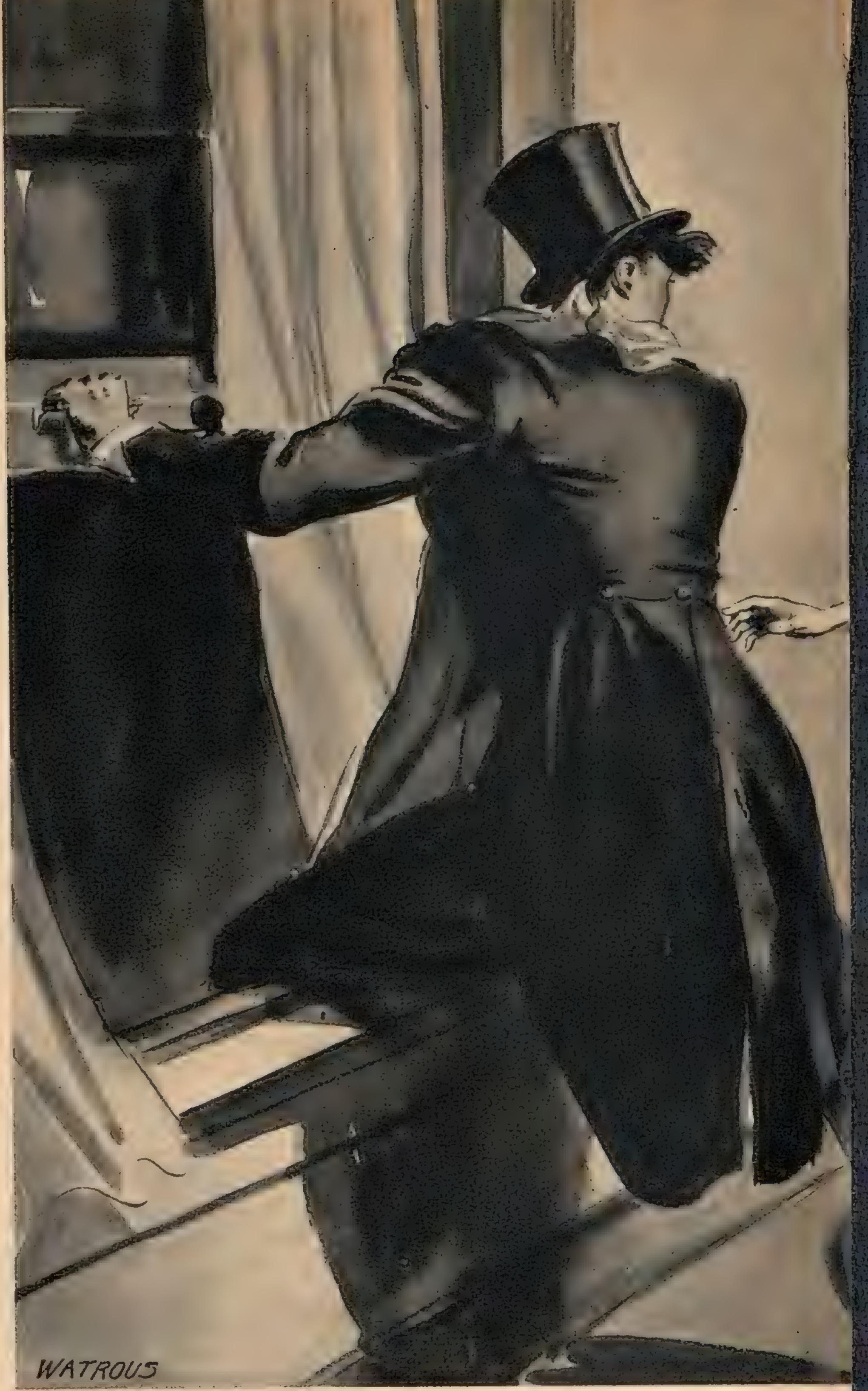
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

IT'S GOOD "MAKIN'S" TOO!

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

ST. PATRICK'S DAY *in the Morning*

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



He shifted his eyes to Stoughton. "I'll go now,"

THE intern took an impulsive step forward, swung the startled little nurse into the air without a word, kissed her soundly, and set her down. Her feet had just found the floor again when the night supervisor came in through the door at the end of the hallway.

The face of the little nurse went white. Paul Stoughton, coming up the dark stairs from the first floor, saw terror in her eyes as the supervisor approached. Neither the nurse nor the intern seemed able to move.

Stoughton spoke quickly out of the shadows, in the tone of one continuing a conversation:

"Now then, doctor, if you'll raise your arm you'll see that it would be quite possible for a tall man to stab a native as small as the nurse, here, in the back, even if they were face to face."

The intern, with an effort, recovered his presence of mind. As the approaching steps of the supervisor slowed, he raised his arm, extending it over the nurse's shoulder. "I see, sir," he said. "It's very interesting. Thank you—and good night." He melted into the shadows and was gone.

The supervisor paused beside the little nurse. "Good evening, Miss McKenzie," she said briefly. "Exactly what—"

Stoughton's tall bathrobed figure moved forward, and the dim corridor light fell upon his massive head, with its mane of brown hair, upon his arms, held straight out from his sides by rigid splints, on which his hands lay with the heavy lifelessness of stone.

The supervisor's eyes softened. "Oh," she said. "It's Mr. Stoughton."

"Yes." Stoughton's features, in repose, were rugged as the profile of a cliff, the nose jutting from it ledgelike; but when he smiled his eyes warmed with a grave direct friendliness. He smiled now. "I hope you don't mind my holding up your staff with my interminable stories," he said.

"Not at all," the supervisor answered gently. "We all enjoy your stories. It's not often that we have an explorer in our little hospital. How are the arms? Any change yet?"

"No change—yet."

"I'm sorry. We all hope—" She hesitated.

"I know. Thank you."

The supervisor nodded amiably and turned away, to disappear through the doorway of Private Ward B.

There was a moment of silence. The little nurse lifted a shaking hand to her cap, looking up at Stoughton with clear hazel eyes in which laughter struggled with lingering fright.

"*Oh!*" she said at last. "You certainly were the answer to a maiden's prayer, Mr. Stoughton. I—I don't know how to thank you."

"Please don't." Stoughton's arms swung in a wide arc as he turned to face her. "I owe you a good turn for the excellent care you gave me when I first came here. Where've you been this long time?"

"Taking a course in Eye and Ear." She flushed suddenly. "I hadn't expected to meet you again in quite these circumstances." Her eyes darkened in sudden anger. "That miserable long-legged *Tarzan!* Why, I hardly know him! Jumping at me like that! I didn't even see him until he grabbed me. If—if it hadn't been for you I'd be packing my trunk tonight—instead of—tomorrow—"

"Tomorrow? Why? Are you graduating?"

She hesitated. "N-no," she faltered. "I—to tell the truth, I think I'm being fired—expelled."

"Good heavens!" Stoughton exclaimed, startled. "Would you mind telling me why?"

She was silent for an instant, her face turned away from him; but when she spoke her voice was casual,

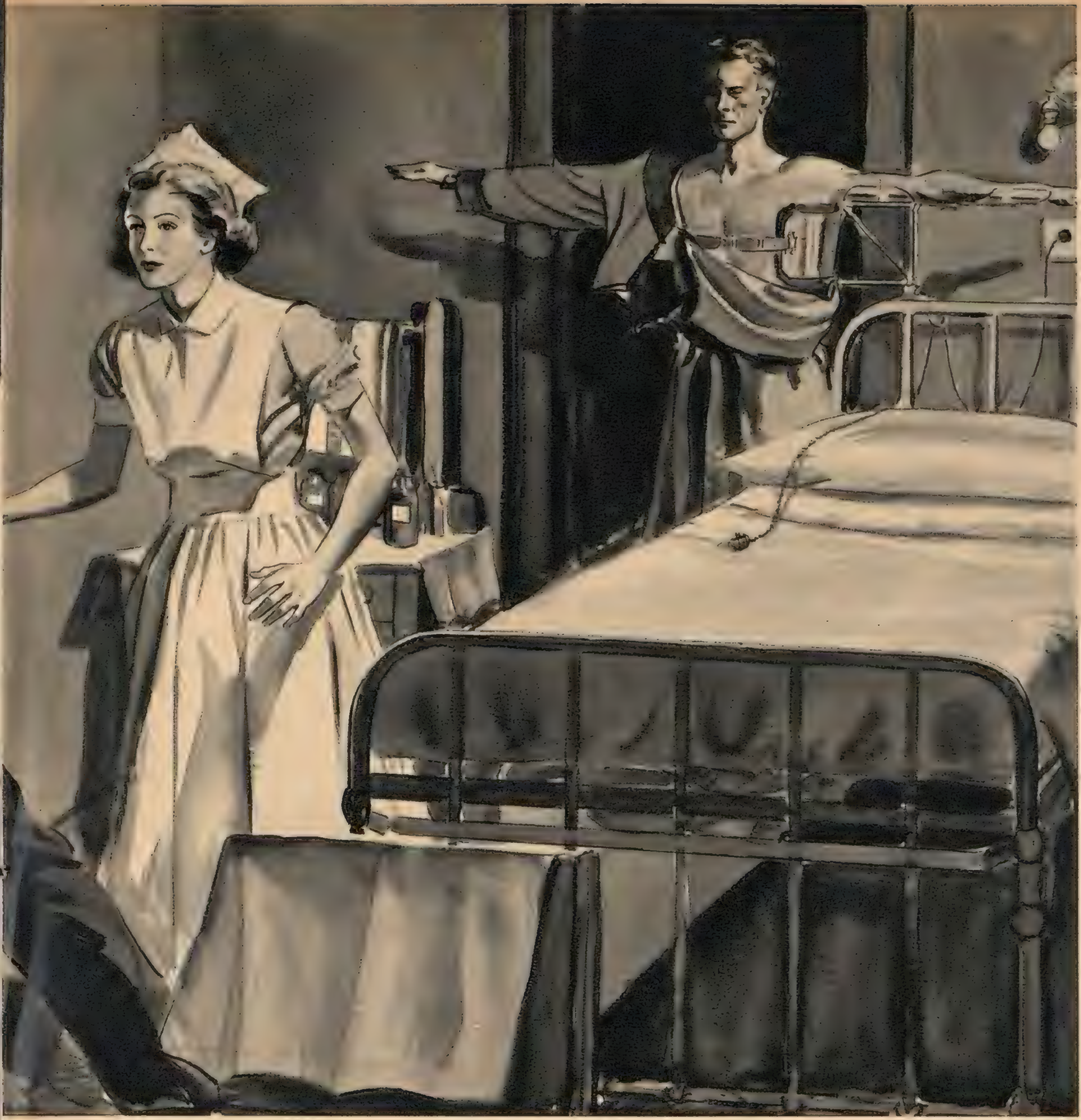


ILLUSTRATION
BY
JOHN WATROUS

he said suddenly. He whirled, threw open the window, flung his leg over the sill.

almost flippant again, and she managed a grin as she looked up.

"Because—it'll be—St. Patrick's Day in the morning."

Stoughton's eyebrows beetled. "Are you joking?"

"No. I wish I were. I just haven't any chance to escape anything on St. Patrick's Day."

"But the good St. Patrick was a gentleman. I'm sure he— Tell me about it," he finished kindly.

"Well, there's a jinx after me—a *green* jinx. It's trying to get me fired. Now laugh!" she finished grimly.

"I'm not laughing. When did it begin?"

"It began when I was a probationer—when a pair of *green* corsets belonging to a patient got lost. Everybody thought I lost them. But I didn't. Ever since, when there's anything green around, something awful happens, and it always—seems to be my fault—and never is. St. Patrick's Day is the worst, naturally. Why, last year—"

"Are you sure," Stoughton asked, glancing at the defiant chin, "that it isn't your fault?"

"Was what happened just now my fault?"

"No," Stoughton admitted. "It wasn't."

"Well, try and make a supervisor believe it! And it's always like that. It's gone on all through my training, piling up—until now the Training School office thinks I'm crazy-headed and irre-

(Continued on page 36)

THE STIRRING STORY OF A MAN WHO HEARD THE CALL OF FAR PLACES, AND A GIRL WHO LISTENED TO HER HEART

by HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

Cars Wanted?

THE major commerce of this continent requires, every day, more than a hundred thousand railroad cars of many types, available for loading wherever and whenever freight is ready to move.

And the railroads meet this vast and varied demand so smoothly that shippers take for granted that the cars will be on hand.

Thus, when the wheat crop is ripe, cars are moved from railroads that do not need them to the western roads that have wheat to load; similarly, coal cars are distributed to supply varying industrial demands; likewise, refrigerator cars are moved to the centers where perishable fruit and vegetable crops are ripe for shipment.

This involves not only a tremendous job of coordination but standardization to the point where *every one of two million freight cars must be interchangeable and usable in trains with every other car*—all parts must be standard replaceable parts so that repairs can be made in any railroad shop—or by emergency crews anywhere.

Typical examples of this standardization are these:

In the old days, there were 56 sizes and kinds of axles for freight cars—now, all freight cars are equipped with axles of one standard design in five sizes for cars of varying capacities.

Then, there were 58 different kinds of journal boxes—now, all cars have one standard design in five sizes for the different size cars.

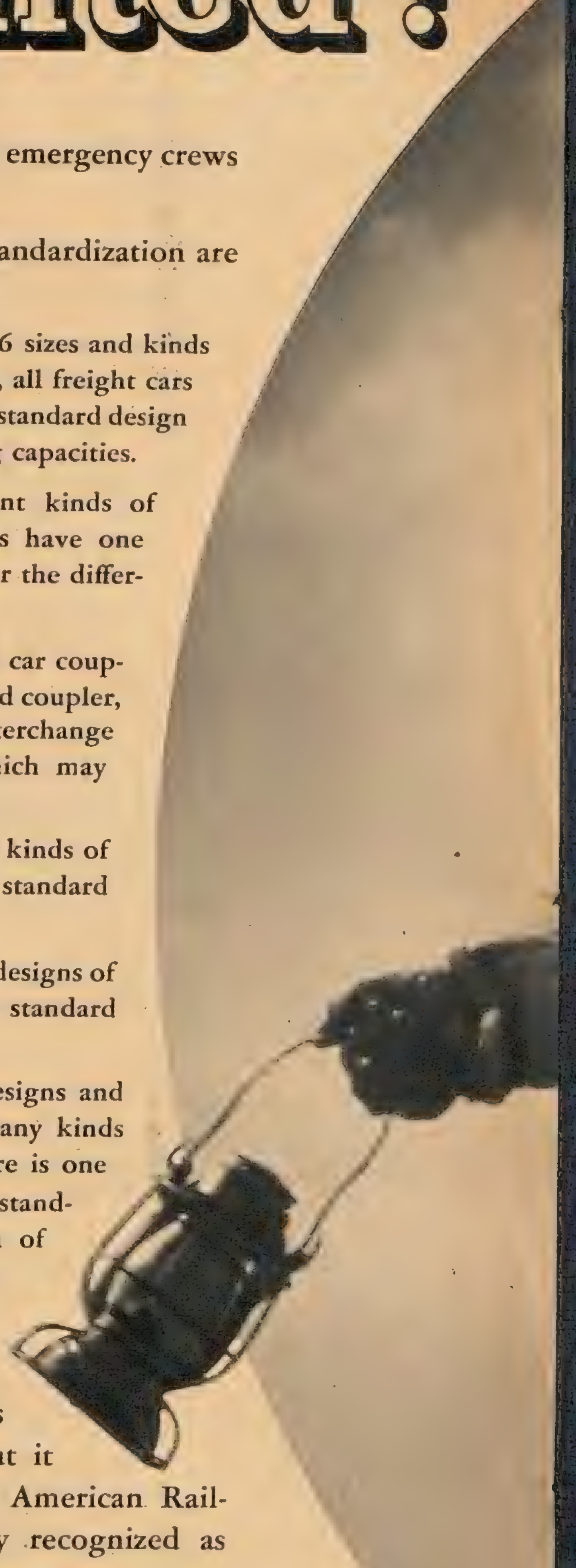
Then, there were 26 kinds of car couplers—now, there is one standard coupler, which will couple with and interchange with all previous designs which may still be in use.

Then, there were 20 different kinds of brake shoes—now, only one standard design is universally used.

Then, there were 27 different designs of brake heads—now, there is one standard design.

Then, there were numerous designs and kinds of brake beams, and many kinds and sizes of wheels—now, there is one standard wheel, and one standard brake beam design of three sizes for different weights of cars.

True, this is progress of a kind inconspicuous to the average eye, but it helps explain why the American Railroads are internationally recognized as the most reliable and progressive transportation system in the world!



CONTAINER RESEARCH SAVES SHIPPERS MILLIONS

Cooperating with shippers of everything from artichokes to automobiles, the Freight Container Bureau of the Association of American Railroads has helped to develop improved containers and packages, and to institute better loading and handling processes that save shippers millions of dollars a year in container costs and in loss and damage to shipments. New devices are patented by the Association and made available to shippers without royalty. In some cases damage in shipment has been reduced as much as 80% through these studies. This is but one of the many research activities carried on by the railroads in such diverse fields as Equipment Design, Combustion, Wood Preservation, Water Softening, Metal Alloys, Signals, Brakes and Rails. In these and in countless other ctivities of the railroads—

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ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

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friendliness too

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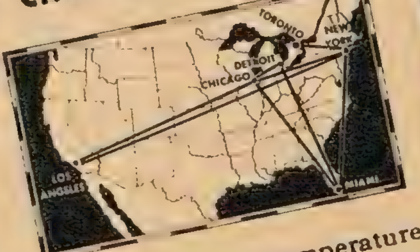

In a single month a typical Pullman car visited Toronto, New York, Miami, Detroit, Chicago and Los Angeles—and encountered temperatures ranging from 6 to 86 degrees. Throughout that time air-conditioning kept this car at even spring-time temperature and always clean. Multiply this achievement by more than 8,000 Pullmans that cover over a billion miles each year, add the expert service of 21,000 Pullman employes, reckon the job of always having enough cars at the right places at the right times, and you get some idea of the enterprise required to maintain—on a nationwide, coordinated and uniform basis—this one phase of railroad service.

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—that the railroads haul a ton of freight a mile for an average revenue of less than a cent?

—that the speed of freight trains has been stepped up 43% in recent years?

—that by increasing the efficiency of operation the railroads have cut fuel costs a half billion dollars in the past ten years?

—that 45 cents of every dollar the railroads take in go for railroad payrolls?

—that the railroads maintain their own "highways"—a quarter of a million miles of "line"?

—that 1,600,000 children are educated every year by the school taxes paid by the railroads?

—that railroad fares throughout the United States have been reduced as much as 44%, and that Pullman accommodations now cost one-third less than before?

—that you are far safer on a railroad train than you are in your own home?

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MENNEN LATHER SHAVE
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(Continued from page 33)

sponsible and not fit to be a nurse. It's only five months to my graduation, too."

"But you're a splendid nurse, as I know to my gratification. Can't anything be done?"

She shrugged. "They're going to decide tomorrow, definitely. If nothing more happened I might have a chance—but plenty *will* happen. It's already begun. You saw that yourself just now. The shadow of St. Patrick's Day is on me—and there's nothing greener than that! Something awful will happen tonight, and I'll be finished."

"Do you care so much?" Stoughton asked gently.

She looked at him miserably. "What do you think? I wouldn't be nursing if I didn't like it. I—I'm crazy about it—and about this funny old hospital. And — and I'd — oh, well," she ended bitterly, "I'm one of those people who run out into the street to rescue a little chee-ild—and I get run over and the child doesn't."

"But see here." Stoughton was serious. "It's better to be a person to whom a great deal happens than one to whom nothing happens. It's an ill wind—"

"Why, Mr. Stoughton!" Her voice was an exaggerated wail, but her eyes twinkled. "You're going Pollyanna on me! There's a glow of sweetness and light all around you. I wouldn't have believed it—"

"Quite right," he apologized, laughing. "But it's a prerogative of the forties to preach to the twenties. It makes us feel important. Anyway, will you come and tell me what happens?"

"You're swell, Mr. Stoughton. Thanks awfully. I'd be glad to. Only—you'll know about it anyway. Whatever happens tonight will happen on your ward. I'm relieving there. The regular floor nurse is off duty, sick. And if I'm here when the supervisor comes back it'll start happening right away." She held out her hand, then took it back quickly, flushing. "I beg your pardon," she said, and, turning, ran lightly down the stairs.

STOUGHTON was still smiling when he kicked gently on Ward B's door. It was opened by a stout elderly woman, one of several special nurses on the floor. She beamed upon him as he turned sidewise to maneuver his rigid arms through the door. "I'm so glad you're back, Mr. Stoughton. You were gone so long we were getting worried."

"I'm sorry," he said pleasantly. "I was over in the laboratory talking with Dr. Ring. I didn't realize it was so late."

"Oh, that's all right—as long as you're safe and sound. Can I do anything for you? The new floor nurse has gone to the drug room."

"I don't believe so, thank you." He gave her his grave friendly smile and left her staring after him, her plump face sober with pity.

The ward was very still, a bare deserted tunnel with rows of blank doors marching out of the darkness and up to the pool of light over the desk in the alcove. Stoughton's slippered feet swished flatly on the linoleum. His shadow, lengthening before him, seemed the shadow of a gigantic bird, wings poised for flight. As he reached his door and swung sidewise to enter, he heard whispers at the desk and paused to look back, idly curious. A new special was talking with the plump nurse. Their whispered words came to him:

"Who on earth is that? I never saw such a homely man in my life!"

"S-s-sh! For heaven's sake! That's Paul Stoughton, the Central American explorer. He used to be in all the papers—"

"NOT *really!* The explorer! But what—"

"Infantile paralysis. Can't move his arms. He was organizing another expedition when it got him. He's been here three months."

"What a shame! Will he ever—"

"Nobody knows. Everything's being done, of course—electric massage, exercises, and all the rest. They're keeping him in an airplane splint betweentimes, so the tendons and muscles won't shrink. He never sleeps at night. Just naps in the daytime. If you ask me, I don't believe he'll ever be any better—poor thing!"

Stoughton moved on into his room, his face impassive, pressed the end of the splint against the electric button on the wall, and in the flood of light sat down in an armchair beside the bed. A jinx was after him, too, though he had not considered its color. Green jinxes! He smiled at the absurdity of the idea. Poor little Lynn McKenzie.

He rested his head against the back of the chair and his eyes wandered to the window where the twinkling mass of the city sprawled against the sky. Somewhere out there, Arthur Keller, his assistant, was planning their next—their greatest—expedition into the Maya jungles. It was the climax of years of work, and it would go in six months' time—without Stoughton, its commander—unless a miracle happened.

He looked at his arms. There was feeling there. The splints were hard under his elbows where the padding had worn thin. He lifted a shoulder and felt his bathrobe sleeve brush the back of his hand. But nothing could make those hands move. Nothing. *If he could move even one finger there would be every hope.* He would try now. He would shift the forefinger of his right hand ever so little.

The finger lay exactly as it was, mocking his effort of will.

Stoughton's eyes closed.

"Mr. Stoughton! May I come in? I—I've got an idea!"

His eyes flew open. Lynn McKenzie stood framed in the doorway in the crisp blue and white of her uniform, her cap slightly askew, her eyes sparkling.

"Come in, by all means," Stoughton said heartily.

She came and stood before him. "Did you know that the patient in sixteen is one of the trustees of the hospital?"

"Why, yes, I believe I did."

"Well, she's not very sick, you know—and she's pretty fussy. She can't get on with any of the nurses—but she's going to get on with me! She doesn't know it yet, but she's going to think I'm the most wonderful nurse she ever met—that is, I mean if the—jinx—doesn't interfere."

"Splendid! But what—"

"Don't you see—if she likes *me*, when she hasn't liked any of the other nurses, and she learns I'm going to be—fired—she might put in a word for me. It would make a lot of difference. It might even save me. Oh, dear—there's a bell!" She was gone.

Stoughton chuckled, drew a bookrack toward him with his foot, and began to read.

There was a tramping of feet outside, and the rustle of several uniform skirts together. That would be the specials going to midnight lunch, which meant that Lynn McKenzie was alone on the ward. He heard a murmur of voices two doors down, and knew that she was changing seventeen's dressing.

It was then that sixteen rang. Stoughton recognized the buzz. It was always prolonged and determined. He waited for answering footsteps, but none came. Seventeen's dressing was evidently at the stage where it could not be left; sixteen would have to wait.

But sixteen had no intention of waiting. The buzz came again. There was no response. Stoughton smiled wryly.

A nerve-racking steady whir filled the corridor. The woman had her thumb on the bell and was holding it there.

LYNN'S steps scurried at last out of seventeen. "I'm so sorry, Mrs. Jason," her voice said. "I couldn't come before. I—"

"Nonsense! You nurses are all alike. No attention to duty. Sickness and suffering all around you, and you— Well, don't stand there! Open that window—I'm smothering. And I want the bed let down. My head is splitting, propped up like this. If you could manage to keep the ward quiet I'd try to get a little sleep."

There was a quick step, and then the crash of a basin falling to the floor.

"That's right! Make all the noise you can! Never mind me!"

"I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Jason. I'd no idea there was a basin there. It's not the place for it."

"All right. Hurry up and let this bed down. . . . What's the matter with it? . . . Of course it works! Well—pull! Don't be so helpless!"

Something clanked. There was a creaking sound and a violent jounce. Mrs. Jason shrieked.

"You let it fall on purpose! Oh, my head! My head! Leave me alone! I want the supervisor at once.

..IT'S TIME YOU TRIED THEM!

You've only one throat to last you a lifetime. And there's only one cigarette with a touch of "mild menthol" to keep it cool and easy. You and KOOLS ought to get together. First, because it's a magnificent blend, judged on tobacco quality alone. Second, because without spoiling that fine tobacco flavor, the mild menthol makes each puff as stimulating as a breath of fresh air in a stuffy room. Finally—the coupon on each pack! Save 'em for stunning gifts. (Offer good U. S. A. only.) And there are *extra* coupons with every carton! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

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SOUR STOMACH . . .
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● No doubt about it—constipation made life look blue. Went to bed weary, woke up tired. Stomach so upset food lost its appeal! Every night, pills—pills. Finally, my wife protested, "Why waste time on those out-of-date cathartics? *Please* try FEEN-A-MINT. It's *different!*" So I said, "All right," and got FEEN-A-MINT. Surprise No. 1 was its fine taste, and—

LIFE'S SO DIFFERENT NOW!

—frankly, I found FEEN-A-MINT the most satisfying laxative I'd ever taken. And no discomfort. Away went those old pests—dullness, loginess, fatigue. Back came the old appetite. I shouted downstairs, "Mary, you win a new dress. But first I'll have a big breakfast." Then I ate so much I nearly missed my train!

THIS IS THE SECRET!

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● A big *difference* in delicious FEEN-A-MINT is the chewing. This helps make it so dependable. Acts in lower bowel, not in the stomach. No griping or nausea. No disturbance of sleep. FEEN-A-MINT is thorough, reliable. Economical, too. Fine for young and old, as 16 million users agree. Write for free sample to Dept. N-8, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N.J.

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THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
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BETTER BECAUSE YOU CHEW IT

I shall report you! You have no business being a nurse! I—"

Stoughton rose to his feet and strode out into the corridor. At the door to Mrs. Jason's room he stopped. She was sitting upright in bed, stout and determined, with blazing eyes. Stoughton took in the tight-lipped pecking little mouth and thought fast.

"The patient in eight wants you, Miss McKenzie," he said.

Lynn flashed past him with a grateful look and was gone. Stoughton turned to the irate woman in the bed. "You'll pardon my intrusion, madam," he said. "I couldn't help hearing. You seemed to be having trouble and I — er — thought perhaps you didn't know—" He lowered his voice discreetly. "The nurse just had word that her—fiancé is dying. There was another woman, you understand, and —naturally she's upset."

"Oh, my!" Mrs. Jason's little eyes glittered. "I didn't know. Of course, in that case—but you've no idea how I'm suffering. It's just too—" Her voice droned on.

When Stoughton escaped at last and returned to his room, he was confronted by a tearfully grateful Lynn.

"There! You see!" she exclaimed. "The—the jinx is right on the job. Is she still going to report me?"

"No. Everything's all right. I'm afraid I told her a thundering lie. In case she inquires—your fiancé is dying."

"I see. Thanks awfully. You're a hard man, Mr. Stoughton. You'd take the family silver right out of a burglar's hands, and him with starving children. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Just stop worrying."

"I'll try. But"—she glanced over her shoulder uneasily — "it's after midnight, Mr. Stoughton. It—it's already — St. Patrick's Day! And you've fooled the jinx twice tonight. It—must—be pretty mad. There'll be a third time, Mr. Stoughton, and the third time will be—exit Lynn McKenzie."

"THAT'S nonsense!" he said sharply.

They were silent for a moment, standing side by side in the doorway. Stoughton towered above her, his extended arms like protective wings.

Then: "It isn't nonsense," she whispered. "This is my last night as a nurse. I know it. Don't you feel something—sort of—waiting?"

"Child! Child!" Stoughton exclaimed. "You're tired. Your imagination is running away with you. I'm right here. I won't let anything happen to you. Run along now."

"All right," she said softly, and grinned her impudent grin. "Forward and onward! 'Into the jaws of hell rode the six hundred'—or something."

"Good girl!"

"Not so good. St. Patrick's stepchild has got to sit down and block out the night report. That's always a big moment for the jinx. I get so sleepy, you know, and the patients seldom ring at this hour to keep me awake. If It could make me fall asleep—on *night duty*—"

"Go and sit down. I'll come and stand beside you. I won't let you fall asleep."

She stared at him. "I think," she said slowly, "that you're the sweetest person I ever met in my life. I—I always did think so." Her mobile and sensitive mouth curved in a warm smile. "When you first came and were so sick, and I took care of you, I used to think — well, I guess it doesn't matter what I thought." She wheeled, went quickly along the corridor to the desk, and sitting down drew the night report from under a pile of charts.

STOUGHTON followed and stood beside the desk, looking down at the unruly waves of bronze hair under the stiff cap. It was a long time since he had noticed a woman's hair. It seemed very soft—softer even than the capable small hand moving busily across the page. Men who were not wanderers were familiar with such things. Some day one of those men, a younger man and one whose hands and arms were not lumps of stone, would touch that dark softness, would hold that slim young body against his heart, and see in those hazel eyes an answering warmth of passion. Stoughton caught his breath sharply, and she looked up at him with the smile of a tired child.

"I feel so safe when you're around," she murmured. "Just a sheltered little hothouse plant."

Stoughton's eyes went to his rigid arms. "I'm a good scarecrow for jinxes, anyway," he said.

Her pen moved on. After a little, Stoughton, watching, saw her head droop.

"Hadn't you better walk around for a bit?"

Her head came up with a jerk. "Goodness!" she gasped. "Thank you. I guess I'd— *What's that?*"

It was a rustle in the darkness at the far end of the corridor, near the door leading to the outside hall.

Lynn's chair scraped back. "Wait here!" she said. Her tone was professional.

Stoughton took a step forward after her retreating figure, and paused. She was right. This was her job, and he was only a patient. After a moment her voice came back to him:

"Good evening. Did you want something?"

A man's voice replied with solemn, careful enunciation: "Yes. I want to get married."

Stoughton grinned in relief and amusement. There was a startled silence; then Lynn's voice, very crisp: "Well, I can't marry you. This is my busy night. Try a matrimonial agency."

"No! No! *Got* a girl. A nice girl. Want a hospital."

"Well, this is one. Will you take it with you, or have it sent?"

Stoughton's grin broadened. He

stepped back, out of the pool of light around the desk, and looked up the corridor. At the far end, near the Emergency Room, Lynn's apron was a faint white blur. Beside it, at the level of her shoulders, was another, smaller and oval—a white shirt front surrounded by blackness. The masculine voice came again, deeply offended:

"You—don't—un-understand. I'm very, very tight—"

"Oh, don't tell me! Let me guess."

"Going to be married at noon. Bachelor dinner—very tight. Mustn't be tight at—my wedding. W-wouldn't be—p-proper. Saw hospital. G-good place to get sobered up. Came in."

"Didn't anybody see you? How did you get up here?"

"Saw stairs. Got on for ride."

"All right"—grimly. "We'll fix you. Just come in here and sit down."

There was a swish of doors, a sudden blaze of light in the Emergency Room. Against it was silhouetted the slender figure of a young man in evening clothes. A top hat leaned at an alarming angle over an eyebrow. His overcoat was slung over one shoulder. A cane dangled from his arm. Lynn's blue-and-white uniform moved briskly about, drawing up a chair and a sheeted table. She propelled the young man to the chair and sat him upon it as though he had been a child. His cane fell with a clatter. Lynn picked it up, and removed his top hat from its uncertain perch.

Before she could find a place to put it, he extended a wavering hand and took it from her, setting it back on his head with dignity. He leaned forward on his chair, peering at the white-tiled walls of the Emergency Room. "Why," he said, shocked, "'s a *bathroom!*" He struggled to his feet and took a step forward. The overcoat slid from his shoulder and tangled about his ankles. He collapsed upon it in a limp heap, his top hat rolling under the table. He pursued it instantly on all fours, clasped it to his breast, and lay down again.

"Here," urged Lynn. "Get up. You can't lie there. *What's that in your buttonhole?*"

HE tucked his chin into his collar and peered at his lapel, which until now had been concealed by the overcoat. A tiny crumpled bit of green lay there. "It's a flower," he explained kindly. "A little, little flower. A dear little s-shamrock—for St. Patrick, you know."

"Get up from there! Get up at once!"

The urgency in her tone penetrated the confused mind. He scrambled obediently to his feet, clinging to the table, drew the shamrock from his lapel and held it out to her.

"It's for you," he said earnestly.

Stoughton, lurking in the dark corridor, took another step forward, paused again. The specials would be returning from lunch in a few minutes. Lynn would be all right.

She was staring at the shamrock with a kind of horror. "No! No! You keep it—please. Come over here and sit down."

"Oh, very well." He lurched haughtily to the chair.

"Sit here like a good boy while I call the doctor. I'll be right back." She fled down the corridor to the telephone.

She explained briefly: "Yes, please send the orderly and call an intern. . . . What? . . . Yes, I've got a stomach pump. . . . All right. Thank you." She hung up.

"Don't worry," Stoughton said out of the shadows. "Nothing's going to happen."

"Hold the thought," she said in a half whisper. "And pray that none of the patients wake up and ring until somebody gets here."

She hurried back to the Emergency Room.

The dark figure in the chair was soddenly asleep, his top hat still clinging to his head. Lynn tied a rubber sheet around his neck, and over it a cotton one.

The orderly, a doctor, and all the specials would be here at any moment now.

Stoughton considered returning to his room. He was tired, he realized suddenly, and the black oblong of his door invited him. He might as well—

"IT'S all right," Lynn's voice said clearly. "I'm not going to hurt you!"

The slumped figure in the chair had straightened up and was looking around him with dazed eyes. Lynn stood beside him, the top hat in one hand, a coil of rubber tubing in the other.

"W-what's this place? How did I get here?"

"It's a hospital," Lynn said pleasantly. "You came here asking to be sobered up. Don't you remember?"

"No." He looked at her bewildered, and his eyes fell on the coil of tubing in her hand. "What's that? What you going to do to me?"

"Nothing now—or ever, unless you want me to." Unthinking, she stepped toward him.

He sprang to his feet in a panic, overturning the chair.

"Go 'way!" he cried, desperate. "'S a snake!"

Lynn laid the coiled tubing on the table beside her and put a restraining hand on his arm. "Take it easy. Nothing's going to hurt you."

He shook off her hand. "No you don't!" he muttered. He stood swaying, the sheets dangling from his neck. Then he reached out, took his hat from her, and crammed it on his head. "There!" He made a sweeping grandiloquent gesture. The back of his hand struck the table, and the tubing, jarred loose, uncoiled itself with vicious suddenness.

He leaped backward, face livid, his mouth opening in a soundless yell. For an instant he staggered, trying to regain his balance. Then he whirled and bolted blindly from the room.

"*Stop him!*" Lynn screamed. But it was too late.

"THIS FLAVOR IS TOPS"
BEEMAN'S
CHEWING
PEPSIN
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"You're right, daughter—I've been partial to Beeman's for years! It's so delicious and fresh-tasting—that clever air-tight package keeps it fresh as the day it was made. And I like that bit of tang! Beeman's actually perks me up—it's a real help to digestion, too, you know—makes a person feel mighty good!"

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–because I feel and look
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**"How did I do it?
"I just reasoned sensibly."**

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SSS TONIC

Steps galloped past Stoughton in the dim tunnel of the corridor. Lynn, frantic, was close behind. The alcove lights shone briefly on swirling sheets and gleaming top hat—on a pursuing streak of blue and white. Signal lights flashed on. Bells whirred. The top-hatted figure moaned, bounded into the linen closet, shot out again—and made straight for the dark haven of Stoughton's room.

Stoughton reached the door only a second after Lynn. He heard her quick breathing just inside as he pressed the light switch with his splint and stood blinking in the sudden glare.

The top-hatted, sheeted figure was backed against the wall between the windows. The dulled eyes, adjusting to the light, went glassy as they saw Stoughton, grotesque with wide-spread arms.

"A bird!" he whispered. "A great big bird!" His voice rose. "It's after me. D-don't touch me!"

"I'M not going to touch you," Stoughton said. "Just go with the nurse and everything will be all right."

"Nurse? What nurse? 'S a snake charmer!"

Lynn found her voice: "You can go home at once if you like. I'll get you a taxi. Come on."

He glanced at her, and shifted his eyes to Stoughton.

"I'll go now," he said suddenly. He whirled, threw open the window, flung his leg over the sill—and toppled into space.

But not before Lynn had hurled herself forward. Her hands closed on his silk-clad ankle as he pitched into the darkness—closed and clung with desperate, frail strength. The jerk almost carried her through the window. She lay half across the sill, and Stoughton heard her muscles crack with the weight of that heavy dangling body.

Below them, two stories down, was a paved courtyard.

Stoughton raged, cursing his dead arms, his lifeless hands, the tardy specials. And where was the doctor?

"Paul!" Her voice came faintly through the open window.

Stoughton sprang to her side. "Yes, darling?" He did not know that he had used the term of endearment, did not realize that she had used his first name.

"I'm—slipping. Can—you—stop me?"

She was slipping—over that windowsill—to smashing death below—and he could do nothing. Nothing! But wait! He turned quickly and sank to the floor under the window. His splints scraped on the wall as he forced his shoulders against the backs of her legs. He felt her leg muscles relax. She was putting all her strength into her hands now. If he could hold her steady — fastened against the wall—until help came—

Her body jerked again, moved upward a fraction of an inch beneath his shoulders. He braced himself and felt cold perspiration on his forehead.

A sound, incredible, fantastic, drifted in through the open window:

"Mammy's little baby loves shortenin',
shortenin'—
Mammy's little baby loves shortenin'—"

The boy was *crooning!*

Outside in the corridor bells still rang, unanswered. The elevator clattered to a stop. There was a murmur of voices.

Stoughton filled his lungs. *"Help!"* he roared.

And help came on swift feet. An orderly seized Lynn. The powerful arms of the intern reached out of the window and the gaily crooning voice came slowly upward:

"Mammy's little baby loves shortenin',
shortenin'—
Mammy's little baby loves shortenin' bre-a-ad!"

He was still wearing his top hat when they pulled him through into the room.

It was not until they had taken him out that Stoughton, on his feet once more, perceived Lynn, a blue-and-white heap in the armchair by the bed. He went over and sat down beside her.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes. I—I'm fine." She spoke in a dull, toneless voice. "I—there isn't anything—adequate—that you can say to a person who's just saved your life—but—I'd like you to know—what you've meant to me." She turned her face away from him and continued. "It seems to me—that—all that matters now—is—knowing that you'll still be here—and I can see you sometimes—after I've left—"

"Left?"

Lynn nodded wearily. "Of course. It's all up with me now. I told you the third thing would finish me. They'll say I didn't guard the patient properly. I can't even hope to—" She broke off suddenly and sat bolt upright, her eyes moving from one of Stoughton's arms to the other.

HE followed her glance. "What is it?" he asked, puzzled by her tensity.

"Your—your hands! Look!"

Stoughton looked. "What's the matter with them?"

"Don't you see?" she gasped. "They're clenched into fists!"

"My — God!" Stoughton whispered.

"Move them, Paul," she cried. "Make them go back straight! Oh, please try. Try hard!"

Both their eyes were riveted upon his hands. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the fingers stirred, trembled, uncurled, crept along the surface of the splint, to lie at last straight and triumphant.

There was a stunned silence. Stoughton ran his tongue over his dry lips. "I—it must have happened when—when you were—hanging out of the window. I—I thought—I was going to lose you—"

"It would have happened anyway, then," she said. "This only hastened it."

"Yes." A singing note crept into his deep voice. "I can go with the expedition!" He wanted to shout. "I'll surely be all right by then. I'll telephone Keller! I'll—"

"You're going away?" she asked slowly. "You won't be here after I—"

She broke off, rose to her feet, and went to the door.

"Here! Where are you going?"

"I've got to get back to work." Her face was strained. "I—" She stopped short as a white uniform appeared in the doorway.

"Oh, there you are, Miss McKenzie. How are you feeling? Well enough to go on with your work?"

"Certainly," Lynn said. "I was just—"

The supervisor interrupted her: "You've done splendidly tonight, Miss McKenzie. There's been some question about your fitness for nursing. I don't think we need to worry about it any longer. *You will get your diploma.*"

"Oh—thank you!" Lynn swallowed. "Mr. Stoughton has just moved his hands. He's—going away—soon."

STOUGHTON heard the supervisor's congratulations, heard his own voice replying, heard the swish of the starched uniform departing; but his eyes saw only one thing—Lynn's white face. He cleared his throat. "Your diploma—" he began. She made no reply. "Didn't you—want me—to go?"

She faced him in the doorway. "I didn't—unless—"

He came a step nearer, his heart pounding.

"Unless what?"

"Will you take me with you?" she asked simply. "I—I mean as a nurse, of course. I'm going to graduate now. I'll be qualified—"

"I might," he said gravely. "But I'd rather take you—as—my wife."

Her eyes filled. "Are you—very sure?"

"Surer than anything in this world!"

"*Oh!*" It was a soft sound. "For St. Patrick," she murmured. Her lips on his were light, fragrant. Then she fled.

Stoughton looked, not believing, at his hands.

They were clenched again!

THE END

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 18

A cheese may be cut into fifteen pieces in four straight cuts. It is a question of making sure that each cut intersects every other cut, and that no two intersections shall coincide. The real difficulty is in "seeing" the result of the cuts. Without actually sitting down and cutting a cheese we do not believe that it is possible for the mind to visualize the effect of more than four cuts—and it isn't easy with four.

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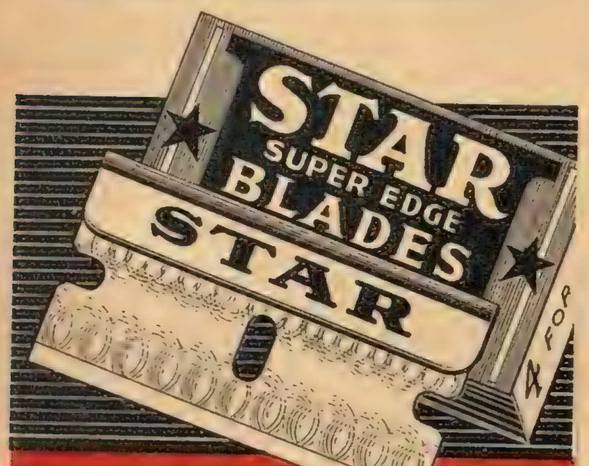
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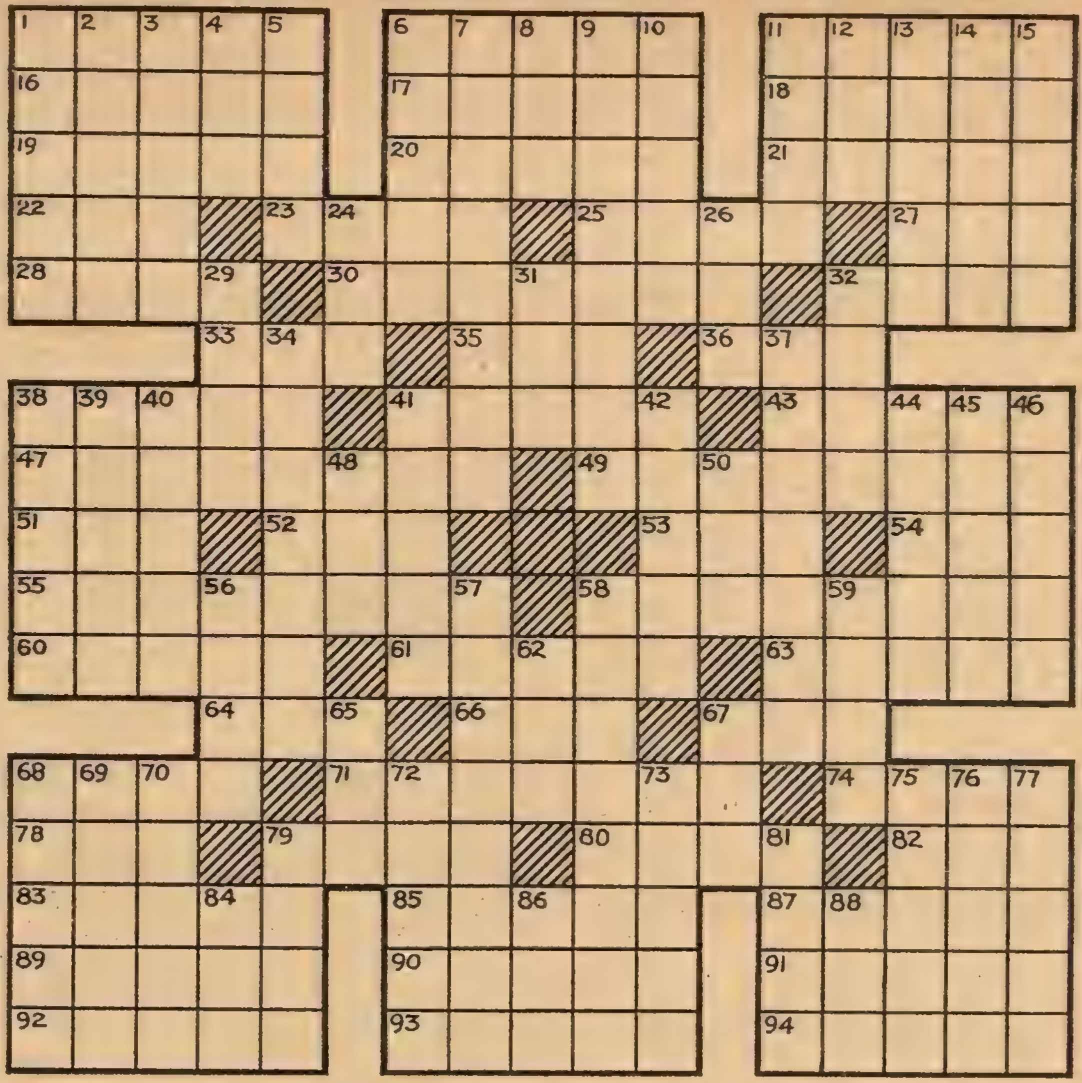
FOR ALL GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

CROSSWORDS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HORIZONTAL

1 Clutches
6 An alloy
11 Snares
16 Kingly
17 Forgive
18 Clerical linen collar
19 Oval
20 Winged
21 A symbol
22 Placed
23 Billow
25 To call
27 Comprehend
28 Vehicle
30 Heathen; pagan
32 Disease of sheep
33 Crude metal
35 Measure of weight
36 In addition
38 Part of an amphitheater
41 Shelf, as of rock
43 To cook
47 Insane
49 Sit astride
51 Pronoun
52 Mountain pass
53 Immature insect
54 Man's nickname
55 Rallied
58 Rooting from the stem (bot.)
60 Church officer
61 Ceremonials
63 Kilns
64 Viper
66 A descendant
67 Writing fluid
68 Cicatrix
71 Tyrannize over
74 Ardor
78 Son of Noah
79 A kind of goblin
80 Fabric used as trimming
82 Collection of facts
83 Imbecile
85 Pertaining to the Incas
87 Change
89 East Indian princess
90 Off the main track
91 River in France
92 A fold of cloth
93 People of ancient Media
94 Colors

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Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Of conspicuous size
2 Riotous festivity
3 Size of type
4 Strike
5 Killed
6 Valorous
7 Softened
8 An ancient wine vessel
9 Sessions of a court
10 Make obdurate
11 Neat
12 A sheep
13 Degrade
14 Furnishes with folios
15 Precipitous
24 Era
26 Immerse
29 Accomplished
31 A fox
32 Forty square rods
34 Forest guardians
37 Declamation
38 Unburnt brick
39 Of the kidneys
40 Correct and revise
41 An outcast
42 A vessel for heating liquids (pl.)
44 Egyptian lizards
45 Incline
46 Canvas shelter (pl.)
48 A viscous liquid
50 Cause to be quit of
56 Rend
57 Distribute
58 Deserter from a cause
59 Coagulate
62 Rocky peak
65 A genus of grasses
67 Theory
68 Keen
69 A waterway
70 Ammonia compound
72 The last king of Troy
73 Trigonometrical ratio (pl.)
75 Ancient language
76 Concerning
77 Nostrils
79 Encounter
81 Gone by
84 Grassland
86 A hero of ancient Spain
88 Hawaiian wreath

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Three-Cornered Square

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

by ALBERTA WILLIAMS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

"BUT, Louise, it's almost impossible to believe that *your* husband could be involved in anything of this sort! I've always thought of Ivan as a person so discriminating that a common, tawdry little *affaire d'amour* of this type seems too utterly incredible." Julia Irvington's incredulity was as impeccably modulated as her beautifully restrained brown-and-ivory room in which she and Louise sat.

Louise Allison shook her head despairingly. "Oh, Julia, it's a plain case! Here—I'll show you the letter." She fumbled nervously in her bag and drew out an orchid envelope addressed in deep purple ink.

Julia shuddered with offended taste as she took the letter. Carefully she read it. Its disclosures were complete, its vulgarities depressing. When she spoke her voice was rich with sympathetic understanding. "I'm afraid you're right, my dear. There can't be any doubt after that."

Self-composure left Louise and her eyes were desperate. "Oh, Julia, whatever shall I do? I simply can't bear this kind of thing—any aspect of it."

"You poor darling," Julia murmured and put her lovely smooth hands over Louise's tightly clenched white knuckles.

"I know I'm a weak namby-pamby to come and throw my troubles on you, but I just feel that you are the only one of my close friends who can advise me." A frantic note crept into Louise's tone. "Please help me, Julia! Please tell me what to do. I know you won't exactly understand all this, because your own marriage was so perfect and beautiful, and your life now is, too; but you're wise and brave where I'm foolish and weak, and you can always analyze things."

Julia patted Louise's shoulder in appreciation of the tribute that had been paid the Irvington marriage and the three years of widowhood, that had included one year of unobtrusive withdrawal from gaiety, one year of flawlessly planned travel, and this last year of resumption of activities in the suburb where Julia and her husband had always lived. Then she was silently thoughtful a moment. "Louise dear, let's talk the whole thing over dispassionately. First of all, do you want to divorce Ivan?"

"No, no! Oh, Julia, I think that would kill me. But what if he wants me to?"

"Nonsense! Even if he ceased to love you he'd never want a divorce, because he couldn't stand being separated from his children."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it. He's a devoted father. Well, then, you don't want a divorce. You want to keep his love. We've settled that."

"Perhaps there isn't any left to keep," Louise wailed. "How can he be in love with her and with me too?"

Julia permitted herself a small impatience. "He's not in love with that girl. She's just an idle moment. She can't be a rival to you, Louise, because she's way out of your class. Ivan loved you when he married you, and he still loves you. It may be that he hasn't been awfully interested in you just lately."

"But what can I do to get him interested again? In what way am I to blame for this situation?"

Julia hesitated before she spoke. "I can't help you without criticizing you. But I want above all things now to help you save your marriage.

"Now, first of all, never tell Ivan that you know about his indiscretion. This would make an open break and scene and set up a barrier against the very thing you want. The girl's letter says she's going away for a fortnight. This gives you a chance to start getting in your strokes at once while you have Ivan completely to yourself. Your campaign should be a matter of just being yourself, Louise."

"I don't understand what you mean."

"Ivan fell in love with you for certain definite and understandable reasons. You were lovely, gracious, tolerant, and you were decidedly the girl to be a sweetheart, wife, and mother—but never the type to be a man's pal, if you see what I mean. Other women can do that, but you can't. The role doesn't fit your personality. In recent years you've been trying to. I think you've done this through a mistaken notion on your part that it gives the impression of youthful vitality. You're a little afraid of growing old, I suspect. For instance, you try to take it, drink for drink, with your husband; you've taken up golf, and you play it badly, but you insist on traipsing around the greens with him . . ."

On and on Julia counseled, earnestly, shrewdly, but in a tone of kindly detachment. Intently Louise listened.

"You make me think that I can really clear everything up. You've been perfectly wonderful! There's no way I can thank you enough," she said, taking leave.

"If I've helped any at all I'll be more than thanked by your resulting happiness." Julia waved her a farewell of smiling reassurance.

Back in her perfectly appointed brown-and-ivory room, Julia went at once to her desk and drew out the sheet of palest gray stationery on which she had written only the word "Dear" when she put down her pen. She had been quite mad all along ever to have risked writing him notes. She'd telephone. She could save her pride completely, of course. There'd be no mention of this girl. Just that things were getting a bit boring and, consequently, there was no point in seeing each other any more.

Thank God for Louise's visit! It would be too utterly humiliating and unbecoming to be the rival of the cheap trollop who wrote that note. A grim little smile of triumph played about Julia's lips. By delivering all Ivan's bill of complaints she had given Louise the upper hand. Better a thousand times to hand him back to his wife than to have him snatched by an obnoxious little piece whose note paper was hideous and grammar execrable! She dialed his number.

AT a tearoom four blocks distant Louise Allison had stopped her car and gone in and ordered strong black tea. She really needed some. She hadn't much histrionic talent and the afternoon had been a strain. It had been worth it, though. Now she knew positively that Ivan didn't want a divorce and what it was he didn't like about her. Louise smiled comfortably. It would be grand not to take so many cocktails, to see Ivan go off alone to the golf links, to stop all this hectic business of trying to act as though she enjoyed doing everything her husband did.

When she finished her tea, Louise tore up the orchid envelope and its contents into tiny squares and burned them in the brass ash tray on the table. Really, that letter had been worth a lot more than the five dollars the girl at the employment agency had been so glad to receive for writing it. Louise deliberated a moment, then drew from her bag another envelope—a pale-gray one—and started tearing it into tiny squares. Might as well burn that one too. The entire matter was definitely ended. It was a certainty that Julia Irvington would never continue anything that put her in the same class with a little chit who wrote ungrammatical vulgarities on orchid stationery.

THE END

A Newly Made Addict Breaks Down and Tells All—A Chronicle of Revolt and Surrender

by EDNA HALLIN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

The CONFESSIONS of a TRAILER-MADE WOMAN

MY husband just won't stay put. I did think that when we skidded around that half-century mark, and pulled up in a nice little home in southern California, he'd be willing to live there happily ever after. But no. He still has the wanderlust.

"Big Girl," he began—after all my attempts to reduce he still calls me "Big Girl"—"what do you think of these new trailer things?"

"All right, I guess, to go to the mountains in, or the shore."

That mountain-shore business never has been settled in our family. Being able to go both places by merely stepping on the gas would settle an annually vexing problem. I didn't give the matter a serious thought, though.

Next morning he brought it around—a sleek streamline effort. Roomy, too. You could bring up a family in it, if they weren't quins.

And what do you know? A three-burner oilstove, a built-in icebox, a big white enamel sink, a cupboard, a clothes closet, two lamps, mattresses with springs in them, *and* a jade-green color scheme.

"When do we start?" I laughed, thinking it really would be fun to spend a week or two in this modern traveling house.

"The day after we rent the house," he answered.

"Rent—the—house?"

"Sure! We'll be gone about three years."

"Three years in one room!"

I was in full revolt again. The "trailer thing" had had me reeling for a while, but now I was clinging once more to my lifetime longing for a permanent home.

"One room's enough for the Eskimo," Bill was continuing. "And we won't be cold, either, like the Eskimo, because our igloo can go places. We'll sort of roll with the seasons—if you know what I mean."

The "trailer thing" was getting me again, though I hated to admit it. There were so many little gadgets to rejoice my soul. Not an inch of space was wasted. I counted eighteen different places to put things, and I wouldn't have to take any trunks or bags. That was something.

"How much does it cost?" I murmured weakly.

"Less than a low-priced car."

I knew I was lost.

"Yes," Bill was saying, "we'll jog up and down the Coast a bit this winter, maybe into Mexico. Then, in the spring, we'll start north, do Yosemite, trail along the Redwood Highway, and on to Banff and Lake Louise—taking it easy, stopping by lakesides and rivers, fishing, loafing. The open road, Big Girl, the open road!"

Well, we're still trailing; and—I blush to confess it—I've become the trailingest gal in the whole countryside. I wouldn't have missed the experience for worlds.

The one-room life isn't anywhere nearly so bad as I feared. After all, this "trailer thing" is fourteen feet long, which is longer than many a swell hotel room we have paid good money for. Besides, the closet door has an extra panel which swings out and makes a partition all the way across. I can stick friend husband in one room while I make up my face in the other.

I was a little worried, at first, about the weather; but I didn't need to be. The double-wall construction keeps out both heat and cold; and the six windows, the door, and the lifted lids on the roof take care of the ventilation. I find that a twenty-five-pound block of ice lasts about four days. The twenty-gallon water tank goes about the same length of time without filling.

HOUSEKEEPING has been reduced to lowest terms. We eat, as you might say, off the land and out of the water. We sleep in what is practically all outdoors, in a wide double bed or in two single ones.

As I write these words, we are parked under a cool green sycamore tree with hollyhocks growing close beside. Bill is fishing in the babblingest brook you ever saw or heard. Toyo, the chow, snores under the trailer.

Not a bad family picture, eh?—with the open road for your address and all the world for your garden.

We don't know whether we'll move on tomorrow or next week or next year. But we do know, in a general way, that after we've done the Canadian Rockies and the national parks we'll roll south with the weather.

By that time, the Pasatiempo—that's what we call it—will have paid for itself several times over in hotel and restaurant expenses we haven't had to spend on the road—and we'll be free to start east and north on the second year of our great adventure.

Meanwhile Bill has just come up from the brook with what looks very much like our evening meal.

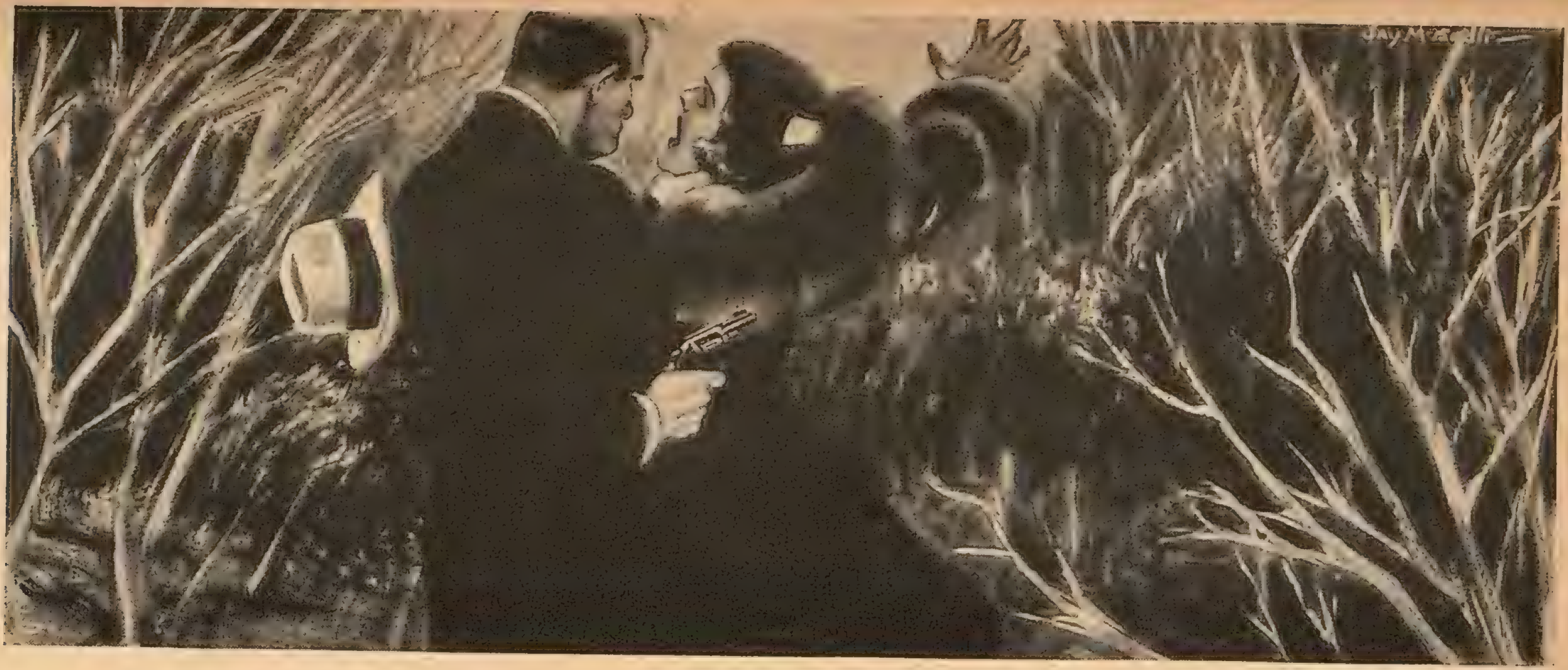
"Well, Big Girl," he is calling, "what do you say to tacking down to the sea tomorrow for a good swim? Remember that surf on the rocks at Pismo Beach?"

"I remember the clams at Pismo Beach."

"Big Girl, let's start this afternoon."

What a life!

THE END



"Remus placed a heavy-caliber revolver against the body of his wife and fired. She fell in his arms."

AMERICA'S QUEEREST TRIAL . . . *The Case of the Murdering Millionaire*

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

The Amazing Story of the Killer Who Talked Himself to Freedom—Is Justice Deaf, Dumb, and Blind?

by

D. THOMAS CURTIN

TO understand the murder that this story is about, you must meet the biggest bootlegger of them all: Not Al Capone, not Owney Madden, not Johnny Torrio, not Dutch Schultz, but George Remus, the financial genius who almost cornered the whole bootlegging market—the murderer who was insane today and sane tomorrow, and who beat the rap in the most farcical trial in the history of American jurisprudence.

Remus began as a druggist. Then he became an attorney. Within a few years he had worked up some little reputation in Chicago as a shrewd, crafty criminal lawyer, the kind of defense attorney who makes news.

Once, he represented a client accused of poisoning his wife. Evidence was damning, prospects black, when Remus started his last plea. He picked up the bottle which contained the rest of the poison which was supposed to have killed the woman.

"There has been a lot of talk around here about poison," he began, "but it is a lot of piffle. Look!"

Facing the goggle-eyed jury, he lifted the vial to his lips and drained it dry. Then he went calmly on with his argument. Horror-stricken jurors expected him momentarily to drop dead at their feet. When he didn't, they promptly acquitted his client.

No one in that courtroom, except Remus, knew that the attorney who had once been a druggist had first swallowed another drug which offset the effect of the poison.

One day Remus found himself in court defending a new kind of client, a bootlegger. Although his man was obviously guilty, he got off. No jury, in those first days, would convict a man for violating a law that jurors themselves were violating every day in the week.

During the case Remus learned a good deal about his client's affairs. He found he was making money in amazing quantities with amazing speed. He was also impressed with the easy way the man got off without paying the penalty of his crime.

Here, then, was a racket. All you had to do was to break what he called a "tissue paper law." If you got away with it, you made a fortune. If you were caught, you got off without punishment.

In the next nineteen months George Remus took the American public for a $60,000,000 ride, paid out $10,000,000 for protection—the largest sum ever paid out for this purpose except, perhaps, by Capone—and made a personal profit of $6,700,000.

"It was very simple," explained the boss bootlegger. "A Remus drug company withdrew from a Remus distillery, Remus trucks called for the liquor and transported it to a Remus concentration camp. I owned the outfit all the way down the line, so who was to complain of the missing liquor?"

For nearly two years this "circle," as he called it, worked famously. He was on his way to making another

Defense Attorney Remus sums up: "If you, as members of the jury, believe it is your duty, send me to the chair!"

$25,000,000 when an honest prohibition director, Bert C. Morgan of Indiana, made the raid which led finally to his arrest.

By this time the "whisky king" had acquired a highly inflated head. He always spoke of himself in the third person: "Remus thinks this," and "Remus says that." He had done business with "Fixer" Jess Smith in the famous "little green house in K Street" which figured so largely in the Harding-Daugherty legend.

Smith had agreed to play Romulus to his Remus. In fact, he was assured that he wouldn't have to serve a day of the two-year sentence which was finally imposed upon him. So he went right on buying distilleries—nine in all, for which he paid a total of $23,000,000.

In the course of his high-powered operations he acquired a high-powered wife. An adventurer, he married an adventuress. His passion was to make money; hers, to spend it. For her he bought the huge Lackland estate on Price Hill, a suburb of Cincinnati. It was one of the show places of the town, and he proceeded to make it showier—$100,000 swimming pools and that sort of thing, about $700,000 worth in all.

Just a temporary shack while the bootlegging business kept him in Cincinnati, "in the city where the states meet." Already the Remuses were looking forward to New York—he to Wall Street, where he planned to take his place with the Morgans and Bakers and Rockefellers; she to Park Avenue, the Plaza, and the Ritz. Then all at once everything went screwy.

The Court of Appeals affirmed his sentence. The Supreme Court refused to review his case. Jess Smith was found dead in his bathroom. The Senate called for the impeachment of Attorney General Daugherty. George Remus went to the federal pen in Atlanta.

REMUS was shocked. But he was not discouraged. Two years weren't a lifetime. Good behavior would make them less. He made the trip to Atlanta in a private car. He still had his millions and the wife whom he trusted to carry on during his vacation in the South.

"I gave her full power of attorney to act for me while I was in prison," he later explained, "and I assigned to her the Price Hill home, almost a million dollars in whisky certificates, the stock in the Fleishman Distillery, which I valued at $300,000, my jewelry, three automobiles, all my private records, and a cash check for $100,000."

During his stay in Atlanta the government dug up new charges against him. A Department of Justice official named Franklin L. Dodge busied himself with the case. In the course of duty, Dodge called on Mrs. Remus, a strikingly beautiful woman. Thereafter he continued to call with increasing frequency, while the wife's calls on her imprisoned spouse decreased in inverse ratio.

When Remus got out of Atlanta and went back to the new house on Price Hill, he found Mrs. Remus's moving men carrying out the last of his belongings. She had already stripped the premises of everything valuable but the swimming pool. She left him a chair, a table, and a cot. She herself, so he was told, had filed suit for divorce and gone off with Dodge.

By this time the little brown-eyed man with the bald head and square shoulders and stick-out chin was getting jittery. The government had brought some three thousand charges of law violation against him. The big and little politicians who had gotten his $10,000,000 in bribe money were pretending never to have heard of him. The income-tax people were cracking down on him. Fellow conspirators were running to cover.

Deserted on all sides, he made his peace with the government by turning state's evidence and assisting in one of the biggest clean-ups of the whole prohibition period. But no amount of dearly bought legal security could erase the blow to his pride caused by Mrs. Remus's defection.

He, the great Remus, deserted for another—the thought was unbearable. He decided on a killing as the best way to soothe his injured ego and do something for the sanctity of the American home.

This was in 1927. The first the world knew of his resolve was this dispatch:

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Oct. 6.—Mrs. Imogene Remus, wife of the former "bootlegging king," started for the divorce court today. She was accompanied by Ruth Remus, her daughter by a former marriage.

As her taxi sped through Eden Park, it was chased by another car which soon blocked its path. She jumped from the taxi and tried to escape. There was a pistol shot.

Tonight Mrs. Remus is dead, and her husband, George Remus, recently released from Atlanta Penitentiary, sits in a cell openly confessing the murder. It was "the unwritten law," he said.

Only one shot was fired. Remus placed a heavy-caliber revolver against the body of his wife while they were struggling, and fired. Mrs. Remus fell in his arms. He then dropped her and ran to his car, which was driven rapidly away by his chauffeur, George Klug.

Within half an hour after the shooting, Remus walked into First District Police Headquarters and surrendered. He did not appear excited when Police Lieutenant Kegan took him news that his wife had not survived the shooting.

"You accomplished what you set out to do," he told Remus.

"Is she dead?"

"Yes. What have you to say?"

"She who dances down the primrose path must die on the primrose path. I'm happy. This is the first peace of mind I've had in two years."

A white silk handkerchief edged with heliotrope peeped out of the breast pocket of his gray suit. He wore the traditional Remus silk shirt, black tie and glistening black shoes.

"I expected to find them both together," he added regretfully.

"Are you going to plead insanity?" he was asked.

"I certainly am not. Any one who says I'm insane ought to have his mentality examined."

Yet, in his dual role of defendant and defense lawyer, Remus entered an insanity plea in his own behalf!

Throughout the preliminaries to the trial, this confessed murderer conducted his own case with all the skill of the experienced trial lawyer. When the prosecution referred to George Connors, one of his key witnesses, as his "lieutenant," Remus was immediately on his feet.

"Mr. Connors is my secretary," he objected, "and I insist that he be referred to as such."

It was a nice point. "Lieutenant" implied that Remus was a gang leader. "Secretary" established him as a business man. The court sustained the objection.

I offer this incident, not because of its individual importance, but as a typical example of the mental keenness which Remus exhibited throughout. It remained for this pudgy little man to combine in one person the smart criminal in the dock and the smart criminal lawyer at the bar.

BETWEEN appearances in court he kept office hours in a cell in the Hamilton County jail, dictating letters, consulting lawbooks, interviewing witnesses, drawing legal papers and generally preparing his case with meticulous care.

He announced that he would himself examine prospective jurors and cross-examine witnesses.

Yet he was pleading insanity!

"It is ridiculous," argued one of the prosecuting attorneys, "for the defense to plead that the defendant was so insane October 6 as to commit murder, and then to say that a month later he is sane enough to qualify a jury."

But he did qualify the jury; and in the opinion of all impartial observers he quite outsmarted the learned district attorney in so doing.

This was none other than Charles P. Taft, son of the late President and Chief Justice William H. Taft. At twenty-eight, he was serving as Prosecutor of Hamilton County. Young Mr. Taft put up a stout fight, but he was no match for the experienced Mr. Remus. Neither were the other bright young men with whom he had surrounded himself.

It was important to Remus that he should obtain a jury unsympathetic with prohibition. He didn't wish to put his questions on this point too bluntly, so he asked:

"Would the fact that I have been a bootlegger, a convict, and a disbarred lawyer prejudice you against this defendant?"

Later in the case, when one of Taft's assistants made a remark that angered him, Remus used this antiprohibition sentiment to his advantage by alleging that this young lawyer was himself a law-enforcement hypocrite. Turning on his opponent, he shook his fist under his nose.

SERGEANT C. B. McKINSTRY, U.S. MARINES, SAYS:

"When Ingram's has landed on your chin—the shaving situation is well in hand."

and who the h— is Sgt. C.B. McKinstry?

SGT. McKINSTRY was twelve when the World War ended—but today stands six-foot-three and packs 220 pounds of Marine-made muscle.

He's shaved with Ingram's in the jungles of Nicaragua when Sandino was on the rampage—he carried it in China and the Philippines.

JUST LISTEN TO WHAT HE SAYS ABOUT INGRAM'S: "I first started to use Ingram's because the husky little jar packed without breaking and spoiling my clothes.

"But after ten days of Ingram's I knew it was the only shaving cream for me. For, whether it's a hundred and two at the equator or three below in Norfolk... Ingram's always gives me the coolest, most comfortable shave *I ever had!*

"As sergeant I have to set an example of a clean and orderly front and Ingram's gives my face the really *clean* shave that the Marine Corps demands. I'm all for Ingram's—on shore or afloat!"

There are two very good reasons why Ingram's is the shaving cream for you:

1ST: IT'S COOL! 2ND: IT'S CONCENTRATED. Just take a little bit of Ingram's and put it on the working end of your Rubberset brush. In split-seconds it billows up into a cloud-bank of the *coolest*, most *soothing* lather that ever wilted wiry whiskers.

Your skin takes on a new smoothness, a new suppleness—and the reason is Ingram's secret formula—it's a shaving cream, a face tonic, and a skin lotion all rolled into one! Fill out the coupon below and get your free sample—*now!*

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"When you were on that Eastern trip," he shouted, "you drank pints and pints of whisky!"

"Is that so?"

"Yes, it is so—and I will show this jury. I will show that you drank liquor by the pint, not by the ounce."

The court very properly ruled that all this had nothing to do with the question of whether George Remus killed his wife—but the jury had already heard it.

When overruled, Remus was most punctilious in his manner. He left the impression that he was hurt beyond healing by the court's censure, or that, on further consideration *after* he had made his point, he was inclined to agree with the distinguished jurist.

In his clashes with Taft, he used the same subtle methods of influencing the jury. In silken voice, he would be suave and tricky with the young man. Then, suddenly, he would rake him with the fire of his legal knowledge, shake lawbooks at him—quoting at length from them without even bothering to look at them—and then turn on sobs and tears which brought the jurors bending forward in their chairs.

REMUS knew that the Tafts were community idols in Cincinnati. William H. was its most distinguished citizen; his brother Charles was its richest. Young Charles shone not only in his own but in his father's and uncle's reflected light. Especially, the link between the boy at the bar and his father on the Supreme Court bench gave added weight to the young prosecutor's legal utterances. Remus, therefore, never missed an opportunity to create in the jurors' minds what he pretended to see as a vast difference between father and son.

On one occasion, when Taft had made some disparaging reference to Remus's previous record as an attorney—as a matter of fact, he had been disbarred for his bootlegging activities, not for professional misconduct—Remus pulled off his horn-rimmed spectacles, hurled them to the paper-littered table in front of him, and went into the tilt, as one observer expressed it, "with arms flying."

"May I be heard?" he thundered.

Judge and jury, even the prosecutor himself, turned toward him as if magnetized.

"A nice statement to be made by the son of the Chief Justice of the United States, if the court pleases! He knows he makes these statements to prejudice the jury. He knows that in no court would that statement be allowed. It has been the pleasure of this defendant to appear before that high Chief Justice, but the specimen as given by the offshoot of that great renowned character is pitiful, if the court pleases.

"Five hundred judges and other members of the Chicago bar have volunteered as character witnesses, and just because the son of the Chief Justice in this wonderful United States makes that kind of an assertion— Man, if I had you in the corridor, I'd wreck you physically!"

As he spoke, he stamped to the prosecution's table, and shook his fist in Charlie Taft's reddening face. Perspiration glistened on his shining bald head and smoothly shaven jowls. He was the picture of an injured innocent fighting for his honor. No jury could have failed to believe him.

"How much of this sort of thing is the court going to stand?" shouted one of Taft's assistants.

But what could Judge Shook do? The worst punishment he could inflict on Remus was a jail sentence for contempt of court—and what did Remus care about that? He was in jail already.

Although four women had played deadly roles in Remus's life—Mary Chenoweth, girl reporter on the Louisville Courier-Journal, who first uncovered Remus's bootlegging kingdom; Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who prepared the government's case against Remus; Mary Hubbard, "Mother Hubbard," who, as key witness, brought about Remus's conviction on the bootlegging conspiracy charge; and his wife, Augusta Imogene Remus—he had insisted in getting women on his murder jury, and had got two.

Here was a man who had deliberately ordered his chauffeur to chase a taxi in which his wife and stepdaughter were riding, and, after crowding the taxi to the

"I know ONE THING ABOUT Oil—

When a gas station man says 'Check your oil, boss?' I take a quick look around.

Okay, says I, if I see that little Pennsylvania Emblem, but if I don't . . .

Brother, I say, can't blame you for tryin', but I don't seem to see my kind."

The light area on this map is the only place where Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil is obtained. Motor oils refined from this crude are noted for excellent lubrication, for ability to let your motor start readily, to flow freely at all temperatures, and to last longer.

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WHEN you buy motor oil be the "inquiring reporter." Find out what kind of crude it is made from.

There is one crude oil which Nature made the world's finest raw material for a modern motor oil.

That one favored crude is Pennsylvania Grade Crude, and every motor oil bearing our association's emblem is made entirely from this crude . . . 100% Pure Pennsylvania, guaranteed by bond.

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BETTER OILS FROM THE GROUND UP!

curb, had seized his wife, dragged her to the edge of near-by shrubbery, held her close with his left hand and shot her to death with his right.

A cold-blooded, premeditated wife-murder if ever there was one.

Yet the man who did it wanted women, wives, on his jury. Spectators, for the first time, really thought he was insane! Yet, as the trial progressed, his sanity and shrewdness on this point were amply demonstrated. The two women jurors were obviously among his most enthusiastic supporters.

Remus was right about the number of character witnesses he could summon. He didn't put five hundred on the stand, but there seemed to be no doubt that he could have done so. The great Clarence Darrow testified to Remus's good reputation at the Chicago bar. George Connors, to whose testimony dignity had been given by changing him from a Remus lieutenant to a Remus secretary, and George Klug, the chauffeur of the murder car on whom the prosecution had counted heavily, swore that there had been no plan or premeditation about the crime.

Finally a most remarkable array of witnesses paraded to the stand and testified that Remus had been subject to insane fits of anger from the time he was a child. Others told of how his wife's desertion had preyed on his mind, and caused him to do any number of crazy things which the world now heard of for the first time. One man went so far as to swear that killing his wife was the one thing needed to cure him of his insanity.

Two of these witnesses were later indicted for perjury —but meanwhile the jury had heard their evidence.

A great deal of this testimony was nothing but hearsay and quite irrelevant to the case in hand. It would never have been permitted to come before the jury if Remus had not been clever enough to invoke the rule made famous in the Thaw trial—that a witness could testify to *anything*, so long as he swore that he said it to the defendant as part of the chain of events which might have affected his sanity. Judge Shook, an able jurist, was quite powerless to exclude it.

AGAINST this mass of " evidence " the state had only alienists—and what's an alienist or two when a jury is looking for an excuse to set its darling free?

The argument over this insanity loophole soon degenerated into farce. Spectators laughed openly as the prosecution solemnly argued that Remus was sane, and Remus himself—shrewd, subtle, learned in the law and obviously sane—argued that he was not. Even the jury had to smile.

This legal vaudeville dragged on until nearly Christmas. At last, " pleading, crying Remus," as Mr. Taft called him, rose before a smiling and obviously encouraging jury to make his last plea.

" Here stands before you Remus the lawyer, and in that chair [pointing to his own] sits Remus the defendant, charged with murder."

One chair he didn't put Remus the defendant in was the witness chair. To have done so would have been to expose himself to embarrassing and inescapable questions. Anyway, there was no need. He was really on the stand all the time throughout the trial, making speeches, appealing to emotions, stirring prejudices—and no one could cross-examine him.

" This prohibition law is making hypocrites out of our judges, prosecutors, and citizens as well." The judge warned him to stay off the prohibition topic, but he retorted: " This defendant would not be here if it weren't for the Volstead Act.

" I have served in ten jails for the violation of this one law, and felt every heartache in the annals of human suffering, but if you, as members of the jury, believe it is your duty, send me to the electric chair."

His moist brown eyes searched the twelve eager enthralled faces before him.

" And to you and yours," he concluded, " a merry Christmas and a happy New Year! "

It had taken six weeks to present the case. It took nineteen minutes to secure a verdict of " Not guilty, on the ground of insanity."

Sixty-year-old Anna Ricking, Juror Number Two, was

"And my beard's plenty tough!"

$15

AC and DC

Men who are exposed to all kinds of weather, who have tough skins and wiry beards, shave quickly and easily with the Schick. Yet a boy just starting to clean the down from his tender cheeks, finds the Schick as gentle in action as if he rubbed his face with his finger tips.

A totally blind man could shave in perfect safety and comfort with not the slightest danger of cutting or hurting himself.

WHY SCHICK ABOVE ALL

For a working lifetime Schick studied hair, faces and mechanical ways to shave. He experimented with cutters of many constructions and shapes. He found that a *flat* cutter with an extremely thin slotted plate, nestled closely into the skin, depressed the tiny mounds and enabled the inner cutter to shave off the hairs more efficiently and closer than any other shape of cutter shaved them.

All our past and present research convinces us that this patented construction is still the most efficient of all.

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How then, could you shave at a lower cost per shave?

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SCHICK SHAVER

smiling as the jury filed into the courtroom. Twenty-two-year-old Ruth Cross, the "baby" of the jury, wept as she rushed into the arms of her young husband, whom she had not seen for thirty-seven days. The male jurors fairly devoured Remus with congratulations.

"There was never any doubt in our minds," one of them said; and then added, somewhat irrelevantly: "He didn't have any Christmas last year, and we wanted him to have one this year."

By as brilliant a display of courtroom tactics as ever graced a murder defense, George Remus had proved himself insane. His job was now to prove himself sane. That was easy. There were delays, of course—for Taft fought him skillfully step by step. His unanswerable logic was not to be denied.

Three government alienists, vouched for by the prosecution, had testified at his trial that he was sane. They had even put their findings in a written report. They read in part as follows:

"After a careful physical and mental examination, the hearing of the testimony and the history of the case, we find said George Remus sane."

These gentlemen could not go back on their sworn testimony and their written word. Neither could their sponsors. Automatically the government's witnesses became Remus's witnesses. On March 31, 1928, the Court of Appeals decided by a vote of two to one that he was sane—adding this significant comment:

"It may be said that the verdict in the trial at Cincinnati was a miscarriage of justice. We frankly say that if his mental condition was, at the time he committed the homicide, as it was shown to be during the trial before us, the verdict was a most flagrant and reprehensible outrage of judicial administration which cannot too strongly be condemned."

Yet, feeling this way, the learned jurists had no alternative but to allow George Remus to wriggle, for the second time in three months, through the insanity loophole and walk forth a free man.

The Cincinnati bar railed at this seemingly obvious miscarriage of justice. It passed resolutions to investigate the action of the trial jurors. It recommended to the Ohio Bar Association sweeping reforms in the whole jury system.

Judges, lawyers, editors, public-spirited citizens everywhere joined in the protest. And with reason. For, as a lawyer friend of mine put it:

"Justice was raped by George Remus!"

THE END

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Thatcher Colt, New York's legendary police commissioner, feels strongly that the spectacle here described of a man who killed his wife acting as his own lawyer and defending himself on the ground that he was insane, is one of the high lights in the fantastic history of our American courts. But the American public should realize that lawyer criminals who call themselves criminal lawyers are performing in our halls of justice every day, side by side with decent and reputable attorneys. Why does the legal profession of America hesitate to cast out these crooks who for years have besmirched the practice of law? These men not only get criminals off by vile subterfuges, but they actually function as the brains of criminal gangs, inspiring the crimes which they defend.

At a recent convention of the American Bar Association its president said: "We know that we do have some in our ranks whose activities are a continuing menace to decent society, and that the bar as a whole has been strangely apathetic toward them, to say the least. We have been classed with the most depraved gangsters and racketeers. The bar as a whole has seemingly not been much concerned about it."

Here are Augean stables which need cleaning, and Thatcher Colt believes that America needs another Hercules for the job. The police do arrest criminals, but the criminals hire lawyers to get them off, often by criminal means. It is time for the American Bar Association to follow the admonition of its president and do something about it.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 11

1—Anna Pavlowa (1885-1931).

2—Flemings.

3—Three hundred pounds.

4—Yes; when supporting the body's weight, an adult's feet are about three eighths of an inch greater in length.

5—Cleveland; Clemens (Mark Twain); Shelley.

6—No, according to scientists of the United States Department of Agriculture, who state that "harmful changes in the food cannot result merely from leaving food in the can after opening."

7—Jacob Hayes, appointed High Constable of the City of New York in 1802.

8—The Committee for Industrial Organization, founded by John Llewellyn Lewis.

9—Sweetbread.

10—Adam, Genesis 5:5—"And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years: and he died."

11—Matches.

12—Philadelphia inventor of the games Monopoly, Bulls and Bears.

13—Grapefruit.

14—Jack Johnson.

15—None—for the first time in fifty-five years.

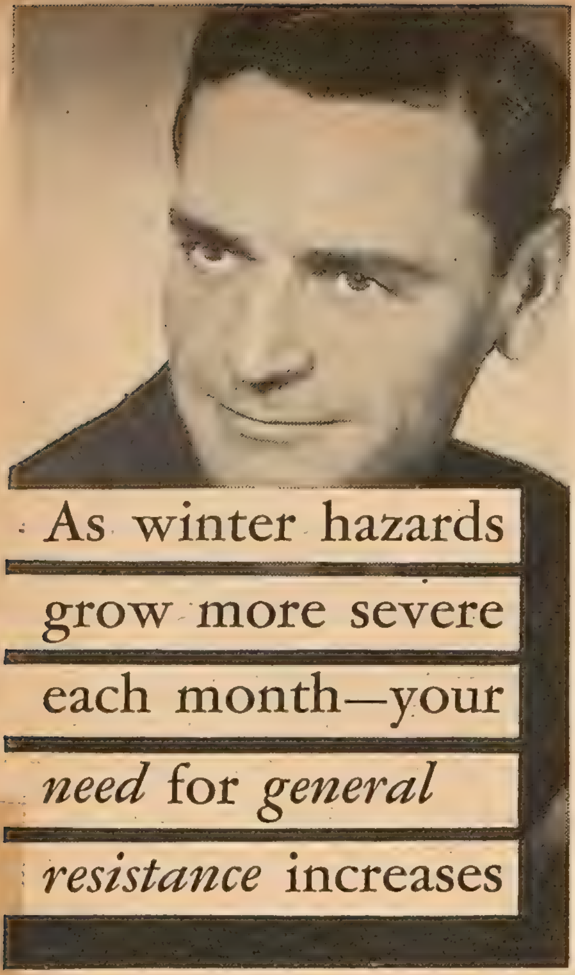
16—Black—it's the ground that is white, whitish-gray, or yellow.

17—At Stapleton, Staten Island, New York.

18—Token money which the colonists being rehabilitated at Matanuska Valley, Alaska, are paid for their work. The government commissary exchanges machinery, farm animals, feed, et cetera, for bingles.

19—In Sweden—as in other Scandinavian countries, Denmark in particular.

20—Shirley Temple



As winter hazards grow more severe each month—your *need* for *general resistance* increases

Earlier in the season, you probably had some stored-up reserve to help protect you against common discomforts. But since then you've no doubt been through a strenuous winter with too little exercise, rest, and sunshine. Your general *resistance* may be low.

Low general resistance helps to explain why many people are affected by winter discomforts now. It's also the reason they have more trouble "throwing off" these conditions at the end of the season than at the beginning.

The wisest course, by far, is to take precautions *before* you're uncomfortable. This can be done by using some resistance-building measure *as a regular routine every day.*

Begin now with *Adex!* With Adex, you get the protective benefits of Vitamin A. This factor specifically helps to increase your general resistance. Adex also provides "sunshine" Vitamin D which you should get from a *special* source at this trying season.

In both Adex tablets and capsules, only *natural* sources of the vitamins are used, such as good cod and halibut liver oil.

Take Adex *every day.* That's how to benefit most. Have it on the breakfast table every morning. Now at any reliable drug store in tablets and capsules. Made only by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

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One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

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Becher's Brook — and the field is decreased. It's the Grand National's most dangerous jump.

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

Why the GRAND NATIONAL Is a BAD BET

Some Disillusioning Facts About Your Money and a Colorful Classic of Sport

by CLEM McCARTHY

FAMOUS RACING COMMENTATOR AND BROADCASTER

MY friend eyed me coldly. "Listen," he urged. "Any Grand National bet is a bad bet. I'll tell you why," he continued. "Your chances of losing the best Grand National steeplechase bet you can possibly make are greater by far than your chances of losing any bet you can make on any other horse race under the sun."

He wasn't prejudiced against the Grand National, was he?

"On the contrary, I haven't missed one since Ambush II won for the Prince of Wales. That was back in 1900. And I'm not going to miss this one on March 19, either. To me it's the most exhilarating sporting spectacle in all the world."

Here the announcer of the radio program to which we had come to listen put a finger to his lips, and every one in the studio promptly hushed. In the minutes of mandatory silence that followed, I pondered my friend's assertion: any Grand National bet is a bad bet.

My thoughts drifted back, at first away from the Grand National. I recalled a friend who played the horses only occasionally and merely for the fun he got out of his bets.

One day I came upon him in the betting ring of the old Harlem track in Chicago. He was wagering a bookmaker two dollars on a horse at the quite unusual odds of 1,000 to 1. The horse was to run against five others that outclassed him as definitely as Joe Louis excelled Kingfish Levinsky.

I looked at my friend reprovingly. Didn't he know that horse couldn't win unless all the others fell down?

"Sure I know it," he chuckled. "They all might fall down! And besides," he persisted, "two thousand dollars to my two! That's a good bet even if I lose it!"

THAT WAS A GREAT IDEA JOE—SWITCHING ME BACK TO USING GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR. MY FACE FEELS SWELL!
NOW HE KNOWS YOU AND I WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE BLADE
GILLETTE RAZOR

For Grand Shaves Day After Day

—use a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor

WHETHER you spend most of your time outdoors or in, you'll welcome the genuine shaving comfort you get with a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor.

The Gillette Razor and Gillette Blade are made for each other. Designed by the same engineers and produced in the same factory, they work perfectly together in giving you grand shaves day after day.

Hard Enough to Cut Glass

With the care and precision usually employed only in great scientific laboratories, Gillette Blades are fashioned from the world's finest steel. They are tempered to such hardness that they can actually cut glass. Huge grinding machines grind, hone and strop the edges so keen that they are *invisible* to the human eye and can be measured only by a beam of light.

If you have strayed away from using Gillette Blades in your Gillette Razor, make this interesting test. Buy a package of Gillette Blades and use one in your Gillette Razor tomorrow. See if it doesn't give you the finest shave you ever had.

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Sunday Nights—10 P. M. E. S. T.

Gillette BLUE BLADES

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

The bookie was listening. He tapped my friend on the shoulder. "Mister," he said softly, "you're wrong about that. No bet that you lose ever is a good one."

None of the horses in the race fell down, and in all my experience of racing I cannot remember any horse that was beaten by so many lengths as my friend's money bearer finished behind the next-to-last horse.

"Say," he remarked after the race, "I guess that bookie was right. There isn't such a thing as a good bet if it loses. You know, at a hundred to one I wouldn't have given that horse a thought. But because I can get a thousand to one against him, I go and waste two dollars."

From that incident at Harlem my recollecting traveled back to the Grand National, the race that's been run at Aintree, England, on the outskirts of Liverpool, for almost a century. Kaleidoscopically, tragedies of a score of Grand Nationals hurried past my half-closed eyes.

I saw Easter Hero, himself with a rare good chance of winning, straddle the hedge at the Canal Turn—and, pronto! twenty horses that neither could jump past him nor over him were out of the race hopelessly.

Davy Jones flashed before me, a galloping leader, twenty-eight tough jumps behind him, only two more to leap, and the horses within sound of his heels tired of chasing him. How could he lose? But, even as his backers roared their joy, a buckle of his bridle snapped—and zowie! out of the course went Davy Jones.

And that cold March afternoon in 1872 when Harvester, Scarrington, and Schiedam cleared the last jump abreast—only the race down the flat now! No horse nearer than Casse Tete. One of the three must win. But a riderless horse that had fallen in the first round of the course dashed from the field into the path of the three battling leaders—struck Schiedam, sent him sprawling. One of the two leaders, Harvester or Scarrington, must win now. But Harvester grabbed a quarter of his own forefoot with the calk of a hind plate—nearly tore the foot off—and staggered over to one side, all through.

SO how could Scarrington lose? But the delicate plates worn by a Grand National runner undergo a lot of punishment in more than four miles of galloping, taking off, landing, and galloping on. And one of Scarrington's plates came loose, twisted, slashed a leg badly—and Casse Tete dashed home, the winner.

Indeed, most any Grand National bet, no matter the steeplechasing prowess of the horse, the conditioning genius of the trainer, or the courage, judgment, skill of the jockey, must be a bad bet.

But what of the sweepstakes? The lucky human holding a ticket on the winning horse may cash in to the tune of $150,000—odds of 60,000 to 1! Would a wager of two dollars and a half, the price of a sweeps ticket, at such odds, be—of necessity—a bad bet?

The radio program was over. My friend listened to my question and shot me a quick answer:

"Buying a ticket in a sweepstakes isn't betting. When you bet you may be exercising knowledge, judgment, strength, speed, skill. But when you buy a sweepstakes ticket you exercise nothing but hope."

Still, those odds—60,000 to 1!

"But an American doesn't get such odds, even if he draws the winning horse. By the time he gets his first prize back to this country, pays off the man who sold him the ticket, and then forks over a little tax to his Uncle Samuel, he's a lucky man if he has netted $75,000."

Pretty sweet, most winners would think.

"BUT no good to a loser," my friend objected. "Besides, do you realize the percentage against you in a sweepstakes? Take the gambling device that imposes the lowest percentage against the player: roulette. When you buck the wheel you're going against less than six per cent.

"A bookmaker, laying odds against the horses at the track, would be tickled pink if he could be sure of having five per cent in his favor all the time. Even at tracks having pari-mutuels the percentage against the players is as low as seven. But in a sweepstakes it would be twenty-eight against the player if he didn't have income tax to meet. Add that on, and you're up against more than fifty per cent.

"Look at a sweepstakes from this angle: If four million people buy tickets, only fourteen of them can take down that first prize of a hundred and fifty grand, another fourteen can win the second, and the same number the third. Then about eight hundred can win the three-thousand-dollar prizes that go to those who draw a horse's name, and another fourteen hundred would get consolation prizes of five hundred each.

"So what is so sweet about odds of 30,000 to 1 if only one player in every quarter of a million can cash in at that figure? And!—don't overlook this angle: how many counterfeit sweepstakes tickets would you estimate are peddled in the United States every year?"

By now we were out of Radio City, he about to take a taxi to his club. He would be at Aintree to see the Grand National. Would he have a bet on the race?

"I'm not sailing till early in March," he confided. "Before then I'll have word from an old Irish horseman—they tell me he's poison to the bookmakers when it comes to picking the Grand National. Give me a ring before I sail and I'll tell you the horse I'm backing."

But it might be a bad bet, any—

"Sure it might—and it will be if it loses. But I haven't lost this Grand National bet—yet!"

THE END

Youth to the Rescue—the Kids Make Good

Virtue Is Rewarded, Crime Is Foiled, in Two Tales of Juvenile Exploits . .
The Films Take Mr. Robinson to London and Send Us Miss Matthews Again

by
BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

Polly Moran and Alison Skipworth in a scene from Two Wise Maids.

★ ★ ½ TWO WISE MAIDS

THE PLAYERS: Alison Skipworth, Polly Moran, Hope Manning, Donald Cook, Jackie Searl, Lila Lee, Luis Alberni, Maxie Rosenbloom, Marcia Mae Jones, Harry Burns, Clarence Wilson, Selmer Jackson, John Hamilton, Theresa Conover, Raymond Brown, James C. Morton, Stanley Blystone. Screen play by Sam Ornitz from a story by Endre Bohem. Directed by Phil Rosen. Produced by Republic. Running time, 70 minutes.

THERE is a warm human quality about this little drama that would have blossomed into what the film experts term a "box-office wow" had Director Frank Capra been at the helm. Not that Phil Rosen's direction is inadequate. It is, in fact, extremely moving at times.

Agatha Stanton is an old-fashioned teacher in a hard-boiled school of East Side Manhattan. For all her unwavering interest in youth, she comes to be looked upon as out-of-date by her superiors. So, when a dishonest urchin charges her with beating him up, it appears that the school powers would seize upon the excuse to oust her. Then her pupils—who love her in spite of her unswerving firmness and her prim clothes of the '90s—hit upon an idea to save her. They marshal a lot of her old pupils. One is heavyweight champion of the world; another a power in Wall Street; a third is a musical-comedy star; a fourth is a corner fruit vendor; and so on. All of them owe what they are to her firm, kindly discipline. They rush to the rescue of Old Ironsides. It is a moving moment that is real cinema.

Alison Skipworth gives a heart-warming, skillful performance of the old teacher. Polly Moran is miscast as a friend, another veteran instructor. And, in bits, you will find Lila Lee, one-time screen idol who grew up in silent films, and Maxie Rosenbloom, the fighter.

VITAL STATISTICS: Alison Skipworth's Skippy to those who aren't cowed by that magnificent exterior. Never was any one so misnicknamed: Dowie, short for Dowager, being more to the point. She's been around about sixty-three years, having been born a Groom in fairly fancy London, of fairly fancy family. Married portrait painter Frank Skipworth many years ago and stayed happily married till he died two years ago. Admits her age; says she debutted in opera, has since given up her singing voice. Has Scotch blood, detests Scotch jokes. Despite contact through the years with corny America, has never lost that Old Lady of Threadneedle Street accent. Usually plays dowagers, queens, ornamentals, and this is practically first plain-dame role she's ever had. Liked it. Plays cribbage, cards, chess, parchesi, and is mighty spry around a ping-pong table. Neither tats, teas, knits, gossips, reads, nor strays while on a set: concentrates on what's going on; is anxious to do what she must do; hates to let the attention stray in any way. . . . The death of Marie Dressler, with whom she was teamed, broke up Polly Moran so completely she almost gave up pictures. Has done little since on screen aside from a few shorts, but has been traveling almost continuously to forget. Has recovered pretty well now; but the wanderlust has succeeded just as she is about to enter on a second career, thanks to the success of this her first biggie since Dresslerian era. Doesn't know whether to remain in Hollywood or travel more. While traveling she makes personal appearances. Has knocked 'em dead in London and Australia, probably first big cinema star ever to visit Down Under. Was born in Chicago. After much vodvil it was Mack Sennett who engraved her first upon celluloid as Sheriff Nell, and later M-G-M startled the sedate big studios by taking her over. Blessed with a rapid-fire Irish-colleen tongue, she's as full of fun as a barrel of false noses and none of the pro comics can keep up with her in her back-fence wisecracking. She's married to a Mr. Malone, of her same race, I believe, pretty much of a boxer and her business manager. . . . Marcia Mae Jones is dotter of a telegrapher on the L. A. Times. She's been in movies since she was three, playing first part in picture in which Clark Gable played a bit chauffeur. She's twelve; wears cotton stockings in this for first time in her life; has never had any dramatic training—says her maw doesn't believe in it, says it spoils one. Rather versatile, Marcia was a sweetie-pie in These Three; turns tough in this. . . . Again we have the painful duty of informing you that Luis Alberni is Spanish but doesn't get a Spanish role to play in this—just goes on being Italian. . . . Harry Burns is not related to George Burns; has been around in vodvil. . . . Made at Republic Quickie Works, this one took all of eighteen days, an unprecedented time for the quickies! At a big studio eighteen days would be equivalent to the time it would take to get the right fingernail shade for a Crawford.

★ ★ ½ THUNDER IN THE CITY

THE PLAYERS: Edward G. Robinson, Luli Deste, Ralph Richardson, Nigel Bruce, Constance Collier, Arthur Wontner, Annie Esmond, Elizabeth Inglis, Cyril Raymond, Nancy Burne, Billy Bray, James Crew, Everly Gregg. Screen play by Robert Sherwood and Aben Kandel. Directed by Marion Gering. Produced by Atlantic-Columbia. Running time, 88 minutes.

HERE the British seize upon our ex-gang czar of celluloidia, Edward G. Robinson, and transform him into an engaging master press agent.

Actually the proceedings have a diverting quality. Dan Armstrong, the advertising director of a big American motor corporation who goes in strong for sensational stunts, is dropped by his confreres because his ballyhoo activities are undignified and out-of-date. So Armstrong goes over to London to study dignity, and before you can say "P. T. Barnum" he has turned England upside down in exploiting the sale of stock in a Rhodesia miracle metal called magnalite. It seems that ballyhoo is perennial and international.

Eddie Robinson gives a sharp, vigorous performance of the Yankee stunt man. The much-talked-about newcomer, Luli Deste, plays his charming inspiration and reveals real promise. Nigel Bruce is excellent as her sluggish-thinking British father who blunders into a fortune.

VITAL STATISTICS: The City in this case is London's Wall Street, but neither Ed Robinson nor megger Gering knew it. Did you? . . . Quick, definite, eyeglassed, clever Marion Gering was born at Rostov-on-Don, somewhere in Rahshia. His parents wanted a girl and so, sure they'd get one, Marion was prenamed with a dame's monicker. Later, when he became a director and put on a naughty sex farce in New York, he got loads of bids from gents who called up for dates, thinking him on the oo-la-la distaff side. Even to this day fan writers drop into Hollywood studios and ask for Miss Gering. Has had a considerable Hollywood career. Went to London to meg this to get a change of air. Found English studio methods somewhat lacking and, like all American directors, almost went crazy during the first few weeks waiting for the weather to get right and things to get going. Would rise at 6 ack emma, arrive at studio at 7 to get to location at 8, and find himself only one arrived. Stormed and urged, but could not shake English studioites from their habits. Worried through entire picture. Spent $900,000 to make it, and of eleven shooting weeks only eight saw the cameras grinding. . . . This is Eddie Robinson's first English acting hunk. He's been there before, however. Was recognized all over the place and would be pursued for miles by hordes of autograph-nuts English fans and fanees on bicycles. Got a terrific sum for doing Thunder in the City, probably around $150,000, and last year he made about $300,000 at $100,000 a picture. Is really a Goldenberg of Bucharest, Rumania; speaks and knows nine languages; has gigantic linguist library rivaled only by his rockefellerian art collection, which includes Grant Woods, Picassos, Renoirs, Matisses, Dalis, and other moderns. Spent most of his time in England buying pictures, seeing the country. Is married happily to Gladys Lloyd, actress. Snarls in Little Caesar fashion if phoned too early in the morning. Likes walking, lots of sleep, big cigars, informal clothes, fruit, rain, children, fan mail, world premières, airplanes, Hollywood, open cars, good radio, silk underwear, showers, dining at home, reading himself to sleep, window-shopping, modern architecture, sleeping late, holidays, money, and having his picture taken. Hates streetcars, autographs, umbrellas, night clubs, ice-cream cones, traveling alone, bath salts, sun baths, comics, bum music, pink teas, heavy politics, writing letters. . . . Brunettey, deep-emotioned, goo-goo-eyed, full-lipped, Continentally beautiful Luli Deste was born in Vienna about twenty-five years ago to the Baron and Baroness Bodenhauser, landowners of Austria. Luli hated schooling, fled from finishing school once; liked nature; managed to get pretty well educated by private tooting. Always wanted to be a dancer. Got married instead at seventeen to the Baron Hohenberg, Austrian nobleman, who encouraged her stage dreams and knocked her down to the inevitable Reinhardt. Became a sort of Ina Claire plus Myrna Loy on German stage. Got divorced. Crashed London. Had a tough time getting going, even losing a hundred English pounds betting she'd get a part. Gering saw her in the lobby of the Savoy Hotel in London, and, though frantic for a leading woman, he didn't dare do a Hollywood and ask her to appear for a screen test. Next morning Luli turned up at Gering's studio, sent by a theatrical guy—and was Gering elated, fellers! Changed her name to Luli Deste. Got Hollywood contract from Harry Cohn after Thundering, and first act was to seek out country place in San Fernando Valley, chosen more for grounds than for house and designed to satisfy the soil in her soul. Is an epicurean, but believes what's good to eat is good for the health. Can't fatten up, eats everything, yet weighs only 105.

★ ★ PENROD AND SAM

THE PLAYERS: Billy Mauch, Frank Craven, Spring Byington, Craig Reynolds, Harry Watson, Jackie Morrow, Philip Hurlic, Charles Halton, Bernice Pilot, Kenneth Harlan, Allan Davis, Si Wills, Billy Lechner, Billy Wolfstone, Jerry Madden. Screen play by Lillie Hayward and Hugh Cummings from the stories by Booth Tarkington. Directed by William McGann. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 65 minutes.

NOBODY has caught the spirit of youth since Mark Twain immortalized Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn as well as Booth Tarkington. The Hoosier knows his average American boy and Penrod has come to be the personification of middle-class youth.

The story is melodramatic. For Penrod and his own personal order of juvenile G-men capture three desperate criminals—and do it all by themselves. But none of this seems out of keeping with the spirit of Penrod and his pals: Sam, Verman, and the rest.

Young Billy Mauch is a happy choice as Penrod; Harry Watson is excellent as his chum and aide, Sam; and a little colored boy, Philip Hurlic, is a delightful Verman. That one-time stage comedian of everyday American life, Frank Craven, is Penrod's harassed dad, Mr. Schofield. No choice could be better—but the films should do more with Mr. Craven.

VITAL STATISTICS: It's really Newton Booth Tarkington. He's the Indianapoleon of American Letters, often referred to as the dean. Born of an Indianapolis lawyer and Civil Warrior, Tarkington's paw lived to ninety, and Booth, now sixty-six, expects to outlive him, having more interests. Tarkington was very social and amusing at Princeton. Wanted to be an illustrator; had one drawing accepted, succeeding thirty-one rejected; decided to become a writer. Wrote steadily for eight years thereafter and netted himself exactly $22.60. Cherry was first story he ever sold, but purchasing editor shelved it. Gentleman from Indiana was first novel he ever published, but Monsieur Beaucaire brought him first fame. Served time in the Indiana legislature back in 1902, entering as a Socialist and retiring as a militant Republican. Bill he introduced providing blind should support themselves making brooms was defeated, thus knocking the idealism out of him, Never struck real stride till James Whitcomb Riley godpoppaed him into sticking to Indiana themes. Air of casualness to his writing is hard struggled for. Does 1,400 words a day; writes everything in longhand on a drawing board; revises next day, but never looks at any of his stuff in print. Got idea for Penrod from his front porch at Kennebunkport, where he summers in a house known as the House Penrod Built. . . . Billy Mauch is twin brother to Bobby Mauch; they're sons of a railroad man, born in Peoria. Billy came to screenland via radio to play the boy Anthony in Allen's big book. Studio couldn't make up its mind as to which of identical twins to use, so tossed for it and Billy won. Bobby's always on the set with Billy, and they alternate often in scenes, nobody telling the difference. . . . Fat Boy Billy Wolfstone is ten, weighs 145. His mother says his fat's his fortune, but not glandular, merely result of a judicious diet. Billy hopes to remain fat for a few years more, then thin to Buck Rogers hardness and rescue dames from Mars. . . . Harry Watson's Sam, aged twelve, one of the nine acting stair-stepped Watsons. Paw is Caughley Watson, who grocered near Mack Sennett lot in old days and went into movies. Among them, Watsonian brats have had 1,500 film appearances, Harry's the champ at present, earning the most. . . . Farina now having grown old enough to get out of the movies, Verman's played by Philip Hurlic, a dusky sepia genius. Philip, however, unlike Farina, hates to swallow frogs and goldfish even for Art. . . . Mild Spring Byington gets $1,000 a week on stage or screen for doing those simpering, fluttery, helen hokinson wives and mothers. Spring's of Colorado Springs; her paw was a school supe, maw an M. D. . . . Frank Craven writes 'em, acts 'em, puts 'em on. The First Year was his, and he claims to have started Eddie Robinson on his career of glorious crime. Uses an expensive desk to keep his feet on and a kitchen table to do his writing on. . . . The kids avoided Craig Reynolds like the truant officer. He plays

BILL'S RAISE WINS BRIDE
THE DINNER IS ON ME, BILL — I JUST GOT A RAISE
GOSH, HOW DO YOU DO IT?
A QUICK SHINOLA SHINE AND OFF TO WORK. IT PAYS TO LOOK NEAT, BILL!
?
TWO MONTHS LATER
YOU GOT A RAISE TODAY, BILL? WONDERFUL! NOW WE CAN GET MARRIED
BLACK SHINOLA SHOE POLISH
YOU SHINE WHEN YOUR SHOES SHINE!

BE ADMIRED for neatness! Start with your shoes. Shine up with Shinola. See how easily it makes shoes gleam like new. Because Shinola is made exclusively for home use...with imported Carnauba wax that gives quick, lasting shines...and deep dye that banishes scuff marks instantly. Ask for Shinola...and insist on getting it!

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SHINOLA MAKES A POLISH, DYE, CLEANER FOR EVERY TYPE OF SHOE

the heavy, and it cost him eighteen bruises at touch football with them and several pounds of licorice to win them over to him. . . . Terrific technical advance: Warners have increased the height of their stages, so that now studio rain can fall at the proper m. p. h. You'd be surprised at the number of vox poppers who beef about such detail!

★ ★ HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE

THE PLAYERS: Jessie Matthews, Louis Borell, Robert Flemyng, Romney Brent, Whitney Bourne, Paul Leyssac, Eliot Makeham, Fred Duprez. Adaptation by Fred Thompson and Dwight Taylor from a play by Francis de Croisset. Scenario by Marjorie Gaffney. Directed by Sonnie Hale. Produced by Gaumont-British. Running time, 83 minutes.

YOUR Beverly Hills regrets to report that the British are spoofing our movies—and expecting us to like it. This is the fable of a pretty little Paris cabaret girl who has her heart broken by a faithless young Frenchman. The Parisian catches the predatory eye of a young Hollywood screen siren, who promptly annexes him. But Jeanne recovers, finds a new and honest romance, and becomes celebrated on the radio (more kidding) as the Lady in Blue who chants advertising in vocal rhyme.

Little Jessie Matthews, the popular British film star, sings and dances, and will be in Hollywood before long, I suspect. For all the tunes of those imported American songsmiths, Gordon and Revel, this British musical leaves you pretty cold and untouched. But Miss Matthews has possibilities.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jessie Matthews has trouble getting leading men; would like to do a picture with Fred Astaire, but is afraid their personalities would clash. Would adore a charity performance with him to see how they'd get on together. She's absolutely self-made, a dotter of the people. Her parents kept a candy store, selling homemade dips. From time she was old enough to walk, she danced, tripping the light fantastic on the streets, to and from school. Parents opposed stage idea. Her elder sister entered Jessie in an elocution class, for which third prize. This was enough inducement to go on, so Jessie got into English Music Box Revue; she chorined. N'l Cahrd's This Year of Grace successed her. She's very determined beneath that divine exterior. Does what she wants to do. First husband was Henry Lytton; she divorced him. Lives at Hampton, Middlesex, in an old English-Tudored half-timbered house, a half-hour from the city. Practices dances in a huge studio completely mirrored, and directed by Sonnie Hale. . . . Mack Gordon's the heaviest song writer in Hollywood—weighs 276—and is the author of I Feel Like a Feather in the Breeze. He's dieting to defat. He and Revel wrote Through the Courtesy of Love, Head Over Heels in Love, and the other hits in this in England for $20,000.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion, Winterset, The Texas Rangers.

★★★½—On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory.

★★★—You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck.

GOOD BOOKS *by* OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ OF MICE AND MEN by John Steinbeck. Covici, Friede.

A short, vigorous, beautiful story of loyalty between two men. You've never read anything quite like it, and you'll never forget it.

★ ★ ★ END OF TRACK by James H. Kyner, as told to Hawthorn Daniel. The Caxton Printers, Ltd.

An intimate story of the life of a pioneer railroad builder on the Western frontier in the years following the Civil War. Interesting and valuable as a portrayal of the life and times of the nation's great railroad expansion period.

★ ★ ★ THE CHRONICLE OF AARON KANE by Frederick Wight. Farrar & Rinehart.

A first-rate sea saga of a Cape Cod boy who learned to master ships, men, himself. Superb reading for lovers of old clipper ships; good reading even for any one who never saw the sea.

★ ★ ½ BARREN METAL by Naomi Jacob. The Macmillan Company.

A sympathetically told story of a German-Jewish family in London. The destructive passion for wealth in the man and the spiritual vision of the woman make a dramatic conflict.

-HORRORS! IT'S GONE AGAIN!
THAT'S TWICE I'VE WAKED UP WITH A HEADACHE AND MISSED MY BROMO-SELTZER
THERE MUST BE A THIEF IN THE HOUSE, AUNT HEP!
THAT NIGHT
-GERALD WOULD GO TO A PARTY AND LEAVE ME ALONE WITH A THIEF! BUT THIS TIME I'LL TIE THE BROMO-SELTZER BOTTLE TO MY TOE!
NEXT MORNING
BOY-DO I NEED THIS! LAST NIGHT'S PARTY STARTED A FIRE IN MY HEAD
MY TOE!!!
THE ONLY ONE I DIDN'T SUSPECT! HOW DID YOU KNOW BROMO-SELTZER STOPS HEADACHES FASTER?
-YOU TAUGHT ME, AUNT HEP-IT SOOTHES THE NERVES AND SETTLES THE STOMACH, TOO!
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IT GIVES MORE ALL-ROUND RELIEF

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EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

Marching DEAD

TERRY BRENNAN is a name assumed by the American adventurer and soldier, recently returned from service with the Spanish Foreign Legion, whose own story of the Moroccan part of Spain's civil war Captain Blackledge is retelling. Shortly before the war's outbreak, Brennan and his Legionnaire pal Kelton were captured by Berbers. They escaped in native costume, but another Berber band tortured Kelton to death and forced Brennan to look on until he lost his senses. Regaining them, he found himself on a dromedary with a chieftain's daughter who had taken a fancy to him. At nightfall he caused the dromedary to bolt. When at last a pursuing Berber's slower pack camel overtook it, the girl killed herself, but Brennan managed to kill the Berber. Then along came a squadron of Moroccan cavalry, headed by a hard-boiled Spanish captain with a monocle. He took Brennan for a deserter, and ordered him returned to his Legion unit under escort. Halting in a grove in the desert, the party were attacked by a superior force of Berbers. They stopped their first charge. Thereupon the brigands dismounted and threw themselves flat in the dust.

PART TWO—SHE-DEVILS . . AND A DANCING GIRL

THEY lay there with never a sound, hour after hour, waiting for us to emerge or for darkness to descend. Then one of our Moors touched the sergeant and pointed. A patch of dusty earth was moving—*moving!* A grim shape of sand was inching toward us.

I held my breath, sighted carefully, fired. A yelp. A cloud of sand and dust. A flurry of arms and legs. The figure flopped back into the dirt, lay still. It was naked. The nose of a rifle protruded from beneath the body. If one Berber, why not others? We scanned every inch of ground before us. For the remainder of that afternoon I stared into the breath of a furnace. Dusk came. Still no movement. Darkness descended, and we spread out along the fringe of the wood. It was now every man for himself.

Shots came over and spat harmlessly among the trees. We fired wherever the spurts of fire showed. Yet the Berbers drew nearer. It could not be long before they would rush our position.

Suddenly the moon opened up that dark world before us. We saw them then. We drilled their flank men before they had time to drop for cover.

The ground grew gradually lighter. The advantage was again with us. But those devils out there were in no hurry—and our day's rations were all but exhausted.

The sergeant gripped my arm. I squinted in the direction of his pointing finger.

"It's gone!" he whispered.

I gasped. The dead Berber, the naked one, *was* gone, had vanished! The body had been spirited away. Yet none of us had seen it go. It must have been removed within the past few minutes!

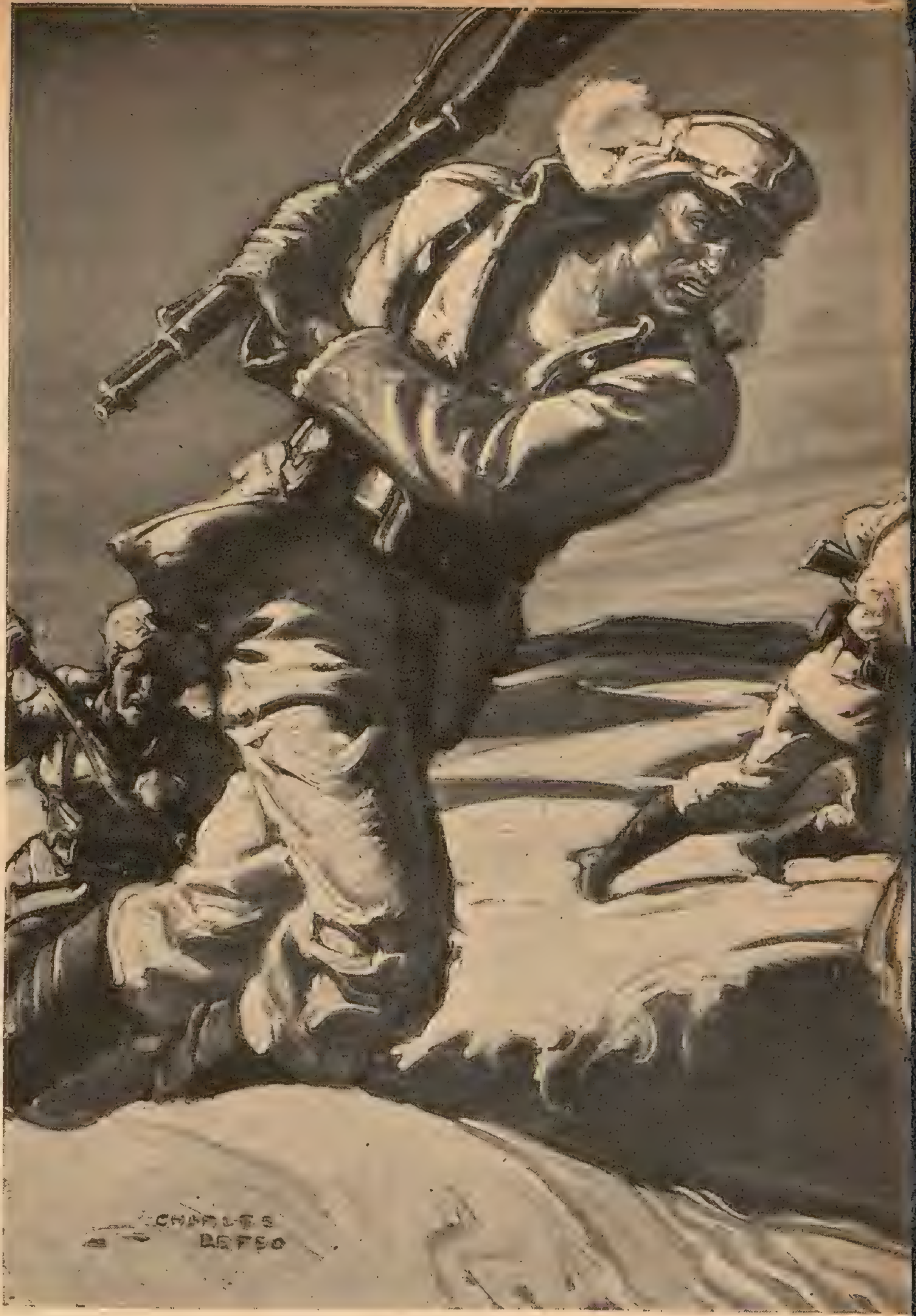
"Look! Isn't that a line—a sort of raised track shooting off from about where the body was lying?"

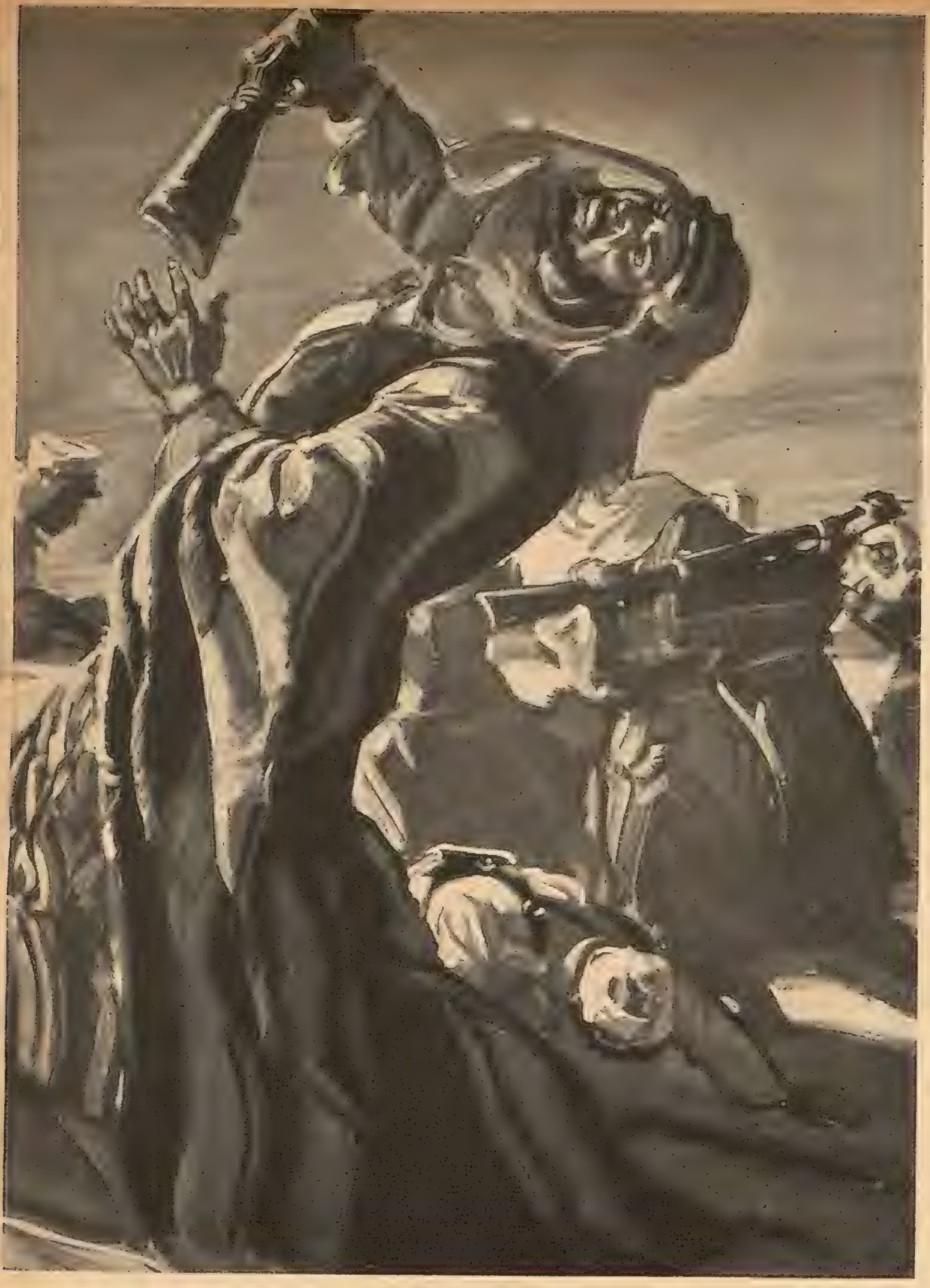
Four or five of us got the same impression all at once. We started peppering that elongated mound of sand. We had our reward. A figure leaped out of the earth as if shot up by a spring; another Berber had made the journey to Allah, also in his birthday suit.

We could not be so terribly outnumbered now. We must have accounted for ten or a dozen of them by this

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES DE FEO

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 25 SECONDS





I swung my rifle—saw the hood flop sideways from one fellow's head.

MEN

An American Soldier's Vivid Story of the Mad Campaign in Morocco that Heralded Spain's Civil War

by

TERRY BRENNAN

as told to Captain

W. J. BLACKLEDGE

time. Just the same, two or three well hidden men could hold us at bay indefinitely. It would take a day or two for the commanders of the two forts concerned to realize that something had gone wrong and send out a patrol to search. We might all be dead by then.

The Moors were all for making a charge. I was inclined to agree with them. But the Italian thought we should stand a better chance between daylight and dawn.

Hour after hour passed. At last we felt the cold raw drifting air which heralds the dawn. We got to our feet. There could be no attempt at a breakaway; our mounts would be shot from under us. We had to go straight out there and finish off these Berbers.

"Now!"

We raced from the trees in open formation. A spattering volley of lead came. It was too thin, too wide of the mark to check us. As we neared their patches of cover, cries of "Allah! Allah!" rose and they jumped up all together.

There were not more than a dozen of them. I ran at two hooded figures, swung my rifle—saw the hood flop sideways from one fellow's head. Then the other was crashing his gun at my jaw. I swerved, a split second too late. But the gun was intercepted by the Moor at my side. It dropped at my feet, and the Berber followed, dead.

Then we were stumbling and staggering about the flint-strewn patch, thrusting, slashing, parrying, and jabbing. Once I stumbled over a body, and down came a rifle butt. I rolled out of that as by a miracle. Then I could see only four Berbers still in action, still beseeching the aid of Allah. It went on until there were only one of the Moors, the sergeant, and myself left to face three of them.

"Come on!" croaked the Italian.

A swinging butt grazed my shoulder. I felt suddenly sick and weary. I slipped, made a terrific effort to regain my balance, received a crushing blow, and dropped senseless.

I woke up in the middle of a hot afternoon, burning from head to foot. Something made me raise an arm. It was bare! Panic-stricken, I rolled over in the hot sand, hands pawing at a naked body—my own! I had been stripped. I was really afraid then, afraid for my sanity. I dared not look around, being convinced that if I did I should see those fiends torturing poor old Kelton.

GRADUALLY reality came back to me. So they had left me for dead? That seemed to be the way of it. Everything gone—clothes, rifles. Those three Berbers had won out and taken all they could lay their hands on.

I gazed around. Scattered bodies of men and animals, the men stripped or partially stripped. At least some of our Moors had some clothing. That naked thing over there would be the sergeant.

The vultures did not move as I staggered to where he lay. I dropped down beside him, pushed him over on his back—then stared. He was not dead! I remember bawling at him, slapping his shoulder, shaking him. I was crazy with the knowledge that there was somebody alive besides the vultures and myself.

I tore clothing from the Moors' bodies and wrapped some of it about him, some about my own limbs. Then began the task

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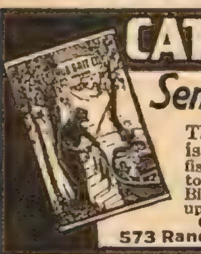
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ALL in one Operation

of dragging, half-carrying him toward the belt of trees. I prayed that he would remain alive until I could get him to the water hole. Inch by inch I dragged him into the shelter of the trees. I was trembling as I forced his mouth open and splashed in the water.

He began to cough and splutter. His eyes opened. His cracked voice could be heard. He was striving to say something to me. It came at last. He was telling me I should get six months in the calaboose "for this." Then I knew he would be all right. There wasn't much seriously amiss with a fellow who could curse like that!

Presently, of course, his apologies were as profuse as his curses. I began to scout around. There wasn't a shoe of any kind left anywhere. Our trekking would be in bare feet. We refreshed ourselves at the pool, then went to sleep.

We were up with the first streak of dawn. The only thing to do was to get going. There was no food, but we braced ourselves with copious drafts from the water hole, filled three water bags I had found, and set out.

Two hours, and we were staggering along like drunken men on feet swollen like puddings and bleeding. The sun was climbing, gaining in strength. There wasn't a vestige of shade anywhere. To drop down into the sand now would mean a slow agonizing death.

Our heads were burned. We would draw the bits of rag up over them, only to have the heat scorch our backs and our shoulders. It became a game, that shifting of the rags. It became —the whole thing became—a fiery nightmare journey. Our mouths were too parched, our tongues too swollen to utter sounds. Always I had the horrible fear that we were just plodding in circles.

BUT we reeled on grimly. Something other than ourselves kept us in motion—until we saw that cloud rolling over the sky line! We did stop then; did croak inquiringly at each other. There could be no doubt about it. That was a party of horsemen. It was the last straw. We flopped down into the dust. These Berbers could have us for the taking.

But suddenly the sergeant struggled to his knees. A choking cry escaped him. Then I saw that the riders were almost upon us, and—merciful powers!—that they were no Berbers but a patrol of Moroccan cavalry with a Spanish officer at the head!

I cannot recall much of that ride to the fort of Abdessa. I had only a vague awareness of our arrival, and of being carried to the stone sheds used for cases of heatstroke. The next thing I knew I was in hospital.

I was still there, though on my feet once more, when the historic pronunciamento was posted, that famous document which was the signal for the revolt of the Spanish Foreign Legion in Morocco.

It was actually posted at midnight, Friday midnight of July 17, 1936. The revolution had begun; the Nationalists were taking over. The Legionnaires would be expected to do the dirty work, of course. But for the moment we carried on with the monotonous round of parades and fatigues. Perhaps the change over to Nationalist control would mean we should get our pay more regularly.

All kinds of rumors were flying around. The first really sensational one was that the C. in C. of Morocco had been imprisoned and that Generals Sanjurjo, Franco, and Martinez Anido had taken over. Well, it proved to be true enough about General Franco!

We soon learned, however, that this was to be no bloodless victory—learned when we paraded in full marching order, ready to leave Abdessa. Our destination was Larache. The civil population there was objecting to the new form of government.

THE port of Larache ordinarily is a great spot for the tourists who "do" Morocco. When we got there, the highways and byways were littered with stones and brickbats. Houses, cafés, and shops were barricaded, roadways torn up. Strenuous fighting between the civilians and the army for possession of the administrative quarters of the new town was in progress. Volumes of smoke from a fired building were shooting skyward.

"Hey, buddy! These babies are having a real war!"

My new-found companion went by the name of Jenkins—"Jenks" for short. He had spent much of his roving life about the American continent. He was tough. He had been in the Legion but a short time, having found his way to Morocco from Abyssinia. In some ways he reminded me of poor old Kelton.

We had hardly got to the outer fringes of the town when we were pulled up by a volley. A mob of armed civilians had emerged from the side alleys. They came at us with a rush.

"Gosh, Terry! Take a look-see at the women!"

There were certainly women among the civilians—"loyalists," they called themselves. Like the men, they wore cartridge belts or bandoleers and carried knives and firearms. But they could yap louder than any of the men. The din they set up was deafening. They were saying what they would do to us if we did not drop our arms. As for us, we just drew a bead on the bawling wenches and fired.

We had to do it. Speaking for myself, making war on women isn't in my line. But we had no option. Our job was to move this crowd and get inside the town.

They were the wildest fighters, those black-clad viragoes! There seemed to be hundreds of them, and they could shoot. They certainly pinned us down for a while. Jenks's face was streaked with sweat. This was his first experience of the kind, and they had got in his gullet.

Less than a mile away the blue of the Atlantic shimmered in the sun. Nature had produced a glorious morning. Man—man and woman—were making hell of it. To me there is nothing so terrible in the world as the woman revolutionist. With the Spanish, at all events, the woman proves more callous and cruel than the average man. These women are a breed apart. They are not to be confused with the Spanish women of romance—though even that type attend bullfights.

Certainly no one who saw the women "loyalists" that morning at Larache could doubt their power. There has been a lot of talk about the torture of prisoners during this revolt. Most of it has been true. But it applied to both sides. When these women yelled at us that we should enter Larache only over their dead bodies, they meant every word of it. There were scores of the black figures lying on that road when we made the charge.

Thereafter hell was let loose in the streets. Troops smashed their way into homes, wrecking, plundering, slaughtering, looting, and woman-baiting to their hearts' content. Patrolling the streets in detachments, we would round a corner only to meet sudden bursts of withering fire. From behind barricades men and women alike would pour blasting shot. Those barricades were the very devil to break through. In some cases we had to climb the buildings near by, under a hail of lead, in order to get at those behind them.

I RECALL one such scene very vividly. Behind the pile of tables, chests, balks of timber, stones, and sandbags, in full command there, as it seemed, was a great hefty woman, gray-haired, her yellow face seamed and lined, a long-barreled native rifle at her shoulder.

She saw us on the flat roof, and up came the grotesque firearm. It exploded like a cannon, and the recoil nearly felled her. With every shot she grew blacker in the face.

"It would be an act of mercy to put her out of her misery," quoth Jenks. But I noticed he never took aim at her. He wasn't that sort of soldier either.

Her attention was drawn toward a little rat of a man who appeared too anxious to keep himself under cover. He wore huge brass earrings. She suddenly shot out a brawny arm, hooked a gnarled finger into one of them, and dragged him into the fray. Nobody was firing at her, but half a dozen of us promptly fired at him. He slumped back into his funk hole, riddled with bullets. The old woman looked up, let off a volley of screaming curses, leveled her gun, and blasted another round of shot into the air.

We must have lain there sniping for an hour before she was alone there with her dead and dying. Then she climbed on top of the barricade and stood there defiantly, a great and gro-

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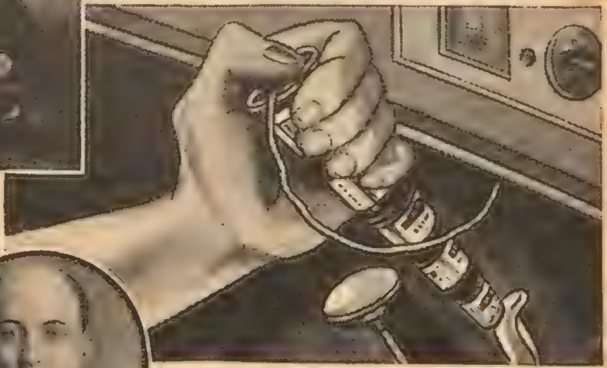

"We had just hit the desert country when the generator gave out . . . and then, surrounded by empty miles of sand and sagebrush and cactus, the battery went dead and the motor died," writes Ben Feinstein of Blue Point, Long Island.

"There we were, no one to help us, and night coming. My partner got out the flashlights in case we might need them, and I had a wild idea.

"I took the five cells out of my long-range 'Eveready' flashlight, taped them together in series, held a wire from the ignition switch firmly against the positive pole of the top cell, grounded the bottom cell on the emergency brake handle. My companion cranked the motor and she caught . . . and those five DATED 'Eveready' batteries took us over thirty miles of desert that night.*

"Believe me, I know now what it means to be able to buy batteries when they are still fresh—not stale and dried out from standing on a dealer's shelf. And here's telling everybody that 'Eveready' batteries last longer than any others.

(*Signed*)

Ben Feinstein"

*For technical explanation, write us; or ask any engineer.

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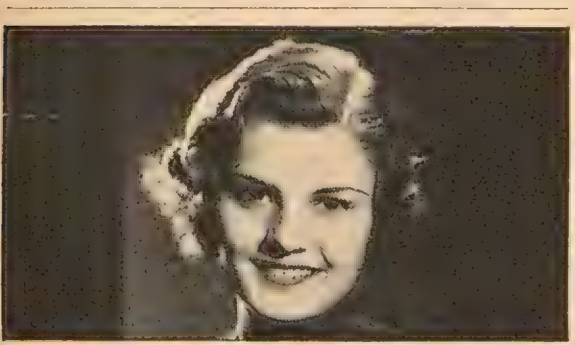

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tesque bulk, waving her arms and screaming. Not a shot was fired in that street then. She was yelling to the troops to come and get her—if they could. For appreciable minutes she held up the whole force!

Then came the order to clear the street. A bunch of Legionnaires rushed forward. There was a blasting explosion from her gun. When the cloud of smoke rose we saw a score of them dancing around her, others breaking away the barricade from under her. In a few moments it clattered into the street, carrying her with it.

I felt a bit sick when I saw them strapping her great bulk to a balk of timber. They reared it up so that she stood upright. Ten men were lined up. The order was given to fire. Even as she went out, the balk of timber swayed and fell with a crash.

By evening there was no more fight left in the loyalists. Troops ran amuck in the town. Jenkins and I found ourselves in the company of a group of men of the Third Legion, rolling along the byways, looking for pleasure—or trouble. We swaggered the rounds of café and wineshop, and ended up in the noisiest and foulest of all the dives. There were free fights, free competition for the more appetizing of the ladies, free feasts, free drinking. Then the floor was cleared of dancers because a couple of the more obstreperous Moorish girls were determined to fight out their differences.

THEY went at each other like tiger cats, tore at each other until they were stripped to the waist. I have seen a lot of fights up and down the world, but never one so ferocious. One of them went down in the end, with an eyeball torn out. She was quickly bundled out of sight. No one knew where she went, what happened to her. Nor cared.

The following day was fairly quiet. The people buried their dead. Our outfit was not relieved until late afternoon. Then Jenkins and I wended our way toward the native bazaars.

In the cafés a conglomeration of customers talked of yesterday while they drank. Jenks plucked at my arm and nodded toward a figure that loomed head and shoulders above the jostling throng. It was that monocled captain of Moroccan cavalry who had found me with the dead Berber and the dead daughter of a chieftain.

"Bit of a tough un, I'd say," commented Jenks.

The captain turned his head at that precise moment, stopped and stared, then strolled over. We climbed to our feet and saluted. He motioned us to be seated. I stared at the bit of glass stuck in his heavy jowl. As always, it fascinated me no end.

He wasted no time in getting to the point. He had heard all about the episode of the Berber bandits from whom his sergeant and I had escaped. His sergeant was dead—killed in the fighting yesterday. He was now

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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
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MILD

looking, he said, for just such a man as I was. I had no objection. But I wanted Jenks alongside. The captain had room for him too. He would see about the transfers. There was more trouble in Arzila, a few miles along the coast. We should hold ourselves ready to report by the crack of dawn tomorrow.

Meantime, there was a whole long night before us.

We decided we'd like to hear Moorish music and watch the dancers. An urchin guided us through the labyrinthine alleys and tunnels of the stink quarter. In the end we gave him the slip, then wandered by ourselves. Very soon we got the impression that some denizen of the sinister quarter was trailing us. We rather enjoyed that for a while. When we grew tired of it, we rounded a corner suddenly, pulled up sharply, flattened ourselves against the wall, and waited. The fellow walked straight into a couple of fists. A knife flipped through the air as his arm was knocked up. We left him in a neat bundle, took his knife as a souvenir, passed on.

BY this time we hadn't a notion as to our whereabouts. Presently we came to a lighted doorway. A bunch of girls invited us to enter.

We explained carefully that we were looking for the café where the Moorish music was played, where the girls danced. These girls were tickled to death. We had come to the very place. We were led down a passage, across a courtyard, and into the building proper. Climbing steps, we found ourselves on a balcony that overlooked the yard or patio. There were all manner of mysterious-looking alcoves leading off it. Sounds of voices, trills of laughter came from behind the curtained arches. We considered ourselves well lost.

Traversing a dim corridor, we came into a large room. A dozen musicians were scraping at weird stringed instruments. Men were squatting on rugs placed by the walls.

There was a roar of applause when the drums started and six Sudanese dancers rushed in, all fine muscular fellows. Theirs was acrobatic dancing of a very clever order. The dancing girls followed, and after them came a Moorish Arab who sang songs in his own patois that made everybody roar with laughter.

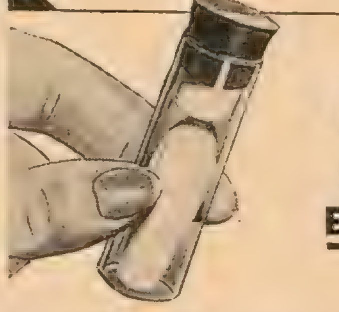
When it was all over we started to go out—then sat down again. A girl had taken the floor. We were so astonished at the sight of her in that galley that we could only gape for several minutes.

A dancing girl? A lily on a muck heap! Could this be a damsel in distress for the two Legionnaires to rescue? Was there truth in her ugly story about their monocled Spanish captain? Next week Terry Brennan will amaze you with his answer; and he will tell of his squadron's grim ride to Arzila, and how " hell broke loose " in that war-torn seaport.

MILLIONS SUFFER FROM FEAR

Through unnecessary ignorance

CONSULT DOCTOR IF IN DOUBT



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Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Alas, Poor Socko! Now Life and Love Give Him—and You—a Last Surprise

Words and Picture

by BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Bellevue Hospital,
New York.

MISS GINGER RYAN,
Vine Street, Califilmia.

Dear Ginger:

Lissen, I guess they ain't no use expecting me to fly out there and marry you because I'll be reclining in this here ether garage for about a month. Why? Because I was floored in my last fight.

Two weeks ago I trecked over to the Garden to see my natty manager, Jack Downey. "Hey, lissen!" I says. "What's the chances of getting me a good bout?"

"Well," he asks, "how would you like to step fifteen frames with a guy who *thinks* he's the World's *next champ?*"

"I'd be delighted," I retorts, throwing out my chest.

"Okay," he says. "There's twenty-five grand in it if you stay the limit and five hundred if you don't; take it or leave it."

"By-the-way," I asks, "if I ain't too inquisitive, who *is* this push-over I'm supposed to mingle with?"

"Joe Slamson," he retorts. "He's a punk that ain't had a scrap in over a year due to a slight accident."

"A slight accident?" I snorts. "How come?"

"He *croaked* a guy!" he replies, as inocent as a Quint's mind.

"Hey, just a minnit!" I pants. "If you think I'm going to expose my manly form to a *killer*, you're outa line."

"Don't be a scull," he growls. "This egg is so conscious-stricken he's afraid to flag a cab for fear he'll knock somebody's block off. I'm telling you, he's duck soup."

Well, Ginger, I put my moniker on the fractured. After all, with twenty-five grand staring me in the pan, I couldnt miss.

When I stepped through the ropes on the night of the fight, I happened to take a gander across the ring and what did I see but a guy six-feet-six who sported a chest like a piana box. He was my opponent!

Clang went the gong! A second later, my cruel attacker clouts me on the aleron with a murderous right swing and buries his glove in my beenery. Somehow I managed to climb to my feet and the bell saved me.

In the next round I stops short and looks down. "Hey, *look!*" I hollers, pointing to my opponents dogs. As he dropped his head, I bore in with a volley of left's and right's to his mid-town section. A second later I had the punk on the ropes and if it hadnt been for the gong he would of been colder than a seal's nose.

Well, toots, I staggered to my corner ample all in.

I took a peek in the big bum's corner and there he is as calm as a clam chewing a plug of tobacco and fumbling two books. One says: Man, the Unknown, and the other reads: COME AND GET IT! That one about Come and Get It put the jinx on me. When the bell rang for the 3rd, I don't remember what folleyed. The last I remember was slugging with him and when I came to — two days later — I heard the watchman say: "Let's drag the bum out on the street so we can get ready for the Airplane Show." I'm awful sorry I didnt win the twenty-five grand, Ginger, but I did my best.

Your ever lovin pal,
SOCKO.

* * *

Dear Socko:

Honestly, you're a washout. I'm sick and tired of hearing about you being carried out horizontal and the sooner we wash up this nit-wit romance, the better. On the level, I've done everything in my power to encourage you to be a great fighter and what did it win me? Nothing but a headache. From now on, I'm *through!!!*

Gosh, if ever a girl loved a guy in the beginning, it was *me* and I shoulda had my scull examined. You promised me you would work hard in order to get places in the assult and battery business. Did you? Like heck. Instead of training, you yipped around with a flock of footlight floosies and wound up behind the eight ball.

When I saw what was coming, I made up my mind I would grab a *rep* for *myself*. I thumbed my way to Hollywood, *alone*. I went through hell trying to crash the lispies and the pushing around the casting agents gave me was terrific, don't think it wasn't. I struggled! I took the insults on the chin and darned near starved, but I never gave up.

If I do click in my new picture it will be because I worked hard—whats more, my dancing partner helped and encouraged me.

I'm sorry for you Socko. Take my tip, kid, get down to business before you start peddling midget coat hangers on Mazda Lane.

Good-by and good luck,
GINGER.

* * *

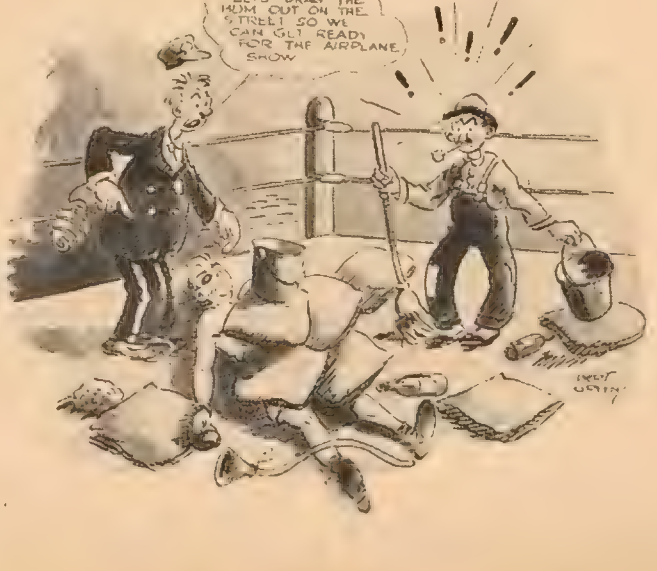
(From the Hollywood Telegram)

All of Beverly Hills witnessed the gala opening of Hollywood Extra, one of the greatest musicals ever produced. . . . Ginger Ryan's unusual dancing ability was recognized by Jack Dawson—her dancing partner—a year ago when producers turned her down. . . . Dawson megged her to fame. . . . Both of them have been deluged with contracts. . . .

* * *

MISS GINGER RYAN
VINE STREET
HOLLYWOOD CAL
JUST SEEN WHERE YOU KNOCKED EM FOR A GOAL STOP
WISH YOU ALL THE SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS IN THE WORLD
SOCKO

* * *


LETS DRAG THE BUM OUT ON THE STREET SO WE CAN GET READY FOR THE AIRPLANE SHOW

SOCKO OBRIEN
BELLEVUE HOSPITAL
NEW YORK
I HAVE IT ALL STOP JACK AND I WERE MARRIED TODAY
GINGER

* * *

Dear Ginger:

You certainly won a decision over me in that last frame. Am throwing in the sponge to sell them Midget Coat Hangers you mentioned.

Love to you both, SOCKO.

THE END

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INCLUDE A STATEMENT
AND GET IT IN ON TIME

HERE is the page you have been looking forward to for ten weeks. When you have discovered the hidden name of this week's motion-picture player, your set of ten names will be complete. This taken care of, all that you need do to complete your entry is to jot down in 100 or less words a statement of the article, feature, or story that you have liked best in Liberty during the contest. Rule 3 explains this. When you have your ten names and the statement ready to arrange for the consideration of the judges, keep simplicity in mind. Do not go to the labor and expense of preparing an ornate presentation. Such an entry will get no additional consideration in the ratings, so why go to the bother? Neatness, of course, is desirable. Elaboration is not. Be guided accordingly. Take note of the closing date and make sure that your entry is mailed in time to be received before the dead line. Entries arriving later will not be considered. The judges will report their decisions as rapidly as possible and winners' names will appear in the first available issue of Liberty.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Log Cabin, Laird Post, Atlin, McDames Creek, Porter Landing, Fort St. John, Hudson Hope, Alice Arm, Kispoix, Anyox, Hazelton, Babine, Taft, Mill Bay, Kincolith, Kitwanga, Port Simpson, Nass Harbour, Georgetown Mills, Prince Rupert, Inverness, Skeen City, Remo, Terrace, Usk, Smithers, Kidd, Hubert, Houston, Topley, Rose Lake, Burns Lake, Encombe, Telkwa, Albreda, Fort Fraser, Engen, Nichol, Prince George, Giscome, Newlands, Vanderhoof, Guilford, Urling, McBride, Strathnaver, Port Essington, Kitimat, Sayward, Rutedale, Hagenborg, Bella Coola, Soda Creek, Cottonwood, Port Coquitlam, Keithley Creek, Red Pass, Swift Creek, Avola, Cedervale, Longworth, Falls, Lac La Hache, Williams Lake, Alexis Creek, Redstone, Namu, Big Creek, Bowser, Hanceville, Canim, Vanby, Birch Island, Mount Ollie, Rogers, Barkerville, Glacier, Cloister, Bridge Lake, Barriers, Clinton, Jesmond, Springhouse, Holberg, Pavilion, McKinnon, Walhachin, Savona, Lewis Creek, Camloops, Salmon Arm, Chase, Sicamous, Revelstoke, Malakwa, Arrowhead, Trout Lake, Spillimachene, Firlands, Mars, Grindrod, Prichard, Ashcroft, Owl Creek, D'Arcy, Spences Bridge, Adelphi, Enderby, Armstrong, Gerrard, Blue River, Windermere, Fairmount Springs, Lardeau, Lumby, Vernon, Nicola, Dog Creek, Merritt, Canford, Keefers, McGuire, Whaletown, Courtenay, Poplar, Coyle, Comox, Squamish, Lytton, Boston Bar, Brodie, North Bend, Lingcome Inlet, Peachland, Kelowna, Nakusp, Rosebery, Sandon, Kaslo, Parapet, Brookmere, Natal, Kimberley, Steele, Hosmer, Marysville, Winlaw, Koche, North Star, Chute Lake, Summerland, Altamont, Whyecliff, Union Bay, Great Central, Elko, Sidney Inlet, Alberni, Arrowsmith, Vancouver, Steveston, Duncan, Nanaimo, Guichon, Jessica, Othello, Princeton, Nelson, Cranbrook, Wardner, Sidar, Fernie, Wynndel, Moyie, Waldo, Flagstone, Ymir, Creston, Colwood, Salmo, Trail, Castlegar, Archibald, Grand Forks, Greenwood, Oliver, Cooper Creek, Haynes, Keremeos, Hedley, Allenby, Stewart, Cilliwack, Roe Lake, Wellington, Cloverdale, Mission, Abbotsford, Ladysmith, Clo-oose, Cobble Hill, Kaslo, Victoria, Goldstream, Crofton, Cassidy, Sidney, Bamfield, Clayoquot, Cannor, Massett, Naden Harbor, Port Progress, St. Penticton, Newgate, Carmi, Troup Junction, Port Moody, Quesnel, Rivers Inlet, Rossland, Port Renfrew, Ladner, Ainsworth, Golden, Donald Station, Field, New Minster, Slocan City, Canal Flats, Yahk, Kuskonook, Gray Creek, Argenta, Cumberland, Quatsino, Howser, Robson, Edgewood, Needles, Mabel Lake, West Wold, Westbank, Osovoos, Aspengrove, Okanagan, New Denver, Tulameen, Mile House, Marigold.

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
20 PRIZES, Each $10	200
100 PRIZES, Each $5	500

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.

2. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two groups of place names in the United States or in Canada. Each group will contain either the first or last name of a well known motion-picture player. Only one player will be named each week. You may find the player's first name in the second group of places and the last name in the first group, or vice versa.

3. Save all names until you have a complete set of ten at the close of the contest. Then send them in at the same time, as a unit, together with a note of not more than 100 words on the subject, "The article, story, or feature that I have liked best in Liberty during the ten weeks of this contest, and why."

4. For the entry with the greatest number of correctly discovered names accompanied by the best letter of preference judged on the basis of clarity, logic, and convincingness, Liberty will award a First Prize of $500. For the next best entry on this basis Liberty will pay a Second Prize of $200. A Third Prize of $100, twenty prizes of $10 each, and one hundred prizes of $5 each will also be paid on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. Address all entries to Man-Hunt Director, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 31, the closing date of this contest.

7. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Avoid ornamentation. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into correspondence concerning any entry. Authorities used: Rand McNally Commercial Atlas, 1936, and United States Postal Guide, 1935.

FIND THE COMPLETE NAME OF ONE OF THESE:

George Barbier
Robert Armstrong
Cecilia Parker
Jean Hersholt
Virginia Field
Gail Patrick
Henrietta Crosman
Guy Kibbee
Sidney Toler
Buddy Rogers
James Stewart
Leatrice Joy
Fred Astaire
Margaret Callahan

TEXAS

Texline, Ware, Stevens, Canadian, Gageby, Wheeler, Spearmall, Texhoma, Lane, Adrian, Ady, Amarillo, Claude, Groom, Pampa, McLean, Childress, Ralph, Happy, Eunice, Tulia, Turkey, Carey, Lonnie, Borger, Shamrock, Sudan, Swastika, Mickey, Muncy, Electra, Wichita Falls, Charlie, Booker, Goodland, Alley, Jo Bailey, Truscott, Mabelle, Henrietta, Lindsay, Black, Whiteface, Lubbock, Ralls, Seymour, Bowie, Myra, Sherman, Bells, Twist, Posey, Spur, Benjamin, Munday, Olney, Francis, Howe, Anna, Clarendon, Ropes, Gilpin, O'Brien, Chico, Allison, McKinney, Birthright, Atlanta, Bronco, Challis, Rule, Denison, Jean, Graham, Murphy, Reilly, Chamberlin, O'Donnell, Post, Old Glory, Masters, Murray, Hicks, Keller, Dallas, Tell, Loop, Gail, Snyder, Noodle, Breckenridge, Maud, Ft. Worth, Marshall, Gem, Florey, Pete, Sweetwater, Edna, Anti, Thurber, Cleburne, Pauline, Dawn, Andrews, Knott, Roscoe, Ciscoe, Parker, Italy, Athens, Tyler, Terrell, Harvey, Dora, Lawn, Okra, Gorman, Blum, Powell, Troup, Daniels, Cooper, Midland, Edith, Marie, May, Hico, Abbott, Hubbard, Peggy, Gary, Rusk, El Paso, Courtesy, Wink, Odessa, Ballinger, Blanket, Energy, Waka, Crisp, Fabens, Toyah, Pecos, Crane, Placid, Moody, Waco, Marlin, Cut, Joaquin, Finley, Kent, McCamey, Eden, Menard, Kileen, Temple, George, Zulch, Lobo, Hovey, Mason, Burnet, Bryan, Huntsville, Ace, Fred, Erin, Buna, Marfa, Longfellow, Sanderson, Sonora, Austin, Brenham, Dayton, Ollie, Presidio, Comstock, San Antonio, Seguin, Bebe, Wharton, Houston, Humble, Devine, Del Rio, Moore, Earle, Poteet, Davy, Yoakum, Sublime, Bonus, Melon, Charlotte, Kenedy, Nursery, Blessing, Matagorda, Guy, Galveston, Quemado, Uvalde City, Hondo, Thelma, Edgar, Edna, Angleton, Lufkin, Ash, Ramsey, Christine, Green, Schroeder, Victoria, Louise, Palacios, Lesley, Eagle Pass, Ratams, Dilley, Goliad, Fannin, Cologne, James, Carl, Nona, Byrd, Palm, Las Vegas, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Suniland, McFadden, Lufkin, Lou, Joy, Click, Kittie, Cadiz, Beeville, Maud Low, Seadrift, Grit, Alta, Dentonio, Caterino, Light, Tuna, Hext, Dinero, Skidmore, Refugio, Wallis, Encinal, Atlee, Clegg, Lagarto, Fate, Sinton, Rockport, Bettie, Kermit, Cactus, Callahan, Webb, Bess, Annarose, Alfred, Edroy, Tyler, Time, Taft, Darwin, Sweden, San Diego, Alice, Ben Bolt, Bishop, Corpus Christie, Mathis, Laredo, Bruni, Robson, Ella, Ricardo, Odem, Kingsville, Dickens, Macune, Zapata, Randado, Clio, Rudolph, Nazareth, Pearl, Gist, King, Burke, Riogrande, Edinburg, Elsa, Donna, Harlingen, Brownsville, Port Isabel, Clarkwood, Hull, Buckeye, Mona, Detroit, Farrar, Hunter, Hewitt, Nada, Pearl, Honey Grove, Ben Wheeler.

Vox Pop

Official of WPA Explains About FERA Funds and Commonwealth College

[This letter to Dr. John J. White of New York City was in response to one he addressed to the President of the United States and which was referred to the Works Progress Administration. The article which stimulated Dr. White's inquiry, Rah, Rah, Russia! was written by Nolen Bulloch and appeared in December 19 Liberty.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I am replying to your letter of December 14, 1936, addressed to the President, relating to federal aid to students in Commonwealth College, Mena, Arkansas, during the college year 1934-35.

The aid to which reference is made was a part of the nation-wide program of federal relief aid to needy college and university students, administered in 1934-35 by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. The article in Liberty gives only a part of the facts in the case and thereby misrepresents the situation.

In the first place, the FERA did not give aid directly to any institution or to students therein. The FERA made grants to State Relief Administrations, in accordance with general regulations prescribed by the Federal Administrator. These funds were then distributed by the State Relief Administrations to needy students in colleges and universities which were approved by the several State Relief Administrations as eligible to participate in this aid. It was not intended that students in any institution should receive federal aid unless the institution was approved by the officials of the State Relief Administration and the State Department of Education. Mr. Klinefelter's letter, as printed in Liberty, is simply an authorization to the State Relief Administrator to make federal aid available to students in Commonwealth College, "after approval by you [the State Administrator] and the State Superintendent of Education." This point was further clarified in a subsequent letter from Mr. Klinefelter to the State Relief Administrator in Arkansas (which letter was not published by Liberty), from which I quote:

> Mr. Koch was . . . told that he would have to execute an affidavit and submit it to the State Department of Education and to you for approval. . . . The second paragraph of my letter of October 25 merely authorized you to make funds available after securing the signed affidavit and after its approval by you and the State Department of Education. . . . I have discussed the entire matter with Aubrey Williams today, following receipt of your letter, and we are in full accord that the final responsibility for deciding whether Commonwealth College shall continue to participate in the student aid plan is in your own hands. If your investigation has convinced you of the fact that this institution is not eligible under the conditions to participate, you have full authority to terminate the operation of the program in that institution.

Further evidence that this policy has been followed in the case of Commonwealth College is found in the fact that federal aid has not been given to students in this college during the years 1935-36 and 1936-37 (although it has been continued elsewhere), because of the fact that approval for the college was not given by State officials in those years.

In the second place, it should be made clear that federal aid which was granted during the year 1934-35 was not given to Commonwealth College as an institution, but to four students in attendance at the college. The aid was in the form of wages for work performed by students who were in need of this income in order to remain in college, and was of the same type as that granted in 1934-35 to 94,935 needy students in 1,514 colleges and universities, 823 of whom were enrolled in 25 Arkansas institutions. Each student was allowed to earn up to $15 per month. The total amount of work relief wages paid to students in Commonwealth College was $60 per month for a period of eight months, or a total of $480. The writer of the article in Liberty therefore exaggerates the case when he refers to the "federal funds rolling in."

I trust that the above statement of the policy of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration in this case will be satisfactory to you.—*L. R. Alderman, Director Educational Division, Works Progress Administration.*

EVEN ROOSTER OBJECTS TO 30-HOUR WEEK!

DUBUQUE, IA.—The idea of a thirty-hour week is altogether unreasonable to the already overworked dear public, and the One-Hour Day with Ten-Hour Pay, or the Fraternal Sons of Judas, is offered in its place.

A thirty-hour week will interfere too much with the hours of leisure and pleasure. Think of being compelled to get up in time to report at nine o'clock in the morning—an hour any respectable rooster would object to.

Let's adopt a One-Hour Day with Ten-Hour Pay, with the privilege of allowing a substitute to punch the clock and a special messenger to deliver the pay check on payday—and have the paydays come oftener by autocratic decree.

There never was an opportunity like this before and there never will be again!—*Fred W. Clute.*

ARE THERE MALE FLIES?

GRANITE CITY, ILL.—In December 26 Liberty, under Twenty Questions, query Number 8 reads: "How old does a fly have to be to become a great-grandmother?" The answer given is, "Thirty days old."

I am not an entomologist and I also know very little about sex, so I am asking timidly, Are there male flies? And if so, might that make a difference?—*Philip M. Dale, M. D.*

HEN-ROOST, INC.

PITTSBURGH, PA.—The article Doghouse, Inc., by Joe Massal (January 23 Liberty), enraged me so much I wanted to tear up the entire magazine.

A refuge, indeed, for the poor henpecked husbands who get up in the morning with a grouch or a hang-over, then to work (or do some of them really work?), come home at any old time for dinner and expect a perfectly cooked meal, after which they bury their noses in a newspaper or magazine!

Then comes a period of nagging, and after he has talked himself out of breath it is time to go to the club.

This writer just packs her suitcase and leaves without notice for some roost near home for at least a week, until she decides he will be glad to again have her many attentions.

A mange on Doghouse, Inc! Build comfortable roosts for the eternally dog-bitten hen!—*Mrs. B. L. M'Clane.*

HOW DO YOU DEAL WITH 'EM NOW, GRAPH?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Some people never outgrow the bullying instinct, and it therefore behooves us to know how to deal with it wherever it's found. (This letter is worth a dollar a word.)

As a lad in school I suffered intense annoyance at the hands of school bullies, always roughing me up and daring me to talk back. I was scared stiff.

Then one day old Professor Ogglepopf, my friend and mentor, gave me counsel. "The bully," he said, "is merely a skilled bluffer; he subjugates others through fear, and consequently is never called upon to put his assumed physical superiority to a test."

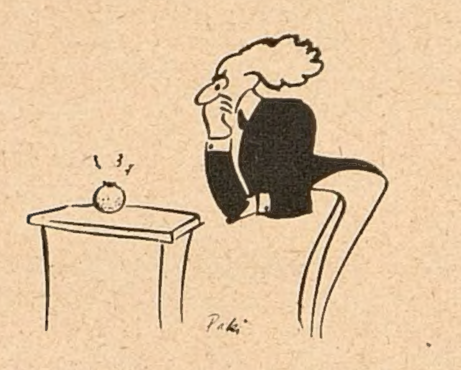
Right away I saw that the professor was correct. So one day at lunch period I went right down the line and called the bluff on four of the bullies—and didn't even have to fight 'em!

Now that would make a swell moral if we stopped here; but the fifth bully whose bluff I called—heck, he beat the daylights out of me!—*Graph Waldeyer.*

AN ANT ON AN ORANGE

CHICAGO, ILL.—Here's some poor hayseed from Kansas City (January 23 Vox Pop) who wants to debunk Albert Einstein.

Let's give him an example of a finite yet unlimited object. Take an ant (so as not to leave myself open, an ant that cannot fly) and put him on the outside of an orange or some other spherical object. To the ant, as long as he does not fall off the orange or into it, the surface is finite yet unlimited. He can walk, run, or hop all over the orange, yet there is nothing on the surface that stops him from continuing on his way. This is an analogy which even W. A. Logan can understand if he knows that 2 and 2, as far as he is concerned, make 4.



Debunk Einstein! I defy him to try it. Greater men than he have tried it, but they have failed.—*J. A. Graham, Jr.*

A TITMOUSE WHOPPER

WEBSTER GROVES, MO.—In January 16 Liberty Twenty Questions, in answer to Number 4 you say that titmice eat eggs of other birds. What makes you think that? I have been studying and observing birds for fifteen years and never heard of such a thing.

The United States Department of Agriculture has examined hundreds of stomachs of titmice and reports no birds' eggs found. Their food consists of insects and insect eggs and some weed seeds.

The titmice are so useful and so friendly it is not nice to say such naughty things about them. I know of no small bird that eats other birds' eggs.

Liberty is too good a magazine to tell such a whopper. Please look into this.—*Hattie Stones.*

PRINCESS RADZIWILL A PROPHETESS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—When my article about Stalin and the girl by whom he seems to be infatuated appeared in Liberty of October 24 last, there were people who accused me, if not of having invented the story, at least of having been taken in by a tale which had no foundation. But, as things have turned out, it looks as if my assertions are being justified by facts, because certainly I prophesied much of what is now taking place in Moscow, and I must confess priding myself upon it.

Later on we shall hear something more about Stalin's friend, and also about himself, and the struggle he is carrying on at the present moment—a struggle which will yet cause the loss of much human life.

The old Bolshevik order is crumbling to pieces, but, feeling it is about to fall, it wants at least to include in this fall as many of its enemies as it can get hold of.—*Catherine Radziwill.*

COW HAND SAYS ARTIST BRADLEY IS RIGHT

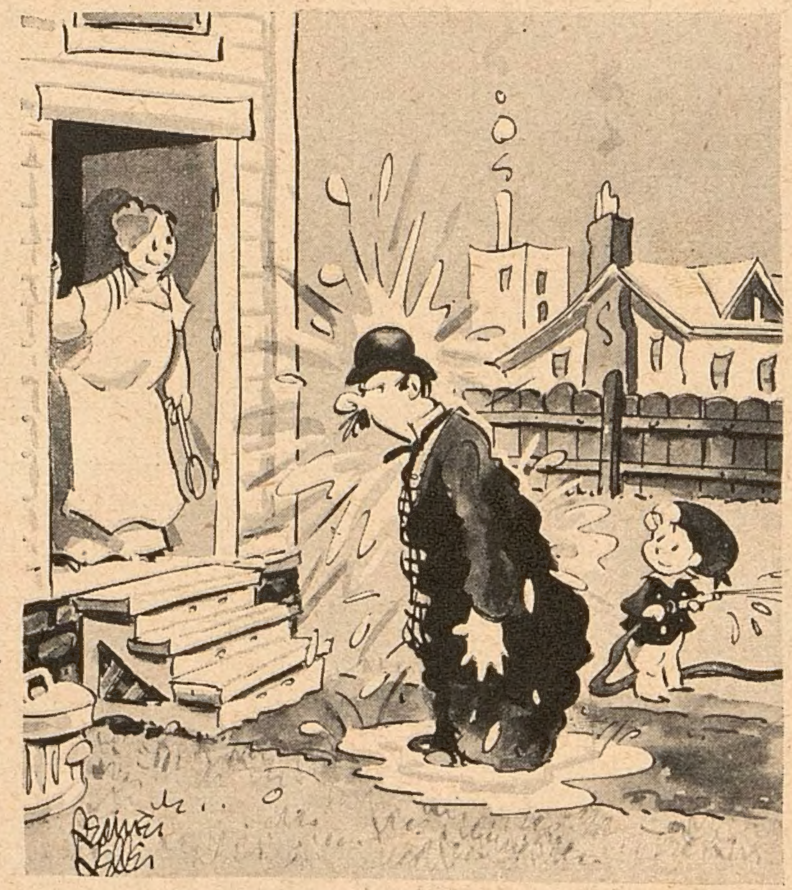
COEUR D'ALENE, IDA.—Reading over the letters to Vox Pop, I noted one in the December 5 issue calling attention to two glaring faults in the cover of October 10 Liberty.

I have examined the said picture of a cowgirl and I do not agree with the critic. The point that part of the reins is slack and part is rigid is not well taken, as, for instance, if the rider was to suddenly curb the horse sharply to cause it to rear, the horse, to relieve the pressure of the spade in his mouth, would snap his head inward close up to the neck. If a snapshot were taken at that particular instant, no doubt it would show exactly the same as this illustration does.

In regard to position of the foot in the stirrup, there is nothing wrong with the picture, for that is the way this brand of dumbwit rides 'em. Keep in mind that the average cow hand is not trained to ride in the cavalry, nor in a sissified riding academy.

For various reasons, he shoves his foot into the stirrup clear up to the heel of his boot. For one, he will not lose his footrest if his mount does a little sunfishing.—*An Old Cow Hand.*

"HARDTACK"



"You must admit, Uncle Charles, you do look like a bill collector."

HOW BAD IS RADIO?

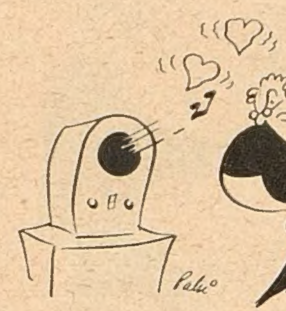
BACONTON, GA.—Are there many people in the United States that feel like I do about the entertainment we get over the radio? I wish Liberty could tell us ahead which are three- and four-star programs, as it does about the movies.

I have just walked over to the radio and disgustedly clicked it off—off—off! I am almost rampant with disgust. A woman I am, fifty years old, fat, ugly, having to listen to some crooner talking out the words, "I've Got a Crush on You."

I wearily wait until he's through, hoping there'll be a violin solo or a beautiful song, but instead I hear giggling.

A radio star is laughing so over what he's trying to tell, you never understand his words or what he's driving at.

The cheapest vaudeville hands out to its audience nothing so vile as that with which we are inflicted over the radio. Obscenity is very prevalent on many programs. What do you say about it?—*Mrs. J. B. Miller, Sr.*



WE DID IT FIRST

ALBANY, N. Y.—For some time now I have been wanting to tell you how Rita Weiman's stories please us here at college.

My former boss, Professor A. W. Risley, is a steady reader of Liberty. Perhaps I caught the fever from him. At any rate, there are several of us who look avidly each week to see Miss Weiman's name. Her last short story, Crossword Puzzle, was excellent.

Why doesn't Liberty do one more unique thing? The novel The President's Mystery Story came out when F. D. R.'s stock was at a low ebb. Had it been published at Christmas of '36 it would still be on the best sellers' list. Why not publish it serially, reversing the order? Your great public would be eager and ready for it.—*Helen T. Fay, Member of Faculty, State College "Co-Op."*

[But we did publish it, Miss Fay, in serial form, November 16—December 21, 1935, and our readers were enthusiastic about it. You are more than a year late in making your good suggestion. —VOX POP EDITOR.]

EGGS-ACTLY!

BELLINGHAM, WASH.—In answer to Mr. F. J. Sprosty's woodpecker-and-grasshopper problem (January 23 Vox Pop), I would say it would take just as long as it takes a hen sitting on a doorknob to hatch out a hardware store.—*Reg Williams.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

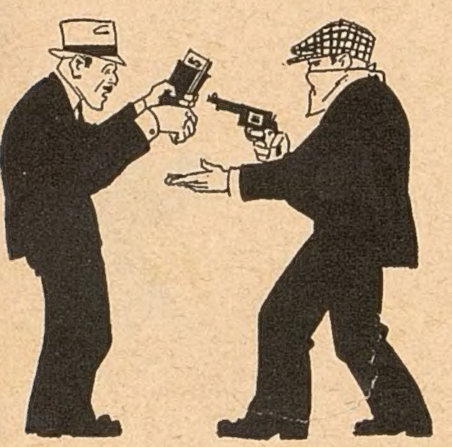
It Happened In

PITTSBURG, CALIF.—Joseph Wagoner was painting a bathroom in a new residence. Also he was singing lustily, "Is it true what they say about Dixie?" A large crowd collected to hear him sing. Then his boss arrived also. The boss told him either to quit his job or quit singing. He quit the job.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA—Held up by an armed and masked man, G. Illingworth turned out his pockets and gave the robber all he had. "But I suppose you need it more than I do. I would probably do the same in your position," he said. The man took the money and ran away in the darkness.

Illingworth had walked on for about one hundred yards when he heard footsteps pounding behind him. It was the bandit.

"Here's your money," he said. "I hate taking it from a sap like you."



DETROIT, MICH.—A man was brought before Judge Stein on a charge of being drunk.

"Have you ever been arrested before?" the judge asked. The prisoner struck an attitude and blurted, "Sure. Ain't I an American citizen?"

HOW THIS BOLSHEVISM WORKS

They say—

That the moral codes of the ages are "bourgeois," love is but a "biological urge," and under the Soviet there is a new freedom. They have taught this to youth.

But—

"The collective walk follows the termination of the day's work. In the course of the evening contacts are established with workers of the opposite sex. A girl sends a friend to accost a worker for whom she has a fancy, with the proposal that he spend the night with her. If he returns alone from her walk it is 'shameful,' since it means she has found nobody to accept her advances.

"The young communists regard as 'lacking in communist consciousness' the girl who always chooses the same lover." From No. 157 (1935) of Truth of the Komosol, official publication of the Komosol, a Young Communists' organization.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY TOM HALL

AN INSIDE FORECAST OF NEW YORK'S WORLD'S FAIR

By far the most magnificent of any international exposition in history, the one to be held in New York in 1939 promises to eclipse all previous fairs in other respects also. "Building the World of Tomorrow" is the theme which dominates all the fair activities, and GROVER A. WHALEN, the president, will disclose just what this means in an intensely interesting article in Liberty next week.

GROVER A. WHALEN

SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS! INSANE CRIMINALS LOOK ALL RIGHT

Have you any realization of the number of murders committed in this country by men who really belong in insane asylums? Or of the number of crimes committed by persons who WERE in asylums and have been released, generally on writs of habeas corpus obtained by their families?

WILL IRWIN has made a thorough investigation of this shocking situation and he reveals some startling facts in Liberty next Wednesday—facts, for example, about the assassination of James A. Garfield, President of the United States, by Charles J. Guiteau. These facts are the more appalling because these insane potential criminals CAN'T BE DISTINGUISHED FROM SANE PEOPLE.

A BASEBALL ARGUMENT BETWEEN GUS MANCUSO AND CARL HUBBELL

Who, in your estimation, holds the most important post on the playing field—the catcher or the pitcher?

And which one, would you say, does the most work during a game? Which carries the most responsibility during a play?

Gus Mancuso, speaking from behind his mask at home plate, tells you just what he sees, what jobs he does, what troubles he has, and how he "handles" his teammates on the field with a few simple signals. Southpaw Carl Hubbell, the other half of this famous battery, upholds the cause of the "pampered and kidded" pitchers.

"Whatever made you think pitching was the whole ball game?" asks Gus. "I always more or less feel like it's up to me!" says Hub—and one of the greatest debates in the game gets under way in Liberty next week.

Other stories and articles by Walter Brooks, Adela Rogers St. Johns, Norman Anthony, Edwin Balmer, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE MAR. 17

Get your copy of Liberty on Wednesday

LET THESE BOOKS START YOU TOWARD A CHERISHED GOAL!

Civil Service Handbook by William A. Brooks—Here at last is a comprehensive Civil Service Handbook at a price you can afford. This volume contains a wealth of information on how to go about getting yourself on the Government payroll, detailed Home Study Courses, including 1000 Questions and Answers of former tests, 30 actual previous examinations (with correct replies) for such positions as postal clerk, mail carrier, stationary engineer, factory inspector, electrician, librarian, fireman, bookkeeper, prison keeper, and many others. It tells the mistakes to avoid in arithmetic, grammar, spelling, geography, history, civics—just the type of information called for in civil service examinations. Do not miss this chance! See how simple it is! Exactly what you need to prepare yourself for the big opportunity. Send for it today—only **$1.00** postpaid.

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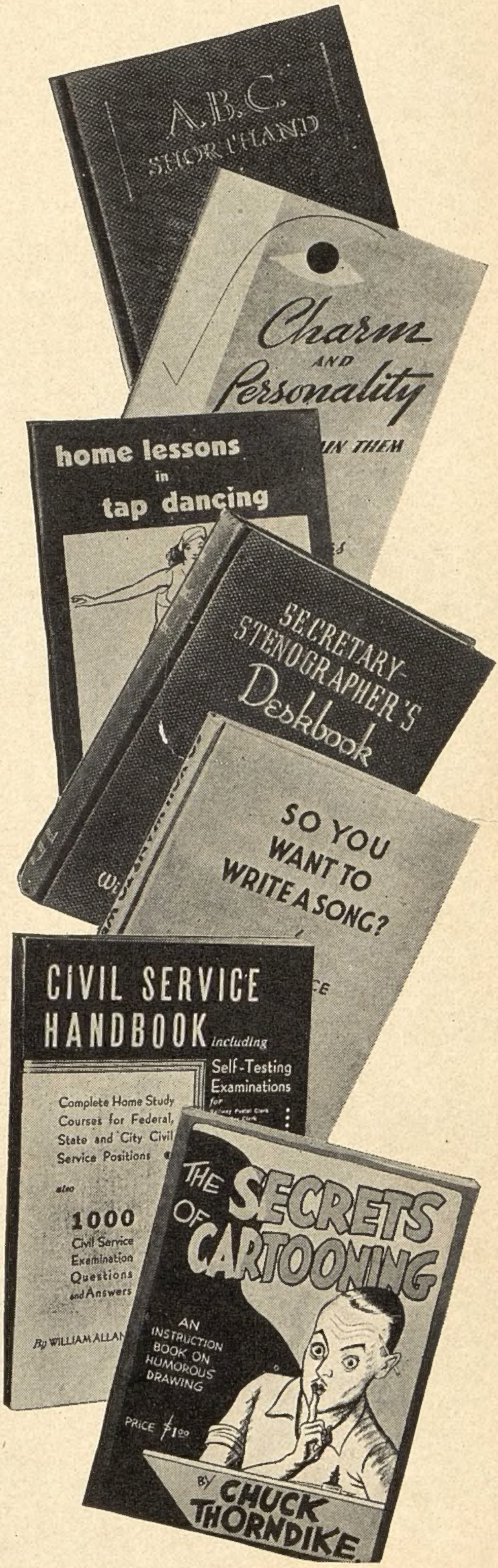
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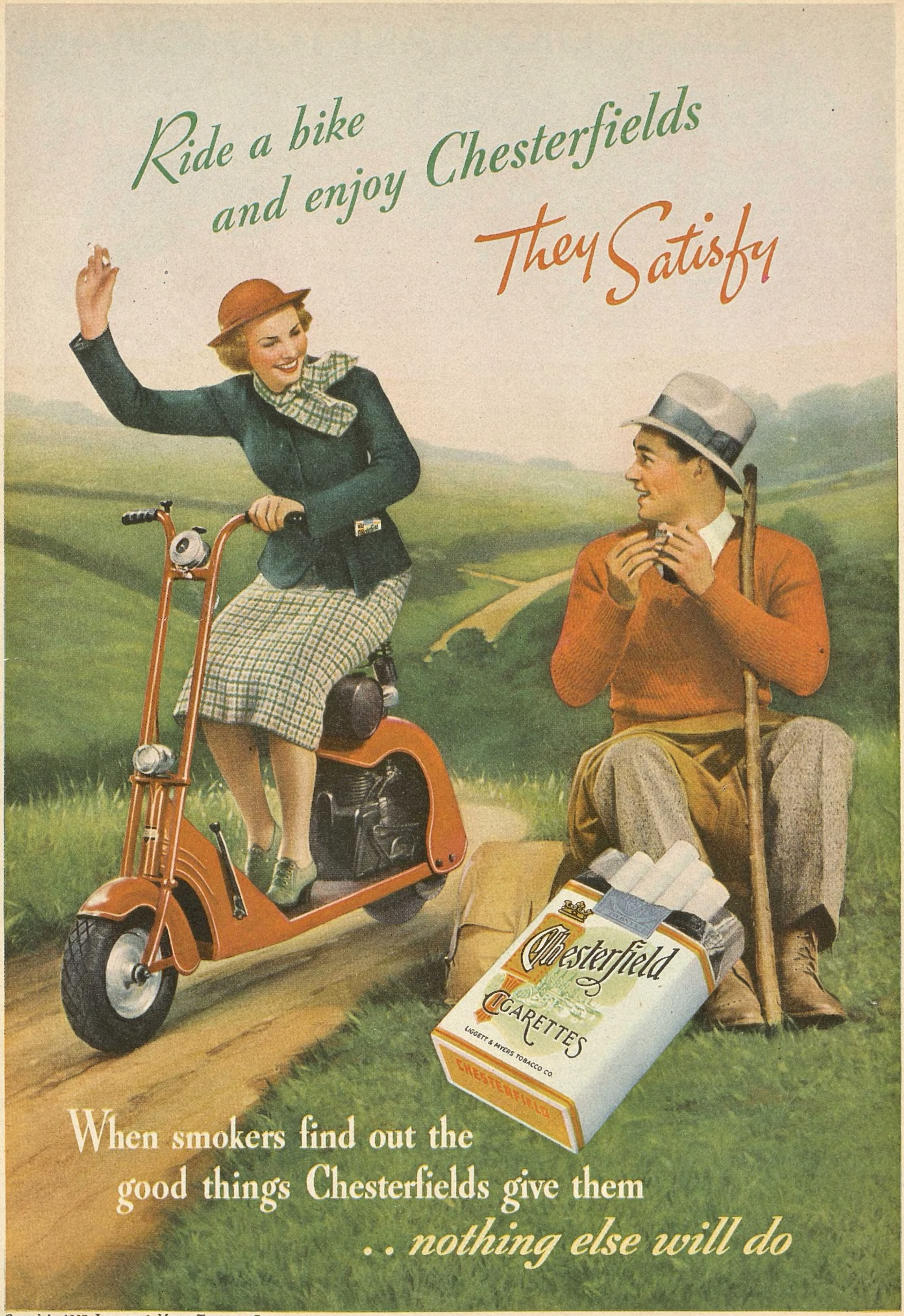
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